

APRIL
No. 52

SMASH COMICS

10

MIDNIGHT

AND HIS PALS
TURN BACK
THE HANDS OF
TIME!

... DID ANCIENT
ROME FALL?
--OR WAS IT
PUSHED?





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-LOGY

THE HOME TRAINER

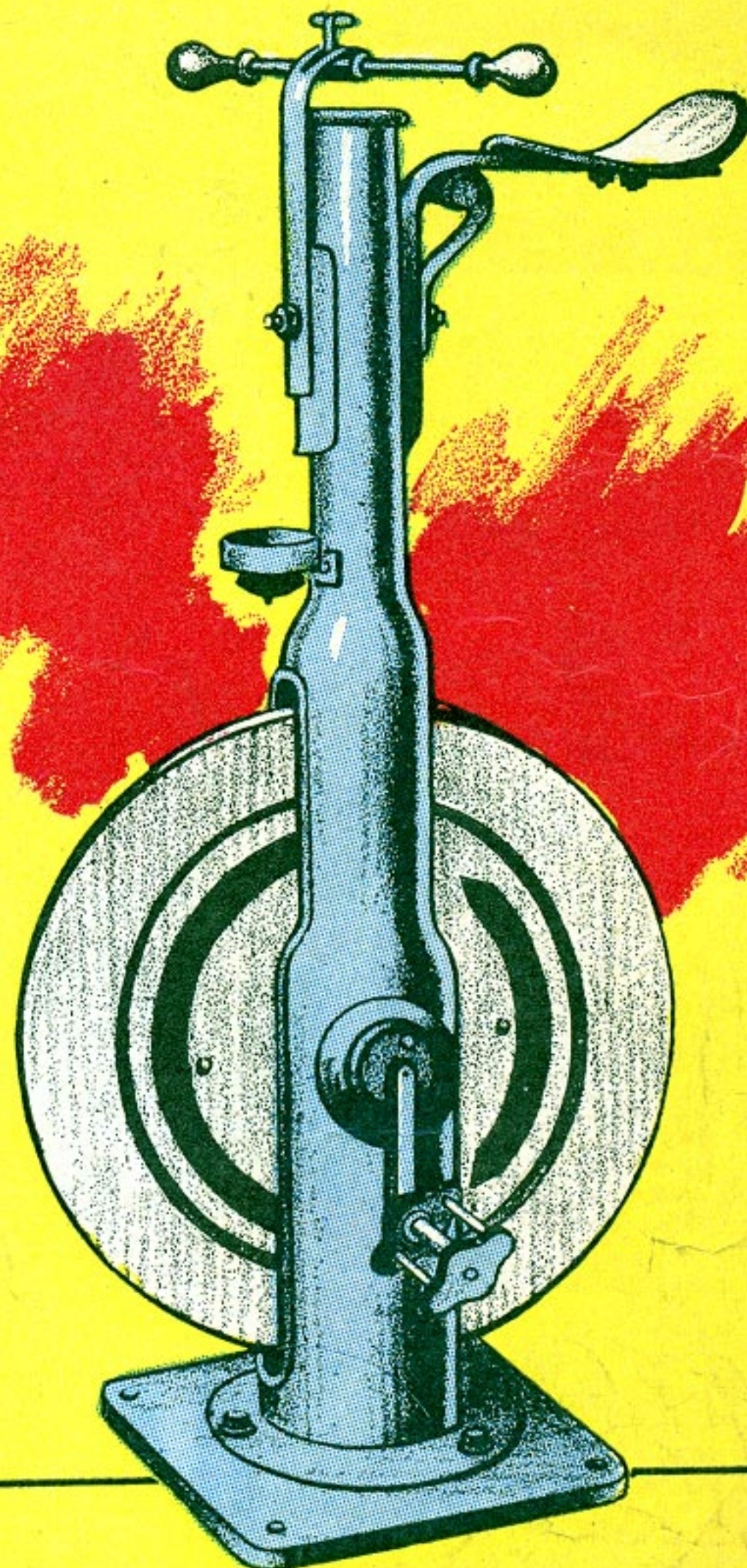
THIS MACHINE WAS WIDELY USED DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF CYCLING BY RACING ENTHUSIASTS FOR PRACTICING AT HOME. A LITTLE BELL RANG AT THE END OF EACH MILE OF RIDING —



"HANDLE BARS" THE FIRST STEERING APPARATUS FOR BICYCLES WAS JUST WHAT THE NAME IMPLIED — A HANDLE BAR, A PLAIN METAL BAR FOR HANDLING THE BICYCLE —



ORIGINAL FLYING SCOT, GAVIN DALZELL OF LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND IS GENERALLY CONCEDED TO BE THE ORIGINATOR OF THE PRESENT DAY REAR-DRIVE BICYCLE. IT WAS FIRST USED AROUND 1840



THE MORROW* COASTER BRAKE-

FAMOUS FOR ITS EXTRA LARGE BRAKING SURFACE — HAS LIVED THROUGH MANY, MANY CHANGES IN BICYCLE CONSTRUCTION AND DESIGN. SERVING ON "VICTORY BICYCLES" TODAY, AS A VITAL MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW," IT IS HELPING TO SPEED THE DAY OF FINAL VICTORY.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

* TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

SMASH COMICS, April, 1944, No. 52. Published monthly except December and June by E. M. Arnold, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Martin DeMuth, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter, June 9, 1939, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 415 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 1944 by Everett M. Arnold. Printed in U. S. A.

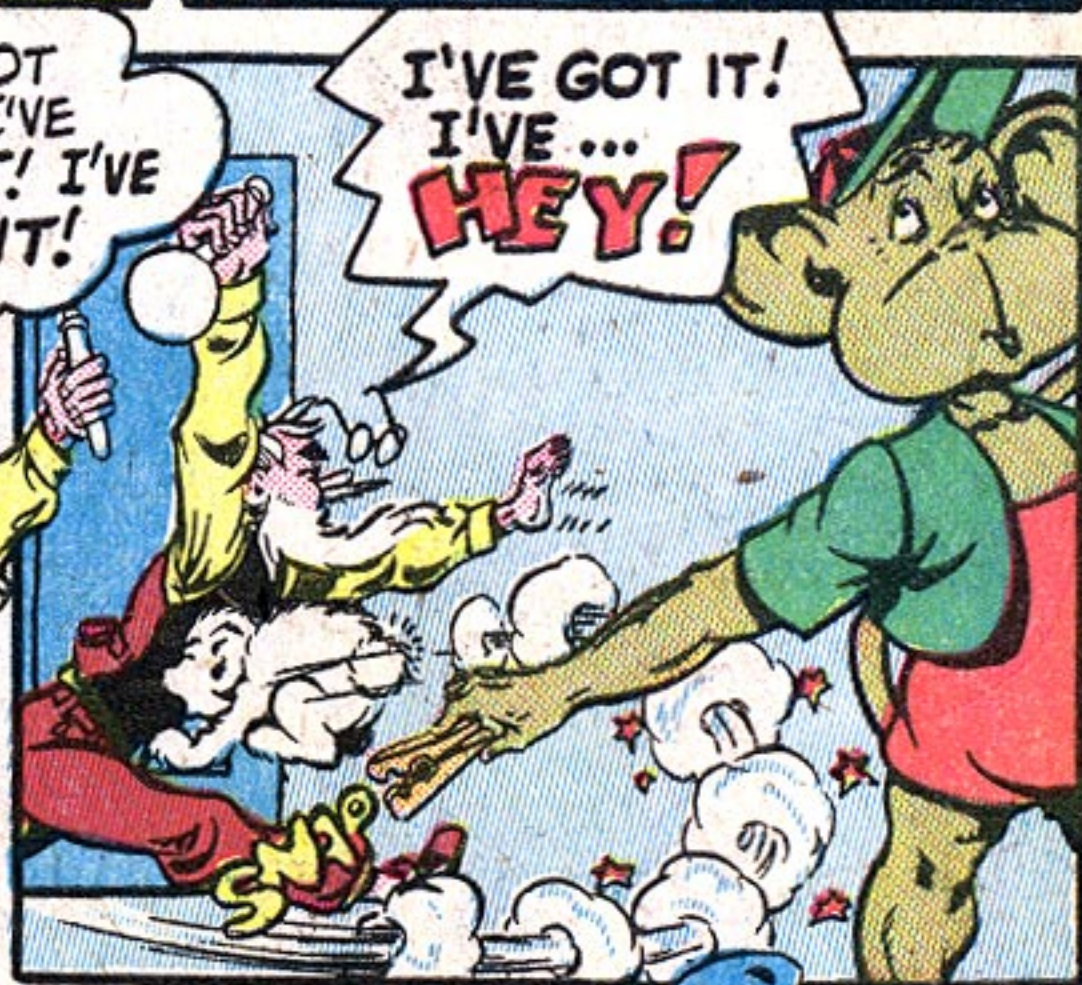
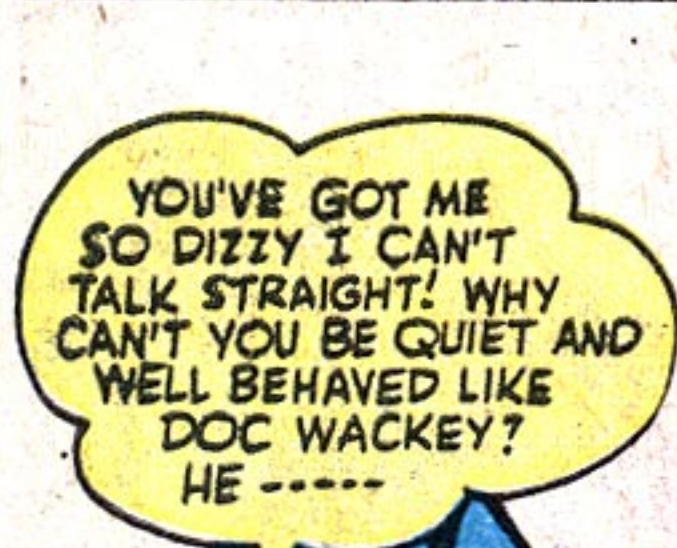
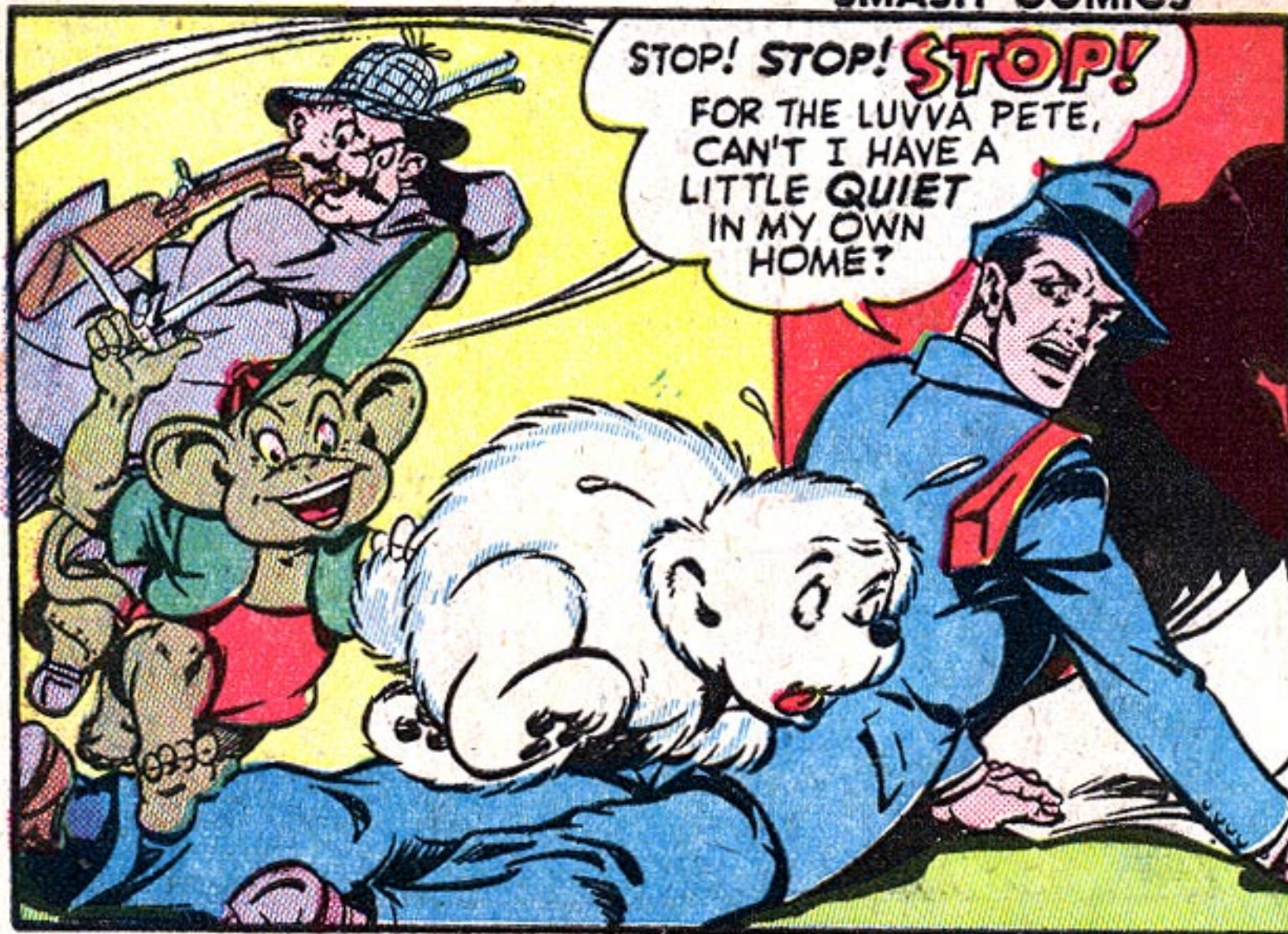
HEY, I
YOU...
THIS ONE'LL
KILL YOU!
GULP!
IT ALMOST
DID ME!

AS IF THERE ISN'T
ENOUGH SCREWY CRIME
AND DIZZY MISADVENTURE
TODAY... DOC WACKY HAS
TO DIG UP A PIECE OF THE
DEAD PAST! IT STARTED
OUT ALL RIGHT -- BUT **SNIFFER
SNOOP** HAD TO OPEN HIS
BIG MOUTH -- AND THE
PARTY ENDED UP PLAYING
SECOND FIDDLE TO A
BEEF-TRUST BULLY
NAMED **NERO**...
AND WAS ROME
BURNED UP
ABOUT IT!!!

MIDNIGHT

THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
DETECTIVE

by Paul Gustavson





WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, DOC? GOT WHAT?

MY INVENTION! MY TIME PILLS! THEY'RE PERFECTED, AT LAST!

WHADDAYA MEAN, TIME PILLS? --A CURE FOR SICK CLOCKS?

YOU CAN THINK OF ANY POINT IN HISTORY ... TAKE ONE OF MY PILLS -- AND -- PRESTO! -- YOU'RE CARRIED BACK TO THAT POINT!



TRAVEL THROUGH SPACE ON A PILL? BAH!

OH, YEAH? I'LL PROVE IT!



IT TAKES A MINUTE FOR THE PILLS TO WORK! KEEP QUIET, NOW!

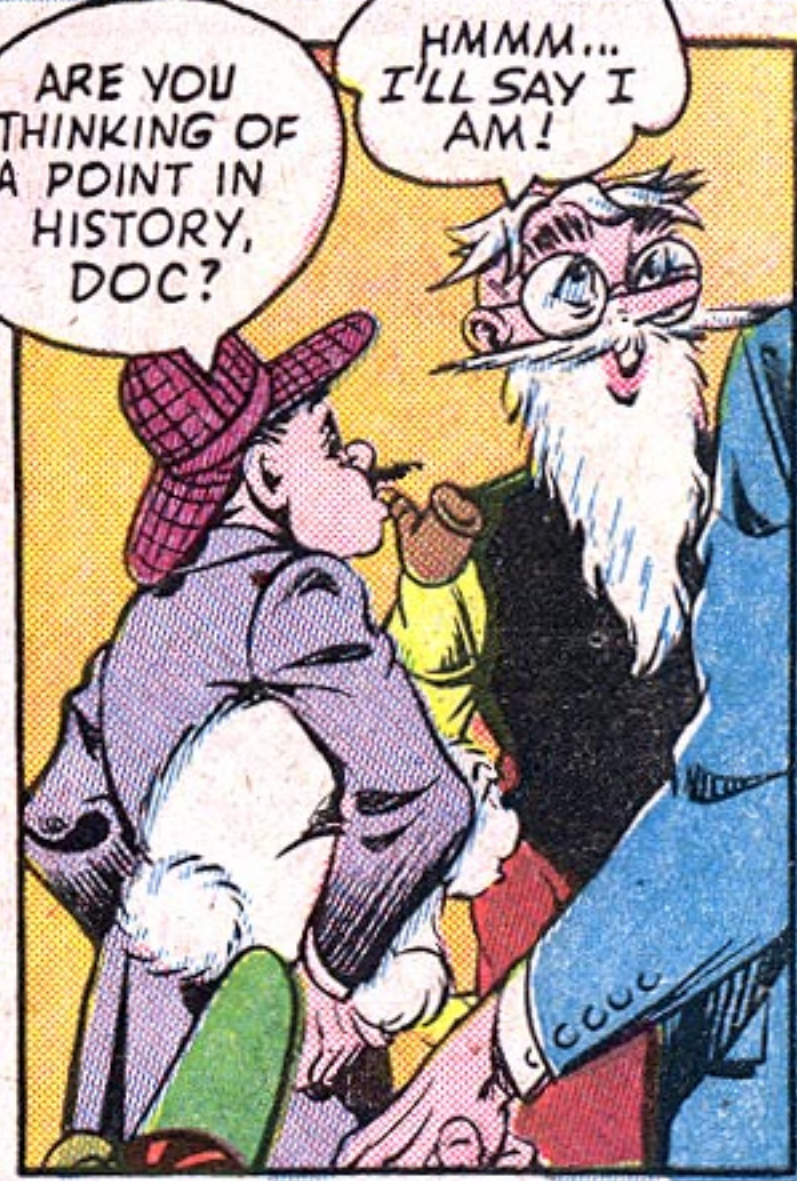
ARE YOU THINKING OF A POINT IN HISTORY, DOC?

HMMM... I'LL SAY I AM!

ALL OF YOU HOLD ONTO ME AND TAKE A PILL! TO AVOID CONFUSION, I'LL PICK THE POINT IN HISTORY WHERE WE'RE GOING! READY?

IT SOUNDS LIKE A COMPLICATED WAY TO BEAT GAS RATIONING-- BUT I'M GAME! GO AHEAD!

I'LL BECOME MIDNIGHT --JUST IN CASE!



WELL, HURRY UP! ABOUT IT! YOU'D FIDDLE WHILE ROME BURNED!

HUH??

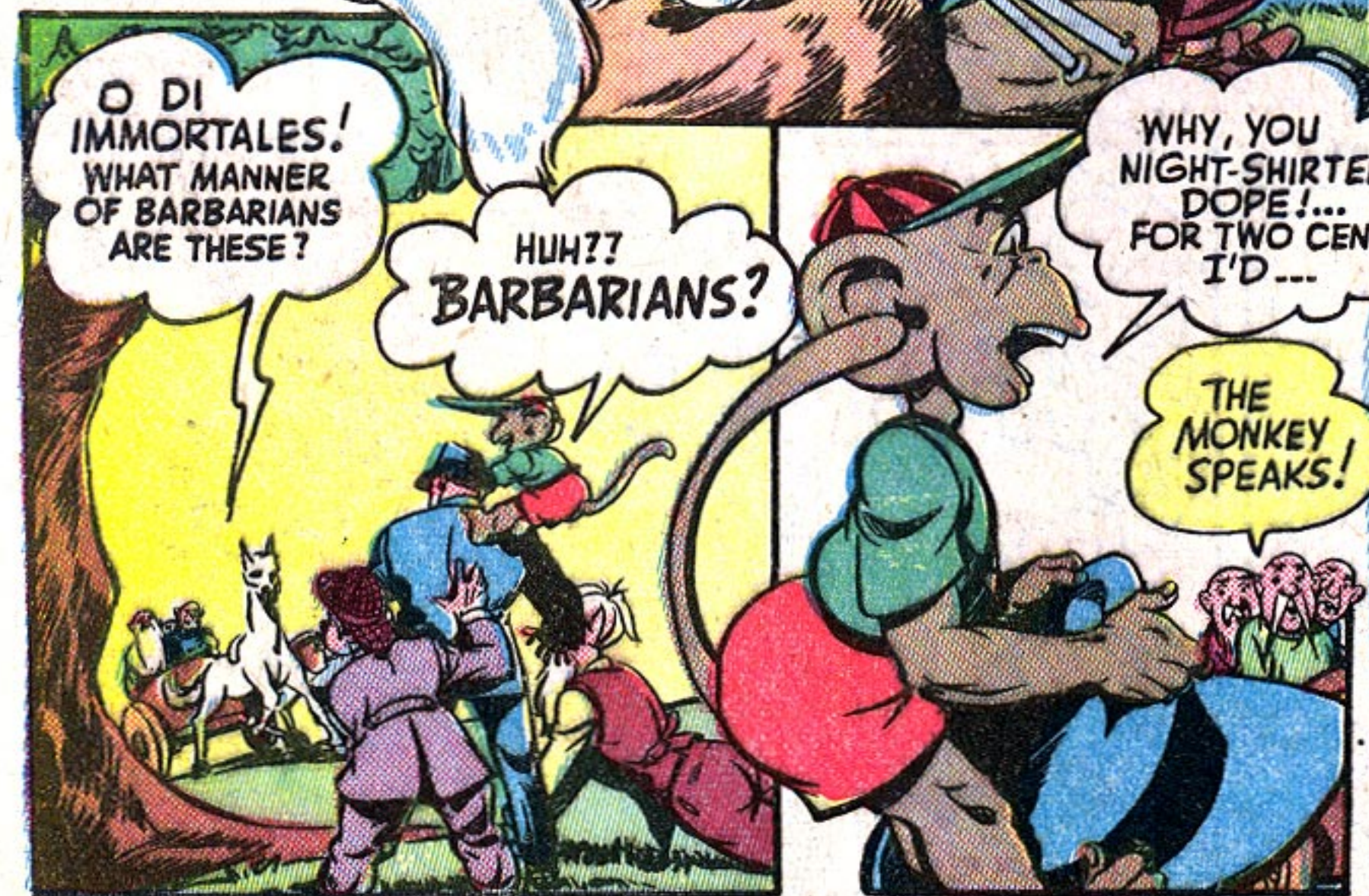
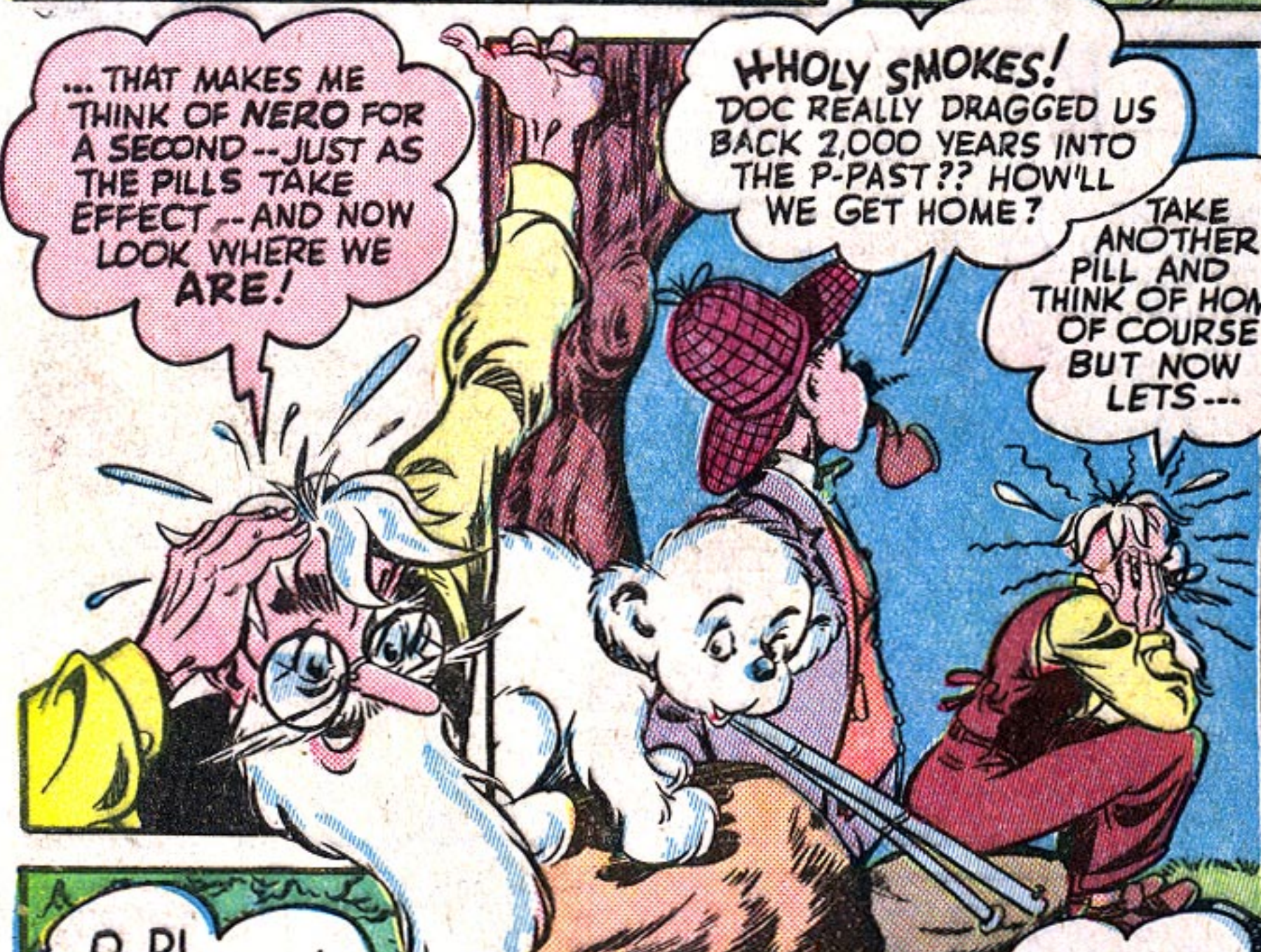


AND...

UHP! WH-WHERE ARE WE?

OFF-HAND, I'D SAY IT LOOKS LIKE ANCIENT ROME!

ROME?





LOOKUT THOSE
DOPES! YOU'D
THINK THEY'D
NEVER SEEN A
CHARIOT BEFORE!

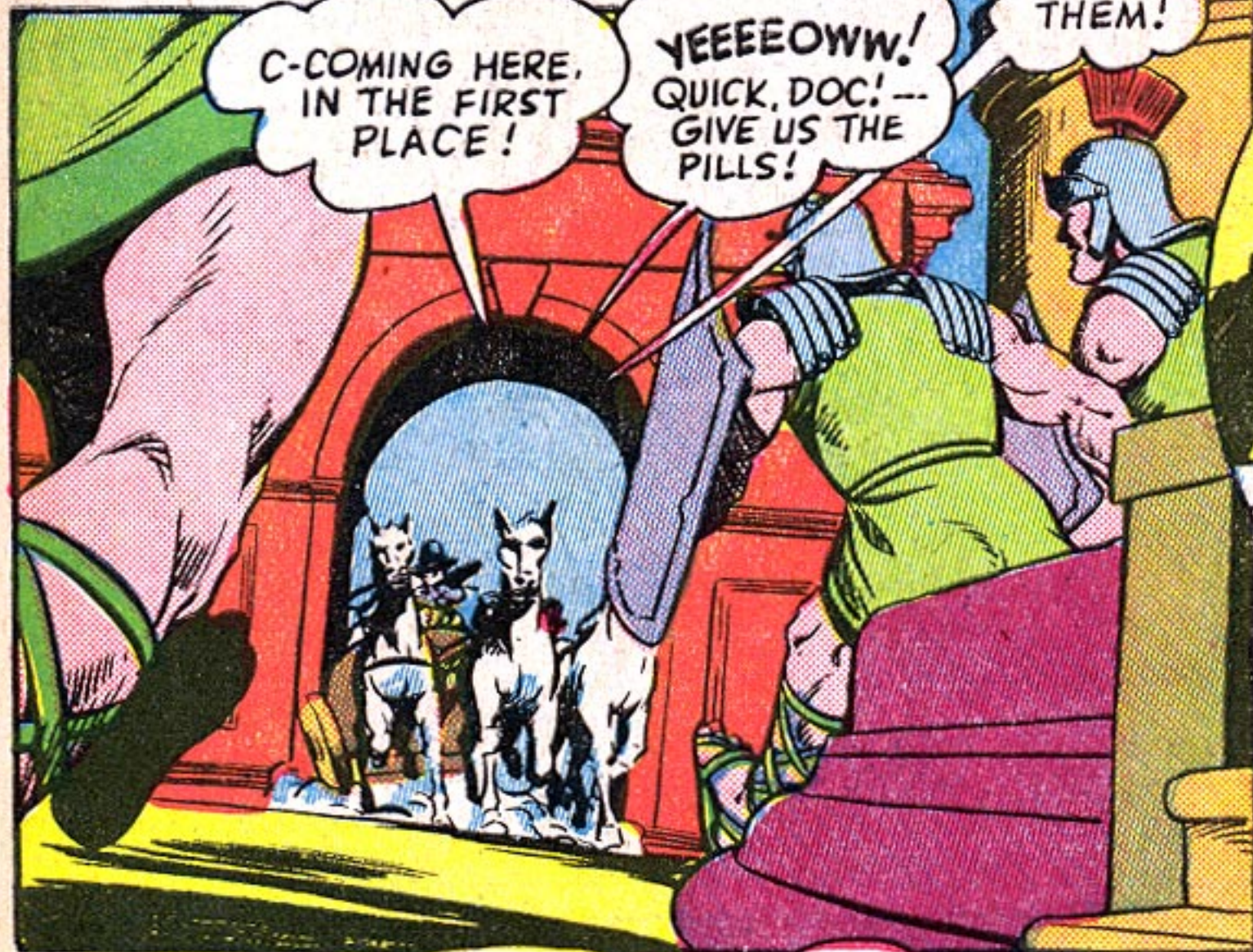
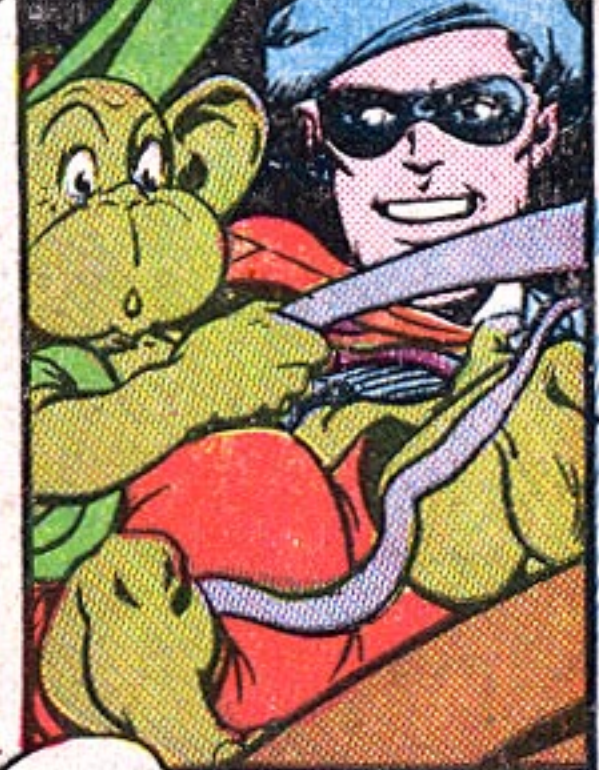
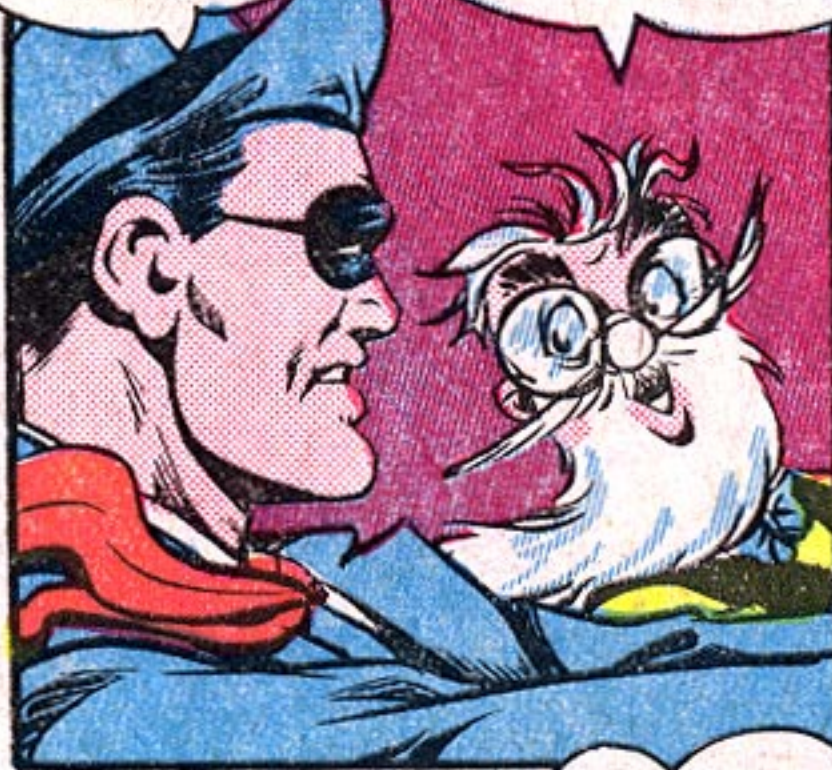
DOC!
I JUST
THOUGHT OF
SOMETHING!

DID THAT GUY WHO--
ER-- LOANED US THIS
CHARIOT SPEAK
ENGLISH, OR
CAN WE
SUDDENLY
UNDERSTAND
LATIN?

IT'S MY
PILLS! A
SPECIAL
VITAMIN TAKES
CARE OF ANY
LANGUAGE
DIFFERENCES
AUTOMATICALLY!

D-DON'T L-LOOK
NOW--B-BUT I
THINK WE
MADE ONE
MISTAKE!

YEAH?
WHAT
MISTAKE?



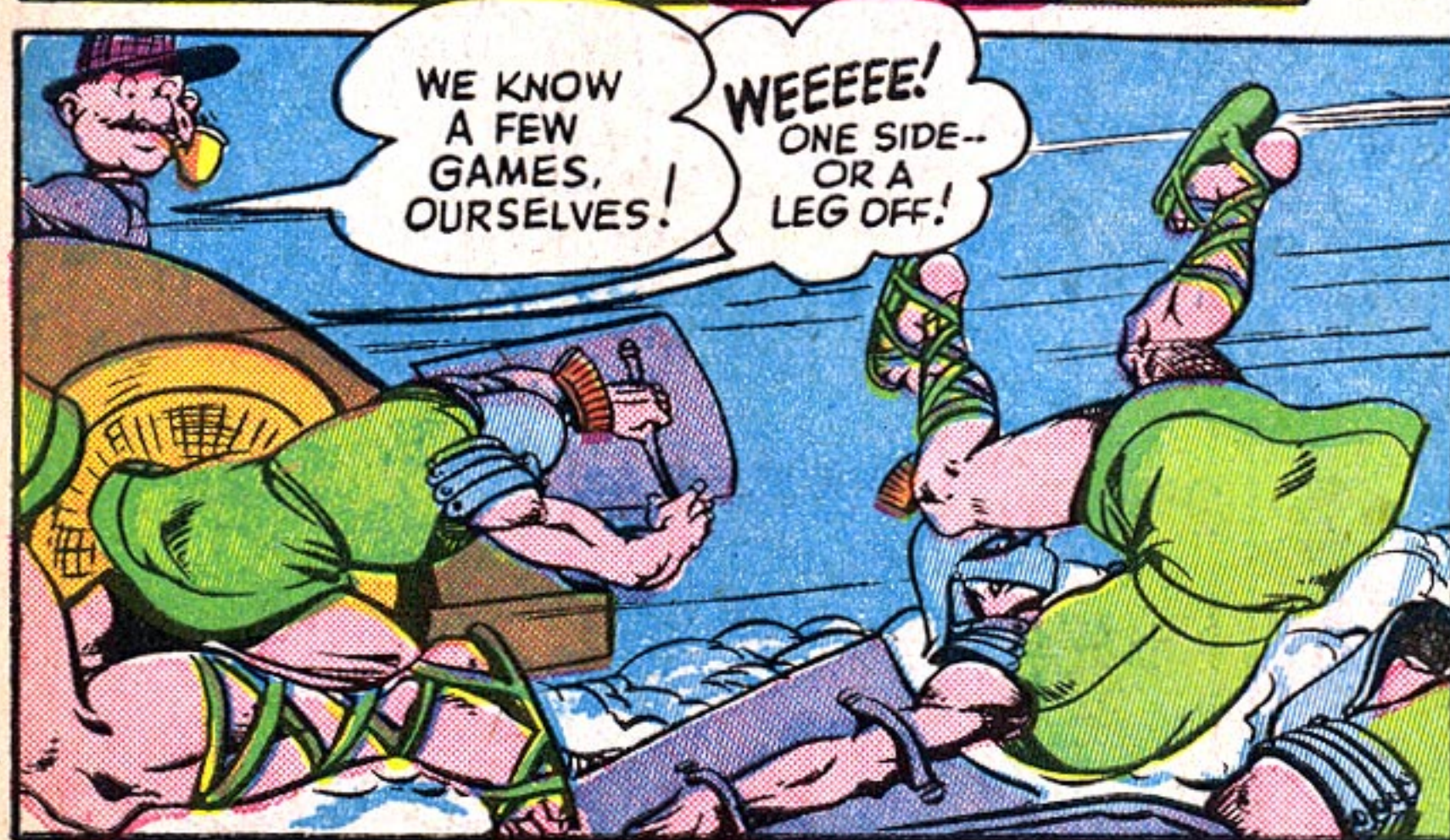
C-COMING HERE,
IN THE FIRST
PLACE!

YEEEEOWW!
QUICK, DOC!--
GIVE US THE
PILLS!

I---I---
C-CAN'T
FIND
THEM!

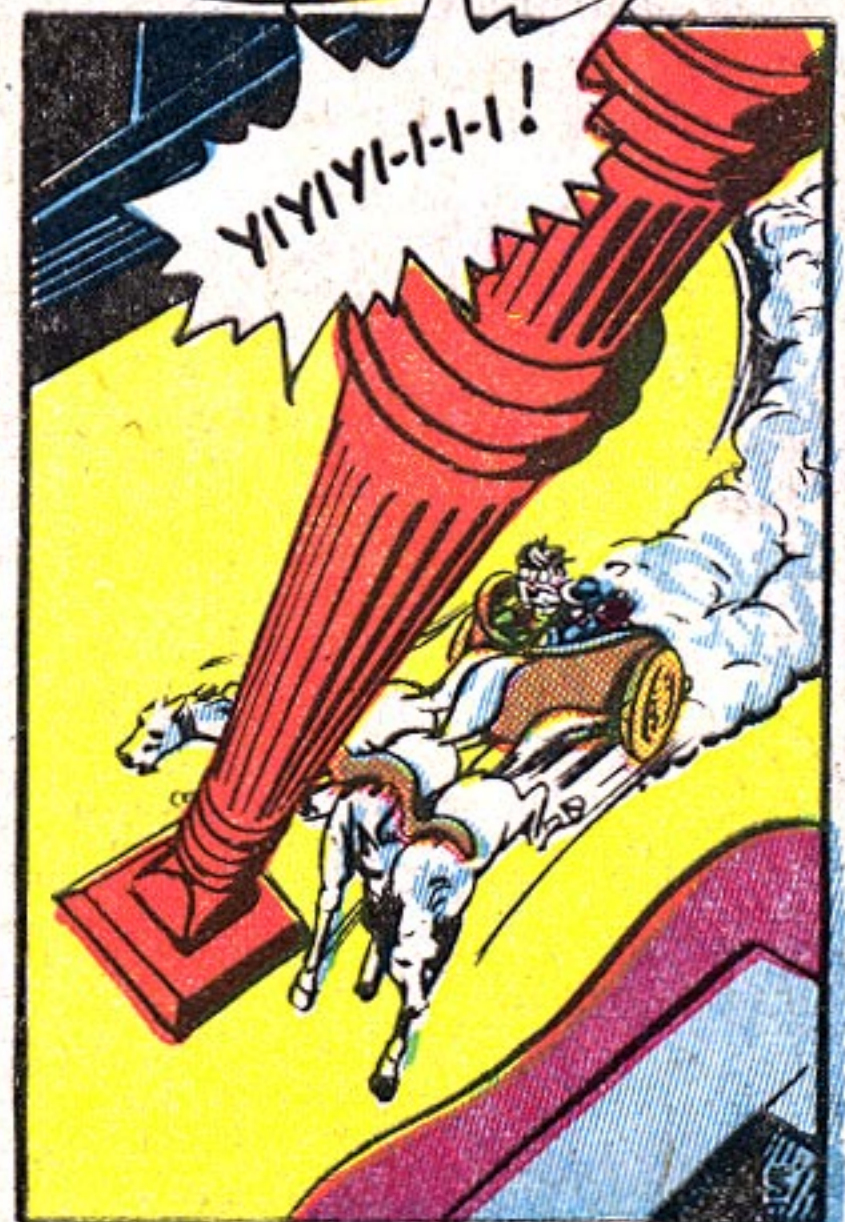
THERE ARE THE
BARBARIANS! CAPTURE
THEM FOR THE
GAMES!

GIVE ME
THOSE REINS,
GABBY, AND
HANG ON!



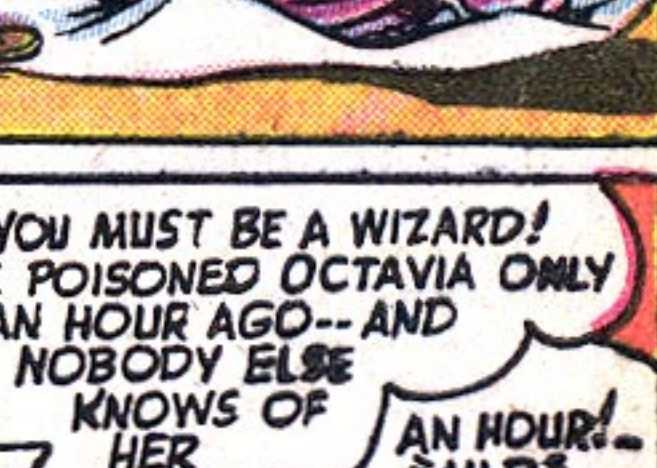
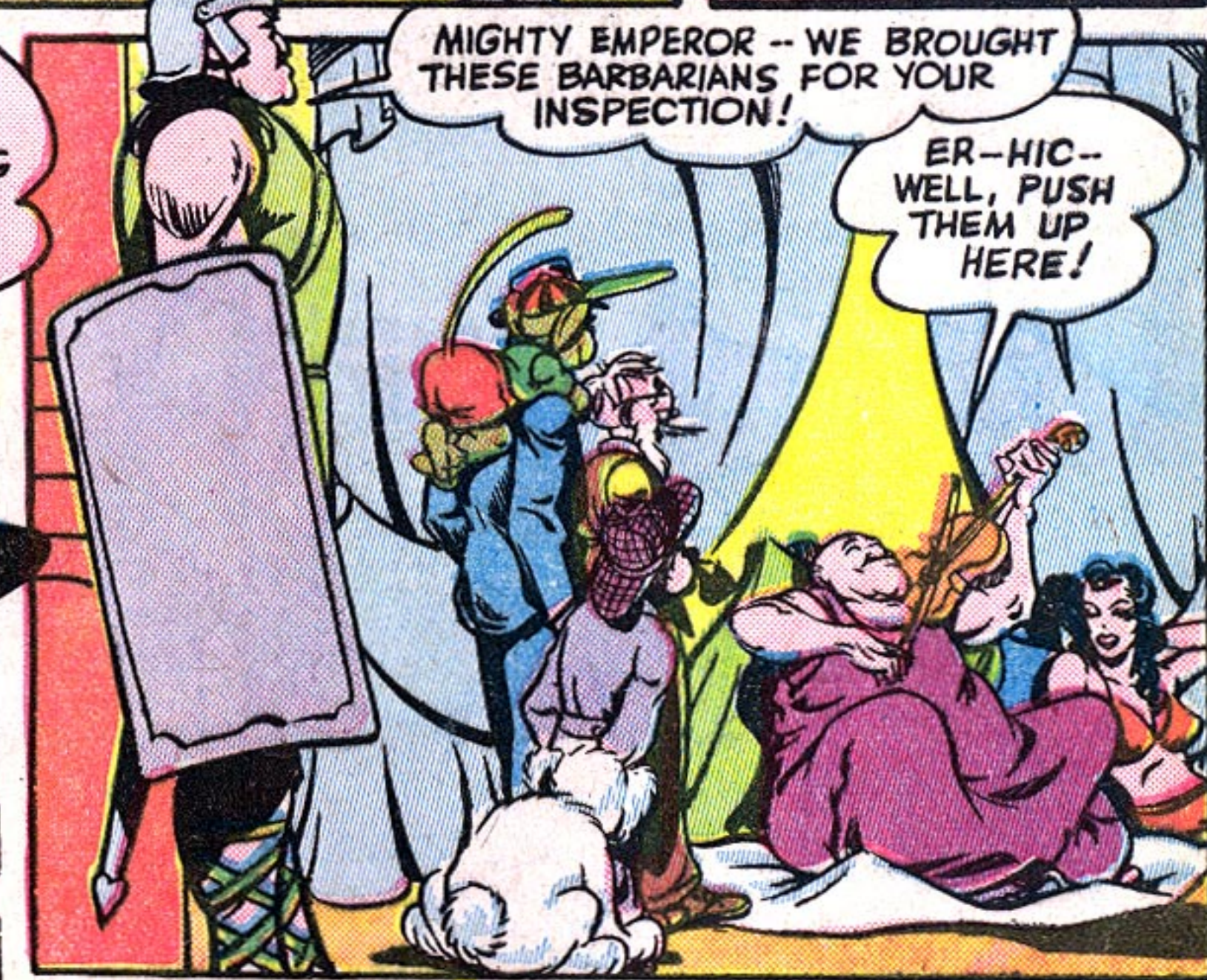
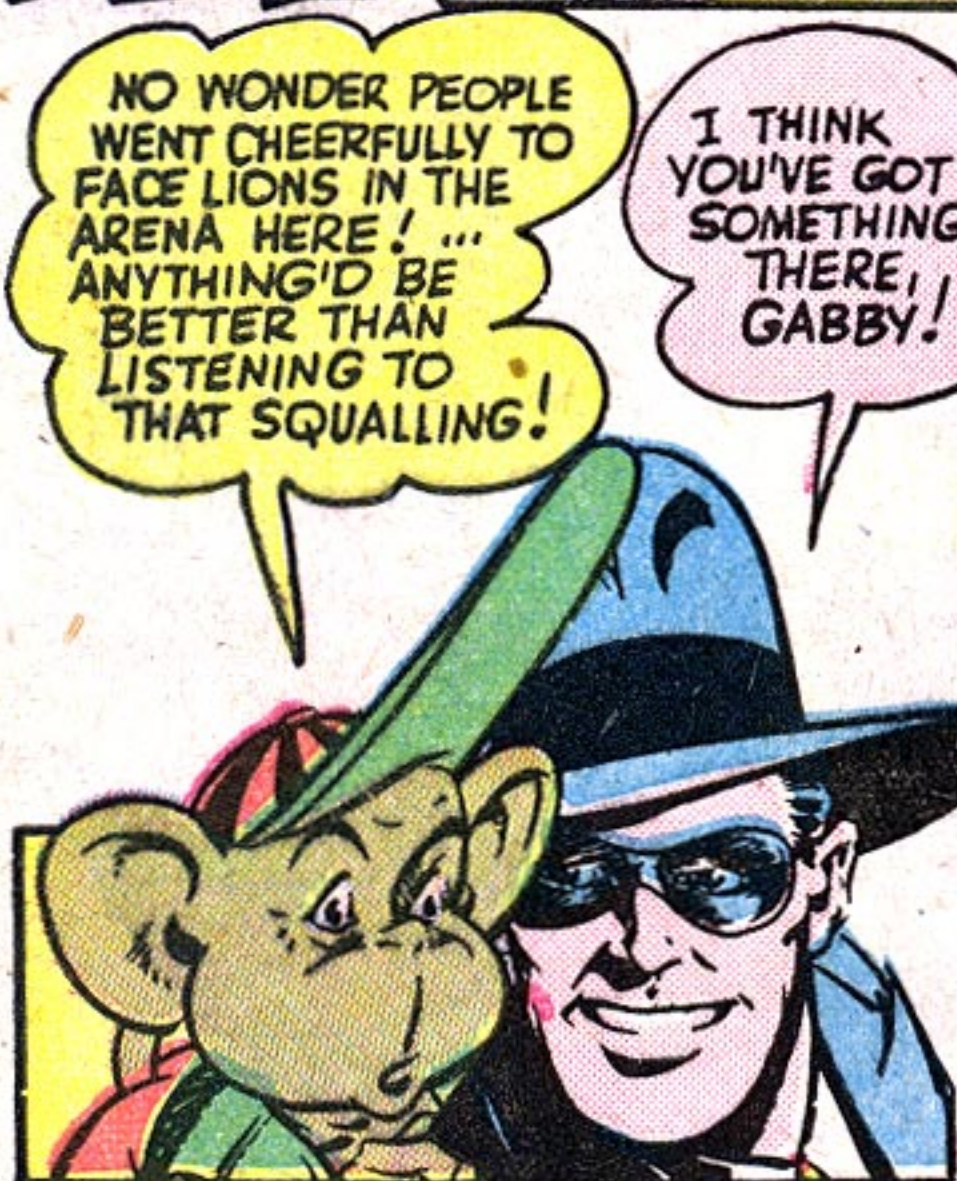
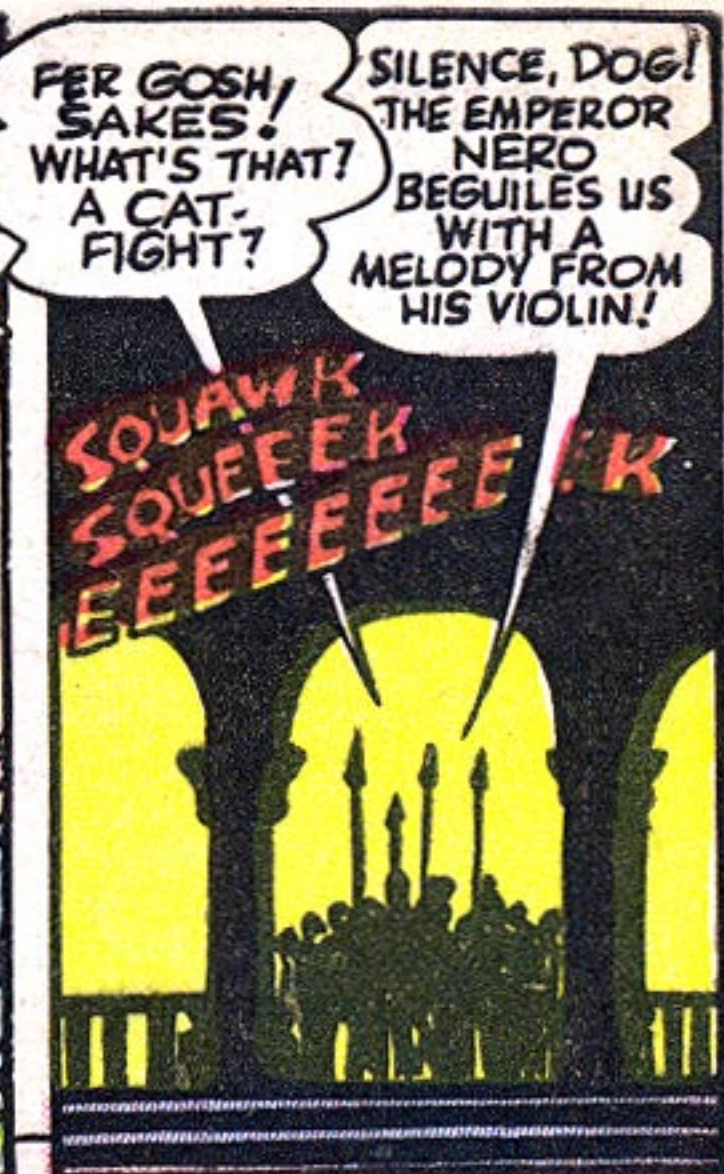
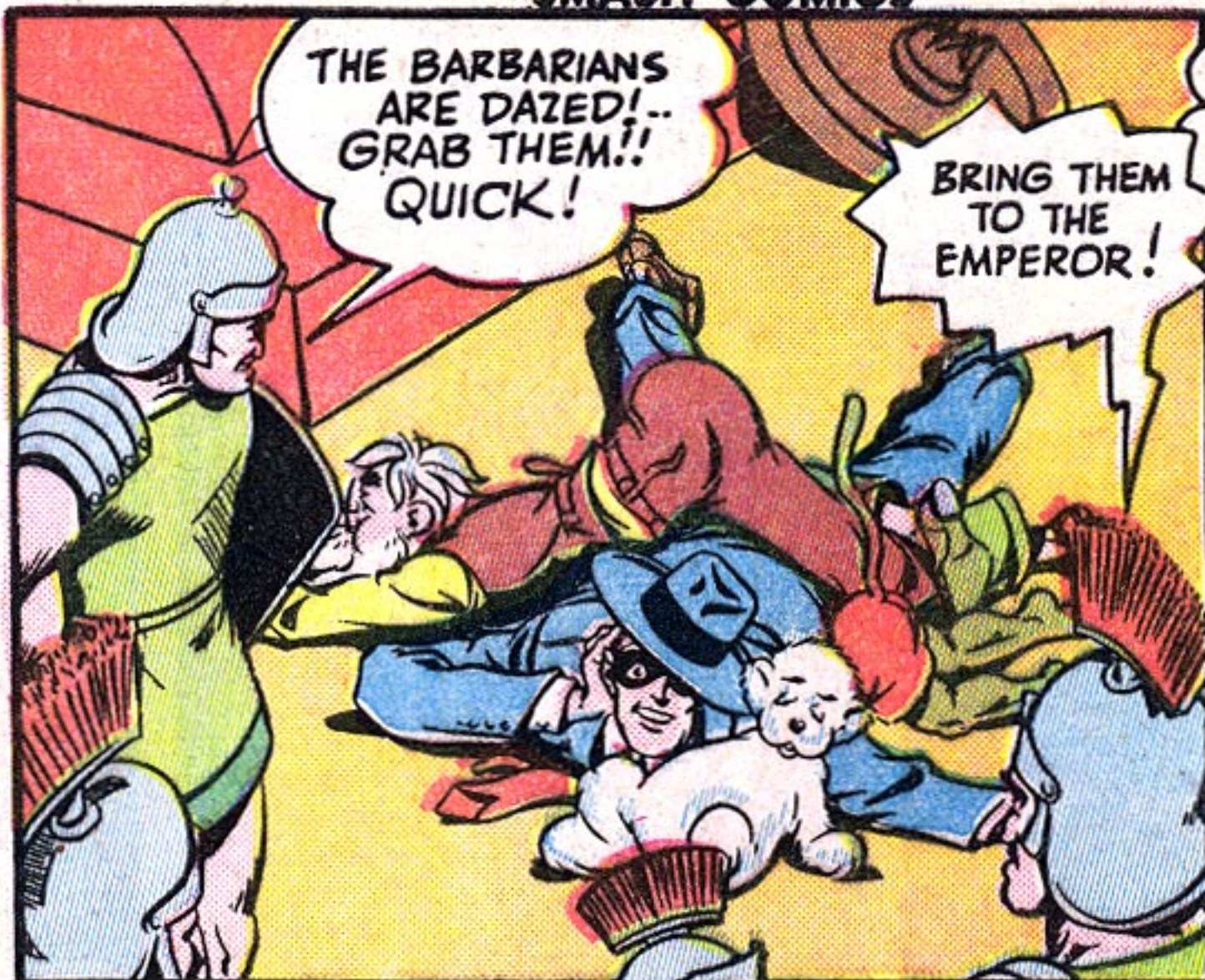
WE KNOW
A FEW
GAMES,
OURSELVES!

WEEEEEE!
ONE SIDE--
OR A
LEG OFF!



YIYIYI-I-I-I!

CRAASH!





TAKE THOSE OTHERS OUT! I WOULD SPEAK WITH THIS MIGHTY PROPHET ALONE!

I'D BETTER PLAY ALONG UNTIL I CAN GET MY PALS OUT OF THIS!

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, GANG!

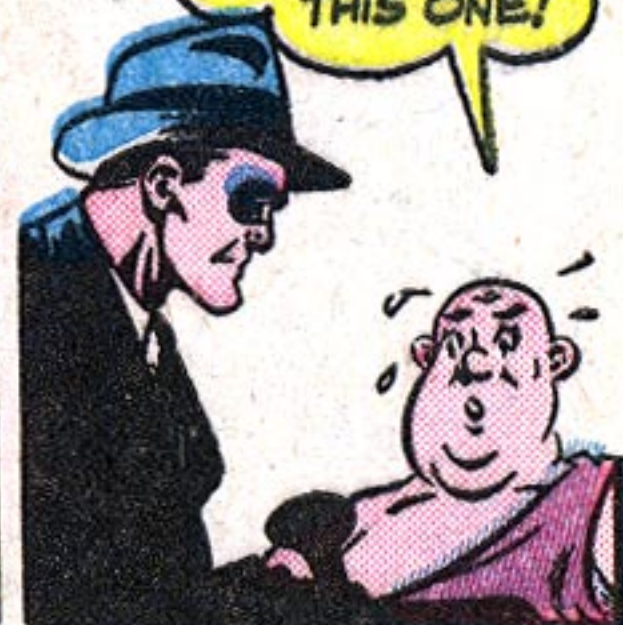
LET THE WIZARD DINE WELL, O' NERO! AFTERWARD, PERHAPS HE WILL TELL US WHO OUR SECRET ENEMIES ARE!

SURE, SISTER I COULD MENTION FOUR OF THEM OFF-HAND!

Later...

...AND AFTER ROME BURNS, YOU'LL REBUILD THE CITY, GO TO GREECE FOR THE FESTIVAL!

BY ZEUS! REMIND ME TO HAVE MY OLD WIZARD KILLED! HE WASN'T HALF AS GOOD AS THIS ONE!



SLAVE! A CUSHIONED CHAIR FOR THE WIZARD! HE WILL ATTEND THE GAMES AT THE ARENA WITH US!...

...AND SIT IN THE ROYAL BOX BESIDE ME!

ALL WE CAN SAY IS -- ISN'T IT LUCKY THAT MIDNIGHT REMEMBERS HIS ANCIENT HISTORY?!!



WHEW!... THAT DAME'S DYNAMITE! BUT I CAN'T DUCK OUT NOW UNTIL THE OTHERS ARE IN THE CLEAR!



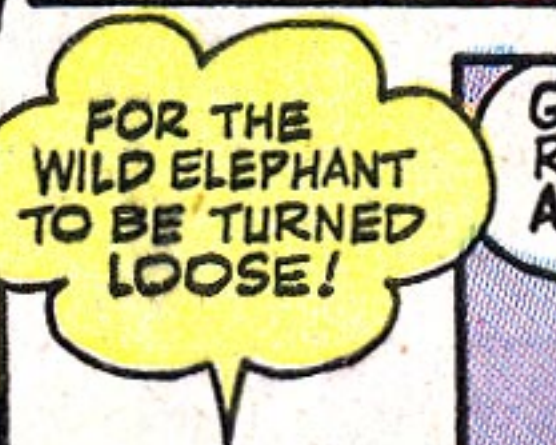
THIS WAY, MIGHTY EMPEROR-- YOU ARE JUST IN TIME FOR THE BIG SPECTACLE OF THE AFTERNOON!

IS THAT SO?... WHAT IS IT?



THE DISPLAY OF BARBARIAN FIGHTING METHODS!

AWWRK! MY PALS! WH-WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR?



FOR THE WILD ELEPHANT TO BE TURNED LOOSE!



GABBY! DOC! SNIFFER! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! A WILD ELEPHANT!!

RELAX, MIDNIGHT! I GOT SUMP'N HERE THAT'LL FIX THAT HAY-BURNING TANK!



I CAUGHT THIS MOUSE IN OUR CELL, A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

SQUEEK!



JUNIPER PULVIUS!... I MEAN, JUPITER PLUVIUS -- THOSE BARBARIANS HAVE BEWITCHED THE BEAST! SEND OUT THE MAN-EATING TIGER!

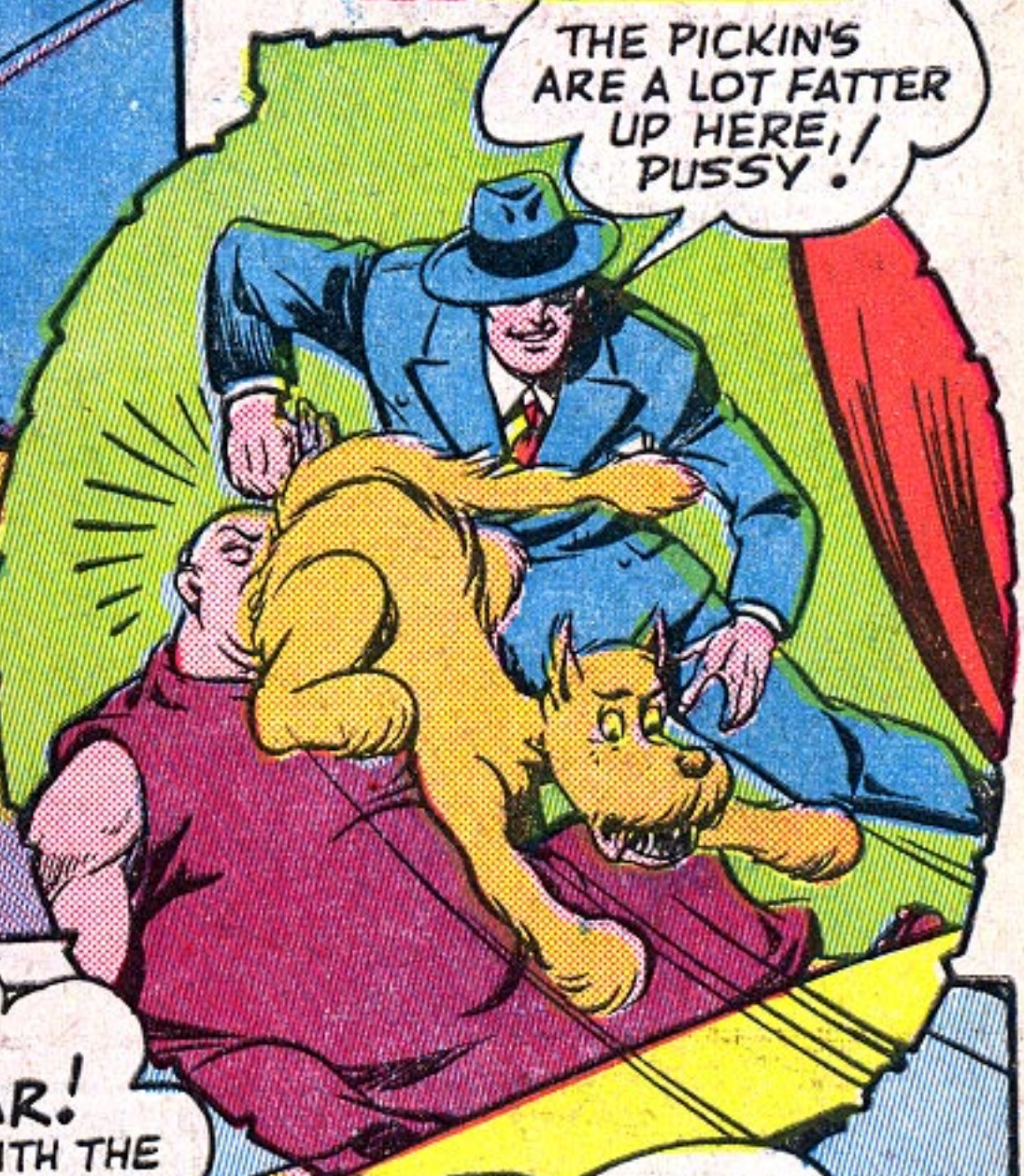
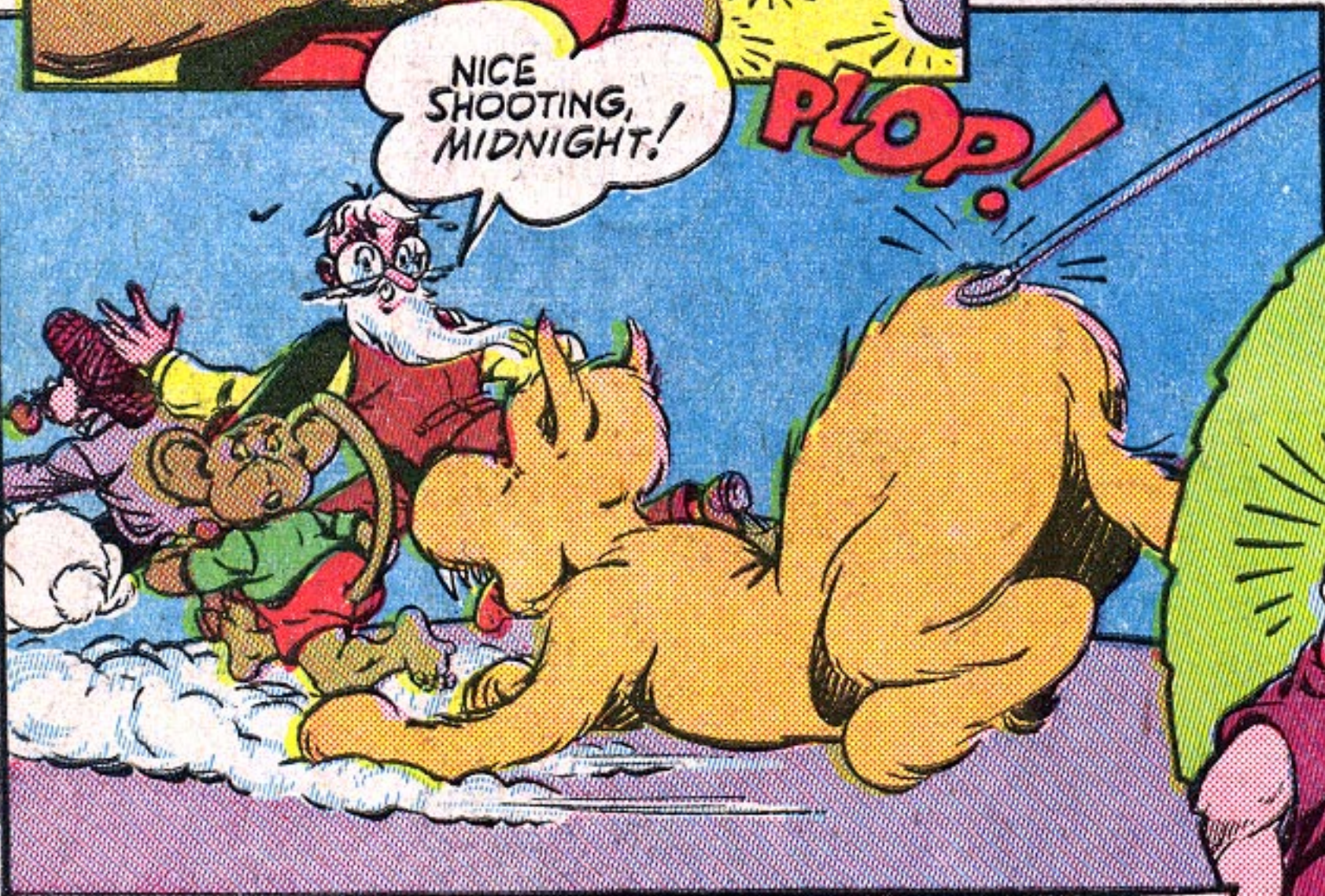


HO! THE TIGER WILL SPILL THEIR BLOOD!

NO IF MY VACUUM GUN SURVIVED THIS TRIP THROUGH TIME!

NICE SHOOTING, MIDNIGHT!

PLOP!



THE PICKIN'S ARE A LOT FATTER UP HERE, PUSSY.



HANG ON, GANG! I'M COMING!

SEND OUT THE GLADIATORS! CARVE THEM TO PIECES!



AVE CAESAR! DOWN WITH THE BARBARIANS!

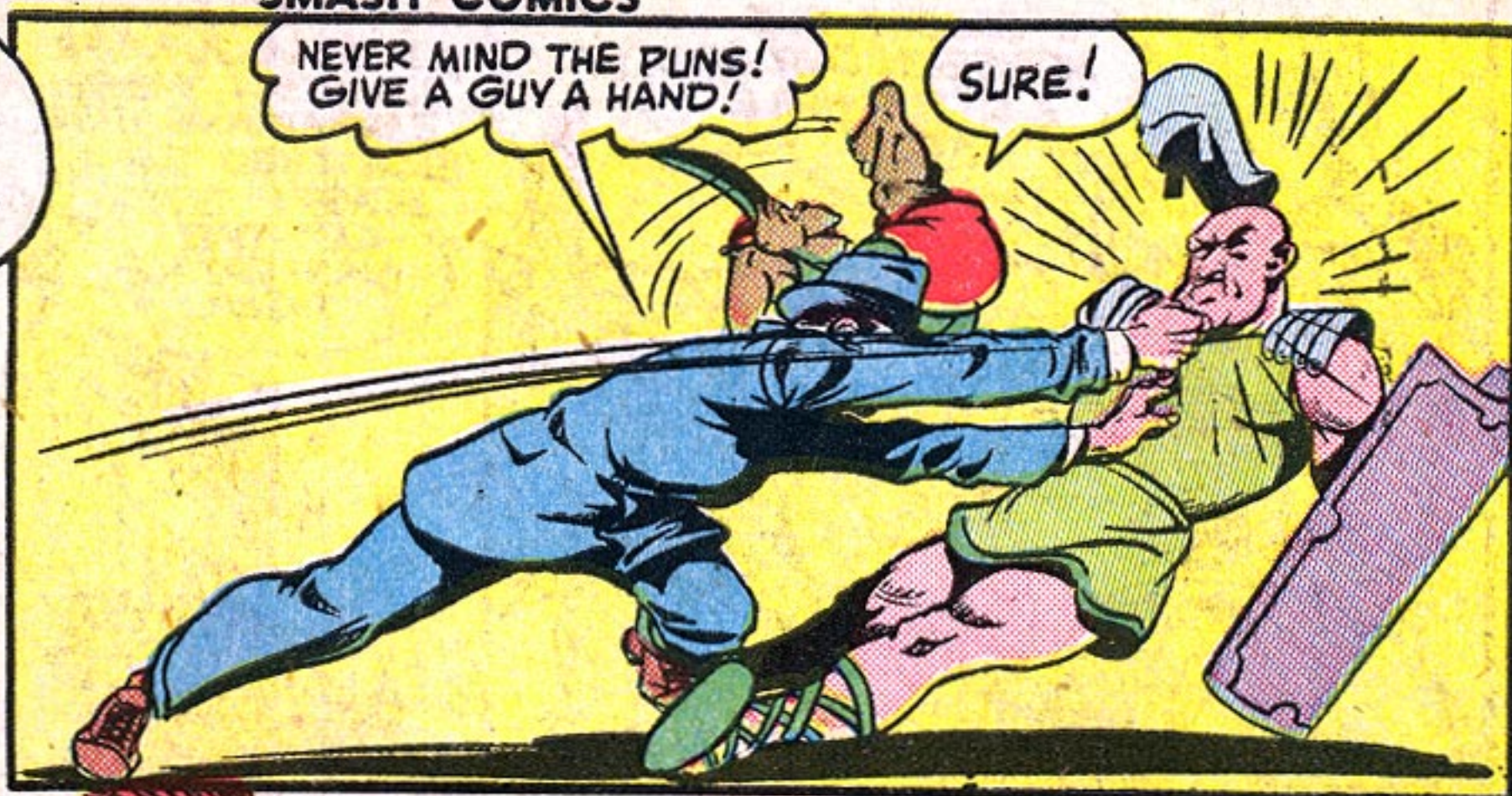


COME AND GET IT, YOU FUGITIVES FROM A SCRAP DRIVE! UP WITH YOUR CHINS!



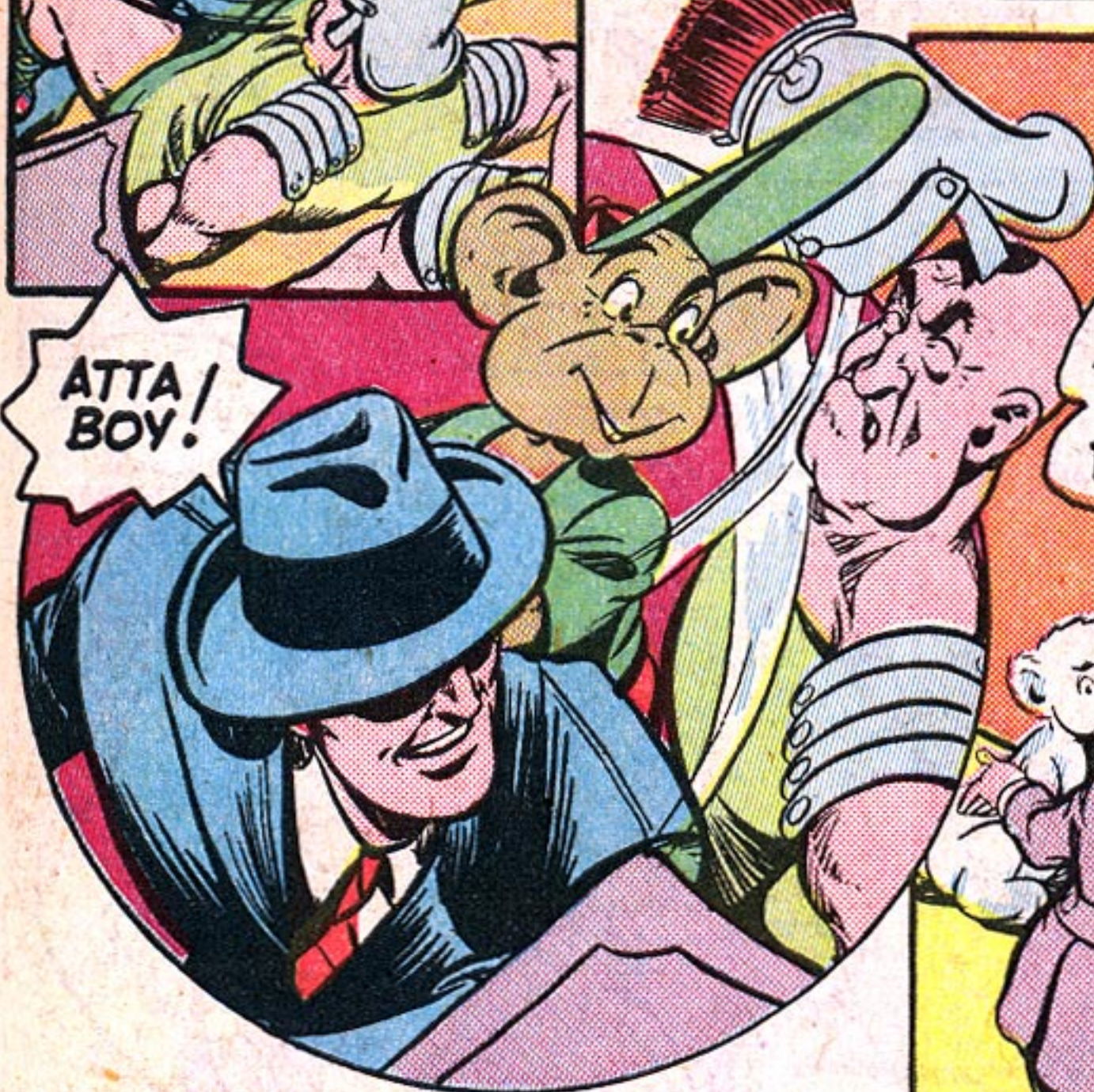
THAT'S THE WAY!

YEEOWEE!
THAT'S TURNING
GLADIATORS
INTO
SADIATORS!



NEVER MIND THE PUNS!
GIVE A GUY A HAND!

SURE!

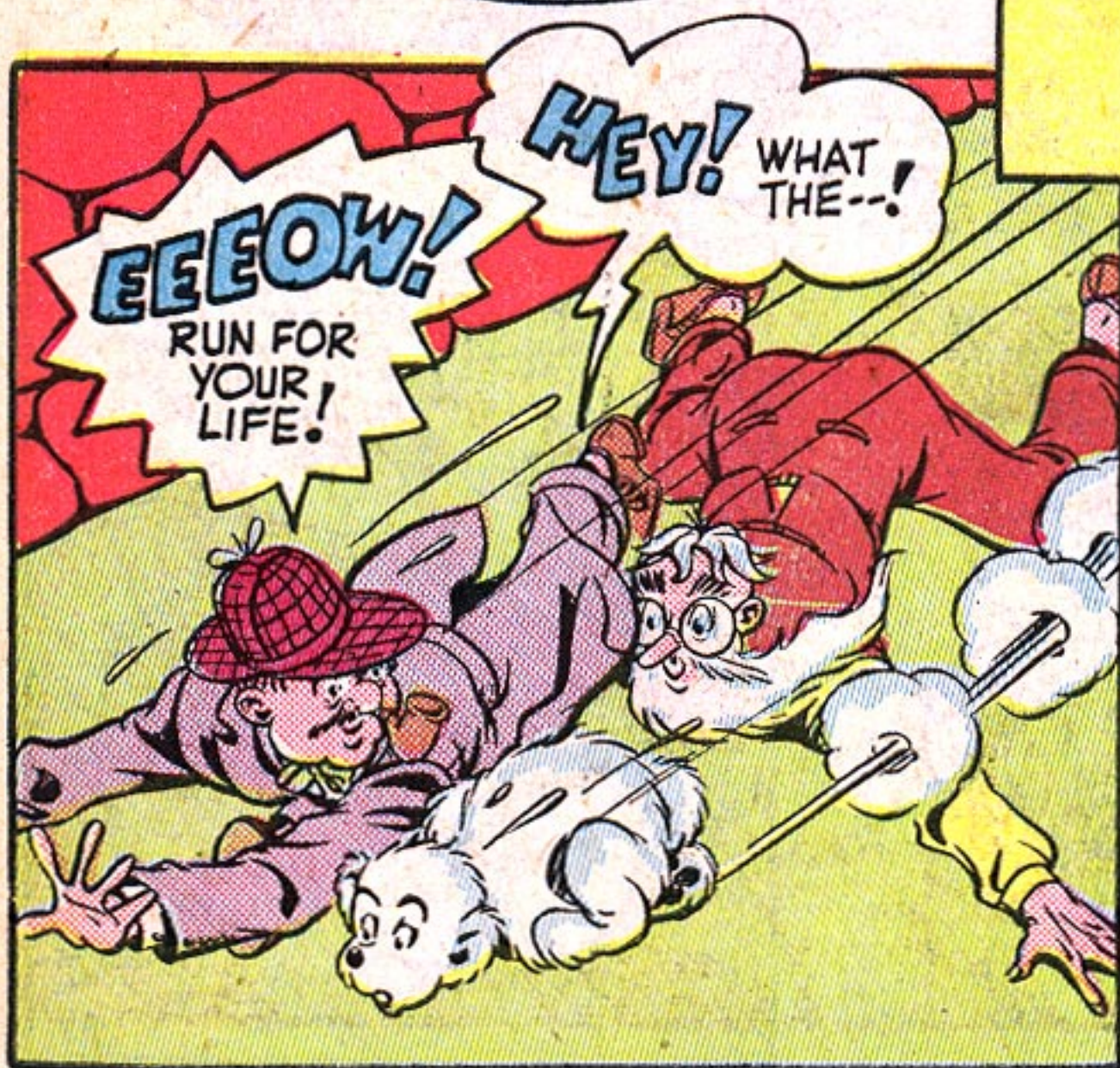


ATTA BOY!

DID YOU TRY YOUR
HIP
POCKET?

YEP! AND
THEY AREN'T
THERE,
EITHER!

MY GOSH!
D'YUH SUPPOSE
I LEFT THOSE
PILLS ON THE
TABLE
BACK IN
MIDNIGHT'S
HOUSE?



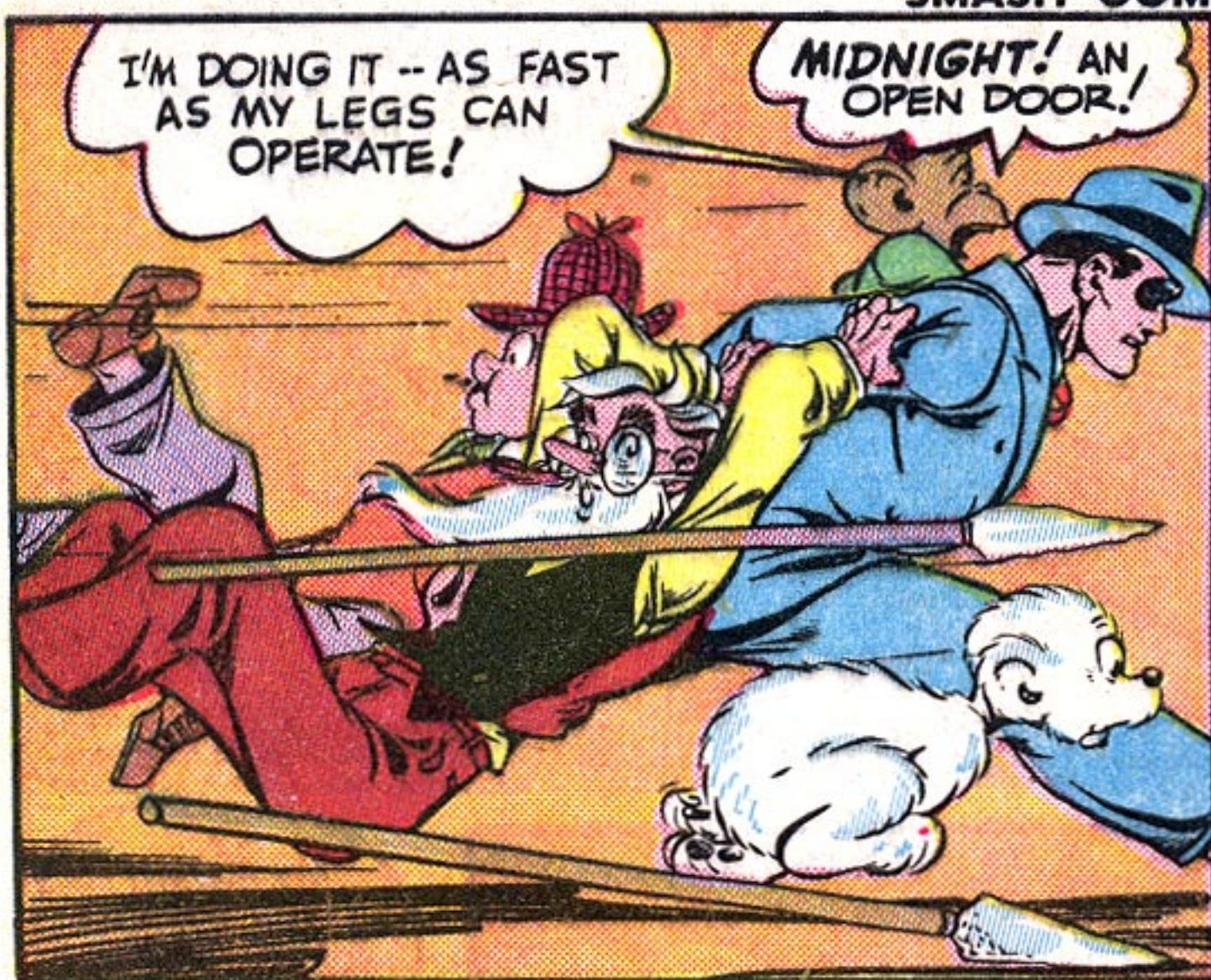
EEEOW!

RUN FOR
YOUR
LIFE!

HEY! WHAT
THE--!

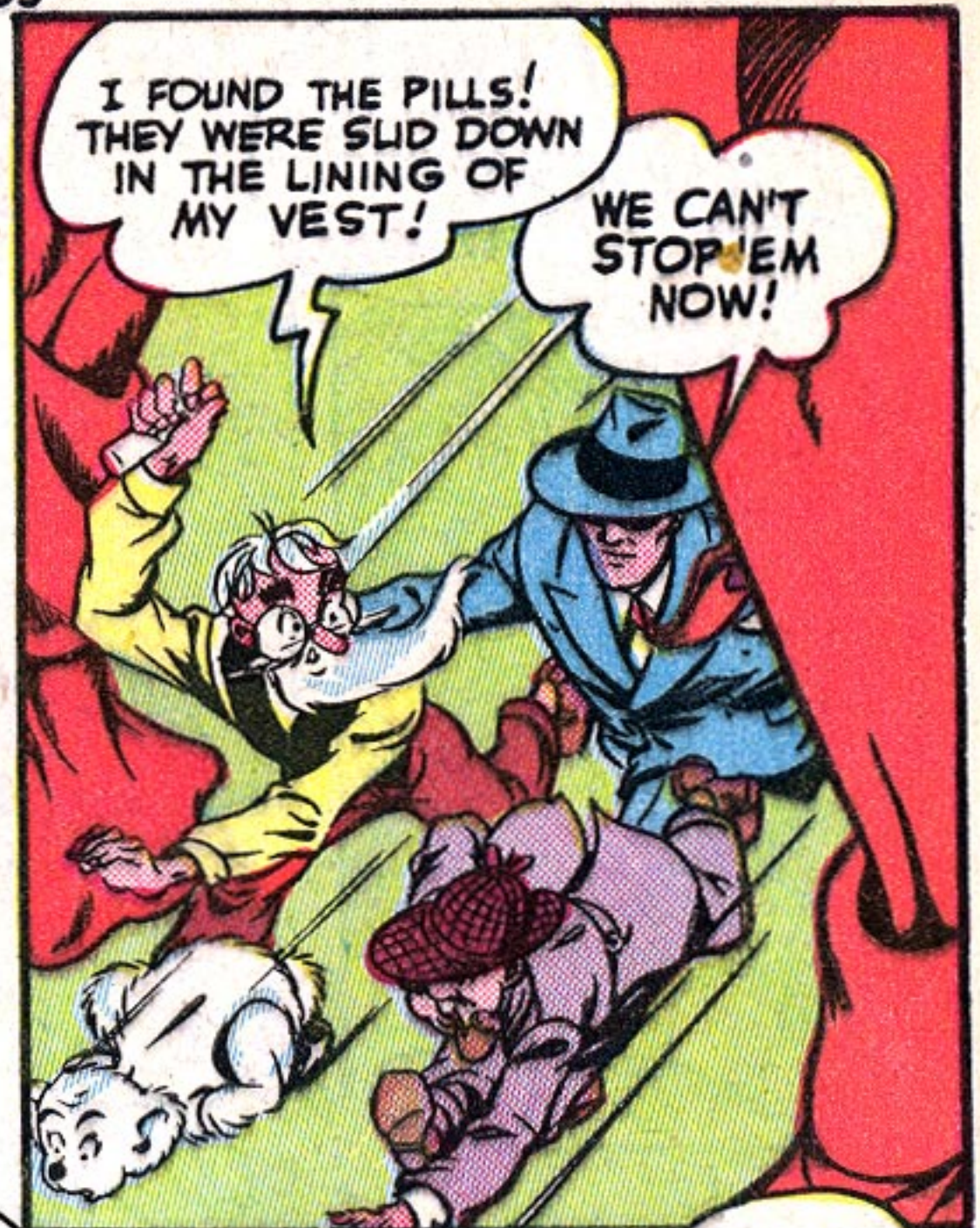


AWWRK!
MIDNIGHT!
D-DO SOMETHING!
QUICK!



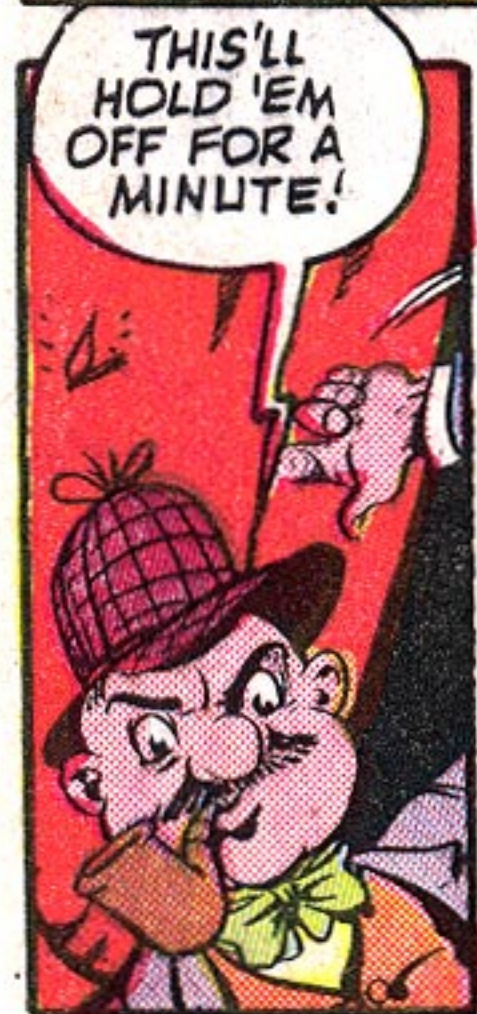
I'M DOING IT -- AS FAST AS MY LEGS CAN OPERATE!

MIDNIGHT! AN OPEN DOOR!



I FOUND THE PILLS! THEY WERE SLID DOWN IN THE LINING OF MY VEST!

WE CAN'T STOP 'EM NOW!



THIS'LL HOLD 'EM OFF FOR A MINUTE!



MY GOSH! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT'S HOW THE BURNING OF ROME BEGAN? -- WITH A FIRE IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS!

SURE! AND TO THINK HISTORY GIVES NERO CREDIT FOR IT!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, QUIT GABBING, AND GOBBLE THESE PILLS! WE GOTTA GET BACK TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BEFORE WE'RE OUT-FLANKED!

DON'T FORGET TO CONCENTRATE ON THE RIGHT PLACE, THIS TIME!



GULP

GULP

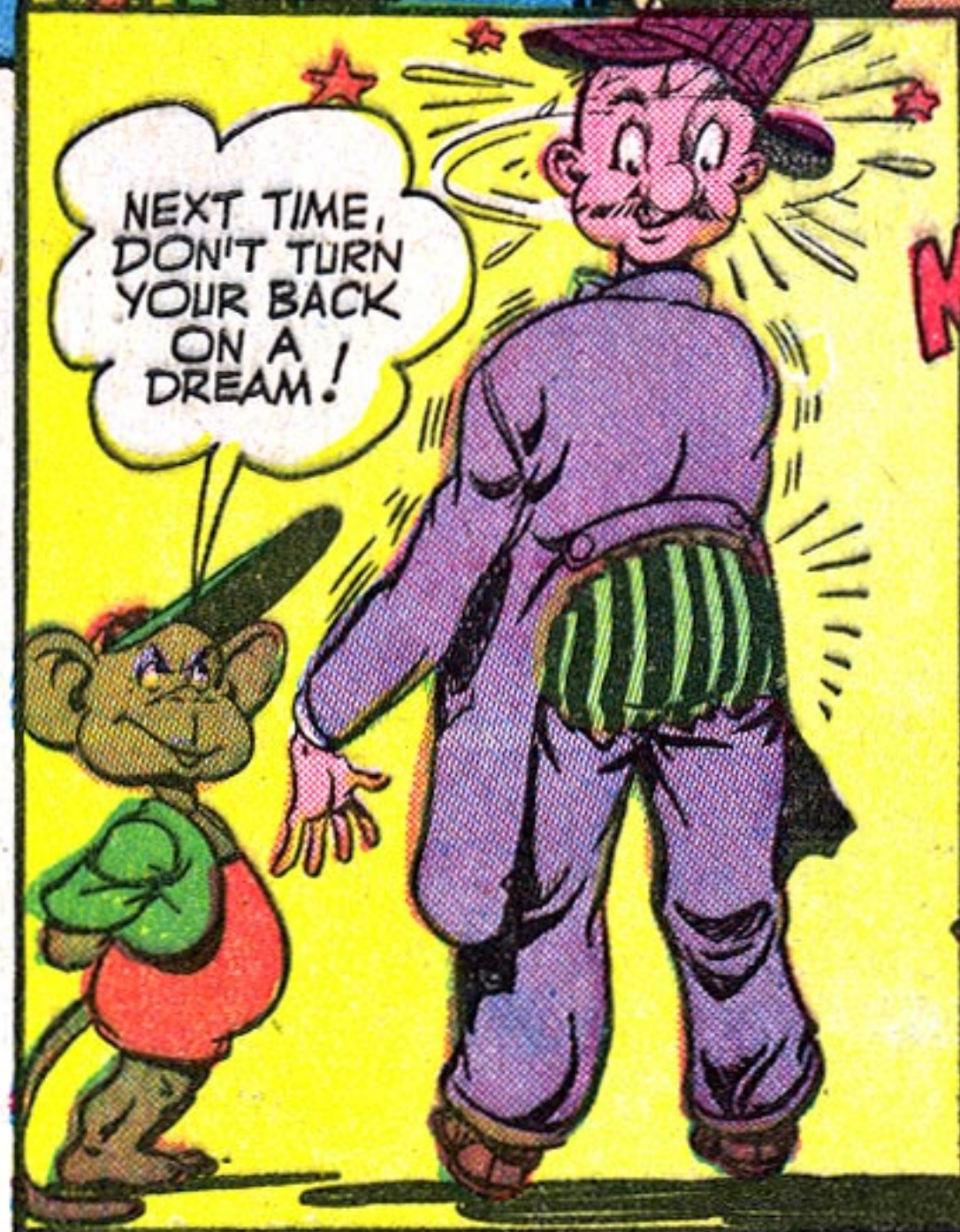
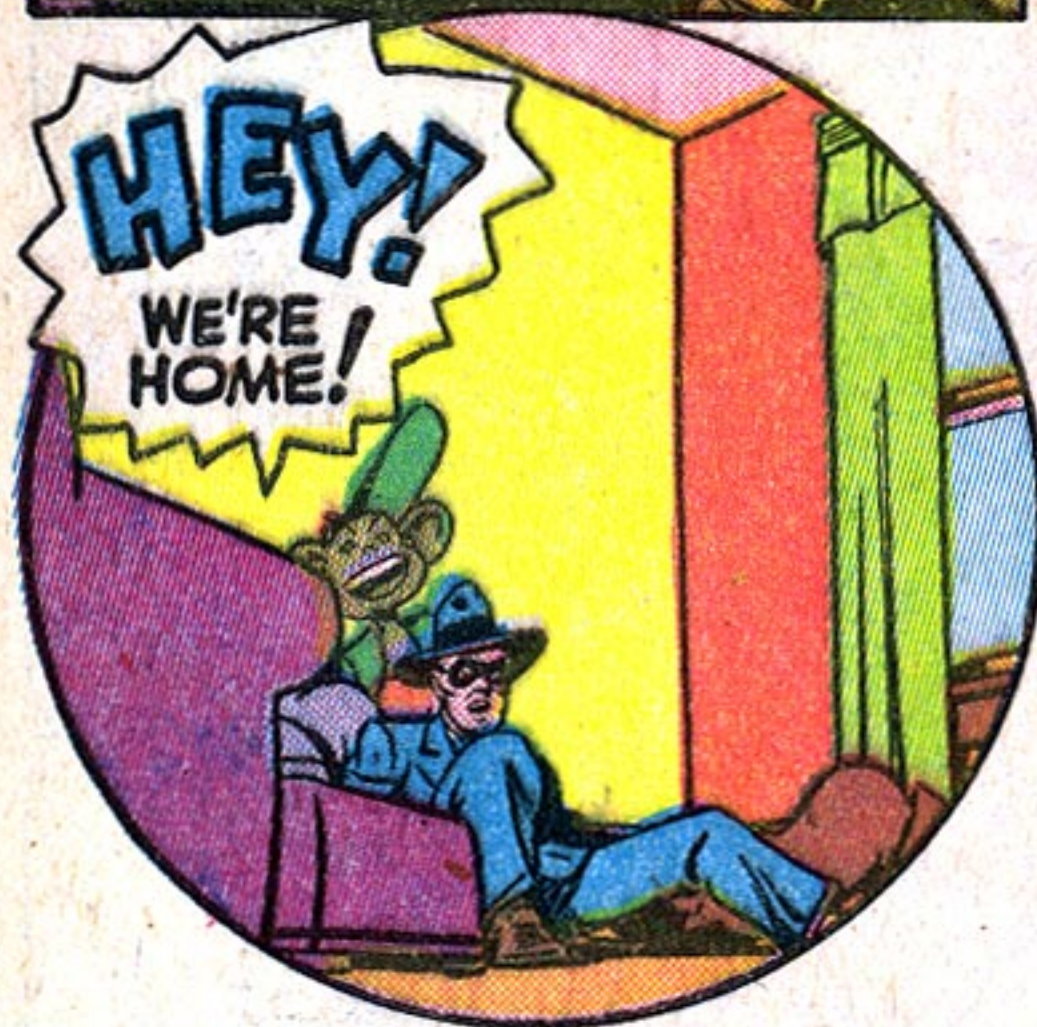
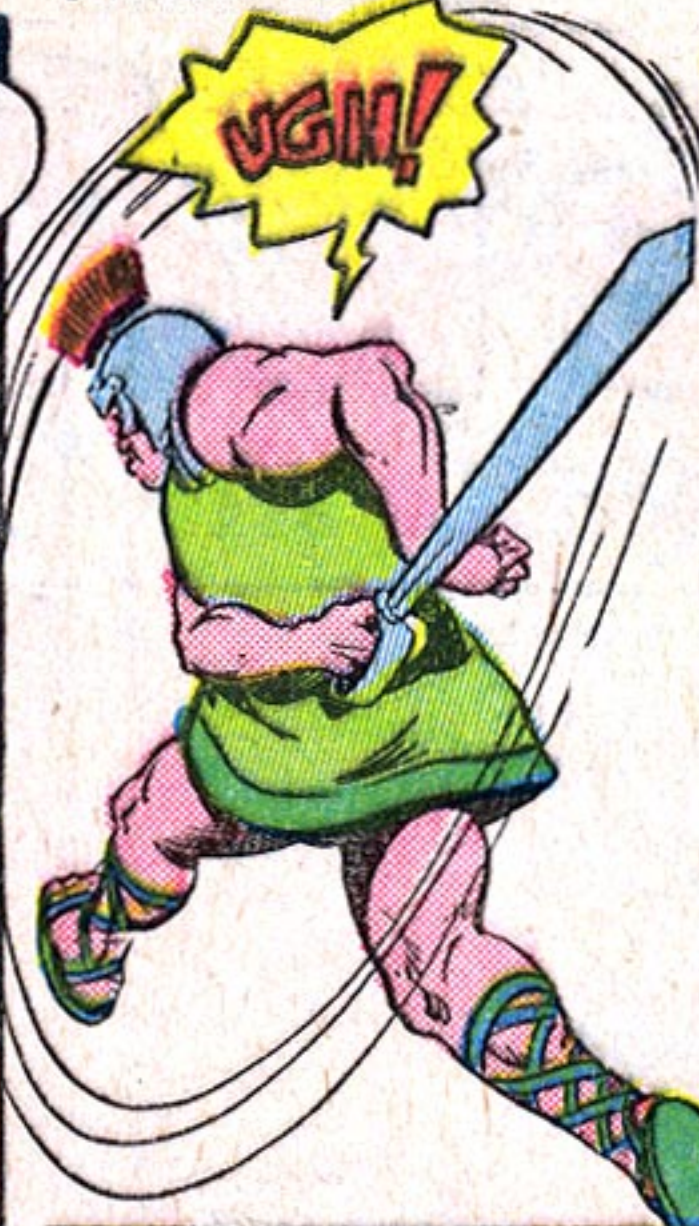
URP

WELL! WHY DOESN'T SOMETHING HAPPEN?

SHUT UP! DOC TOLD US THEY NEED TIME TO TAKE EFFECT!



D-DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT WE JUST RAN OUT OF TIME!



MIDNIGHT
WILL HOLD YOU SPELL-BOUND IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS!

DON'T MISS HIM!

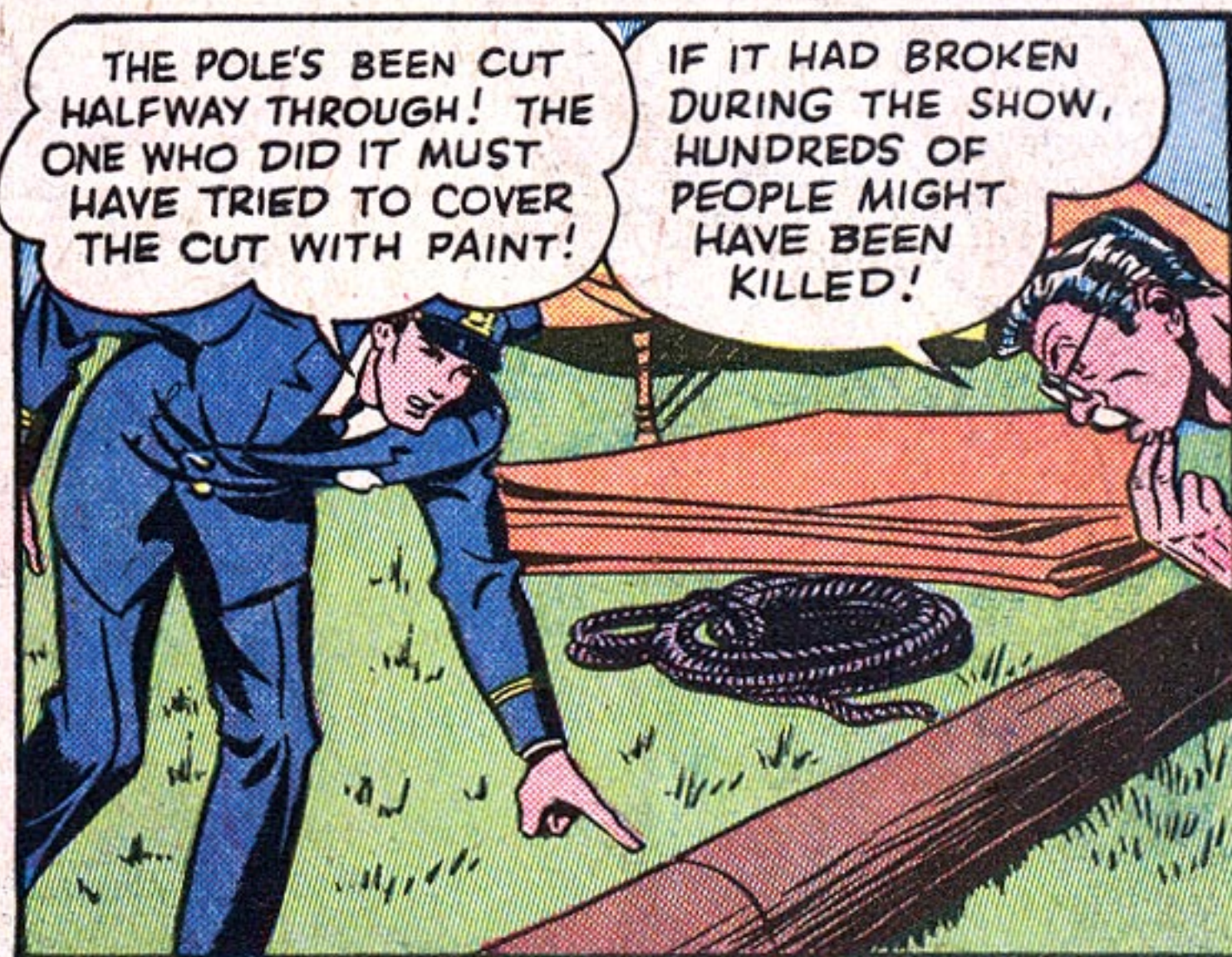
Rookie RANKIN

... Sabotage in the Circus ...



D

EATH and DESTRUCTION stalk the CIRCUS! ... and a series of mysterious tragedies leads Rookie Rankin to join the Big Show! Read how he plays the clown, captures the culprit ... and ends the SABOTAGE!!





WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHAT'S THE
COMMOTION?



WHAT
ON
EARTH--?

LASSITER --
IS
DEAD!!



HE'S BEEN
SHOT! --
THROUGH
THE
TEMPLE!

MURDER!
I DIDN'T
SUPPOSE
IT WOULD
COME TO
THIS!

DID ANY
OF YOU
SEE WHAT
HAPPENED?



WE ALL RAN HERE WHEN WE
HEARD THE SHOT! I SAW HIM
LAST! I HAD JUST WALKED
INTO THE TENT ---



REPORT THIS TO HEADQUARTERS
AT ONCE! FORGET YOU'VE SEEN
ME! I MUST GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF THIS -- AND
I HAVE A PLAN ...

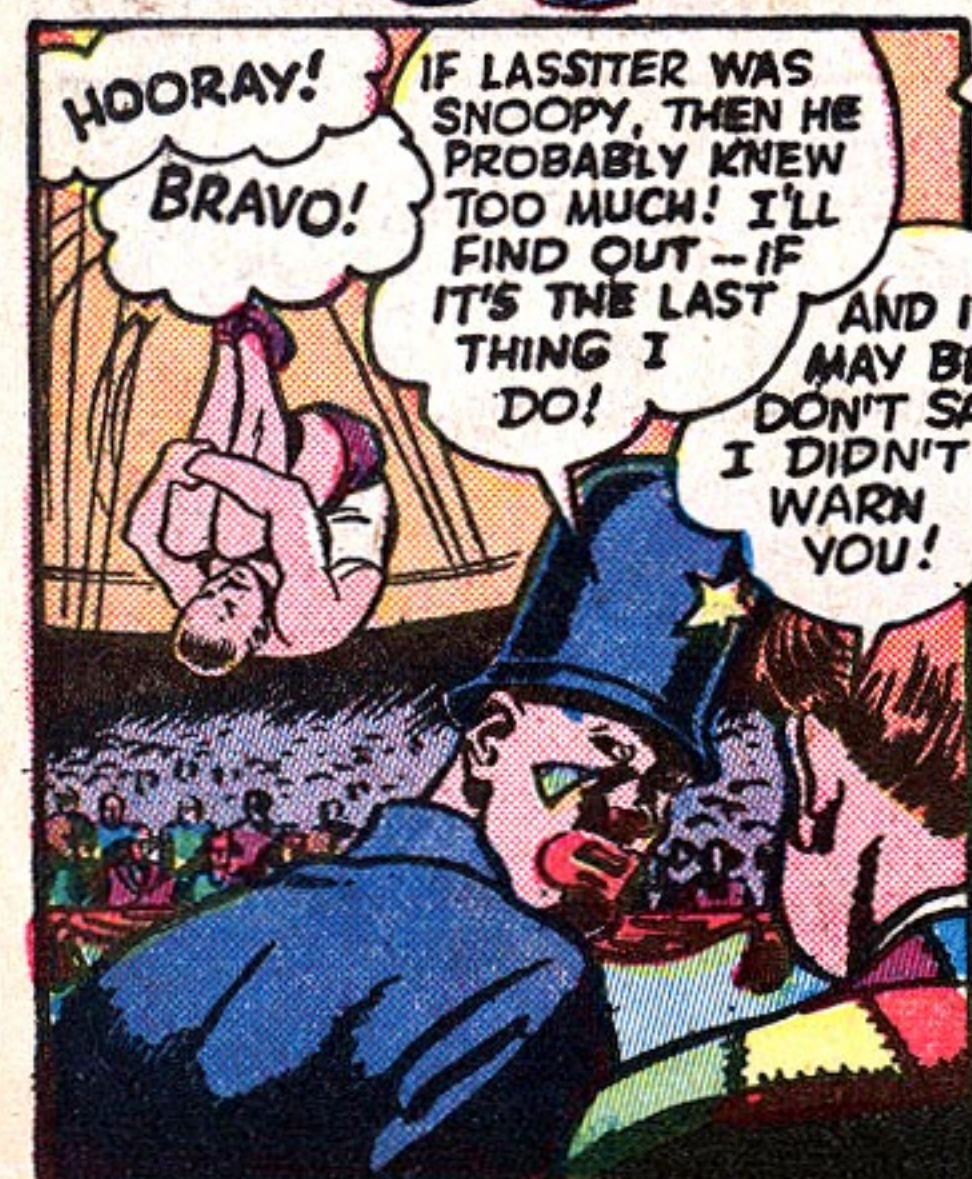
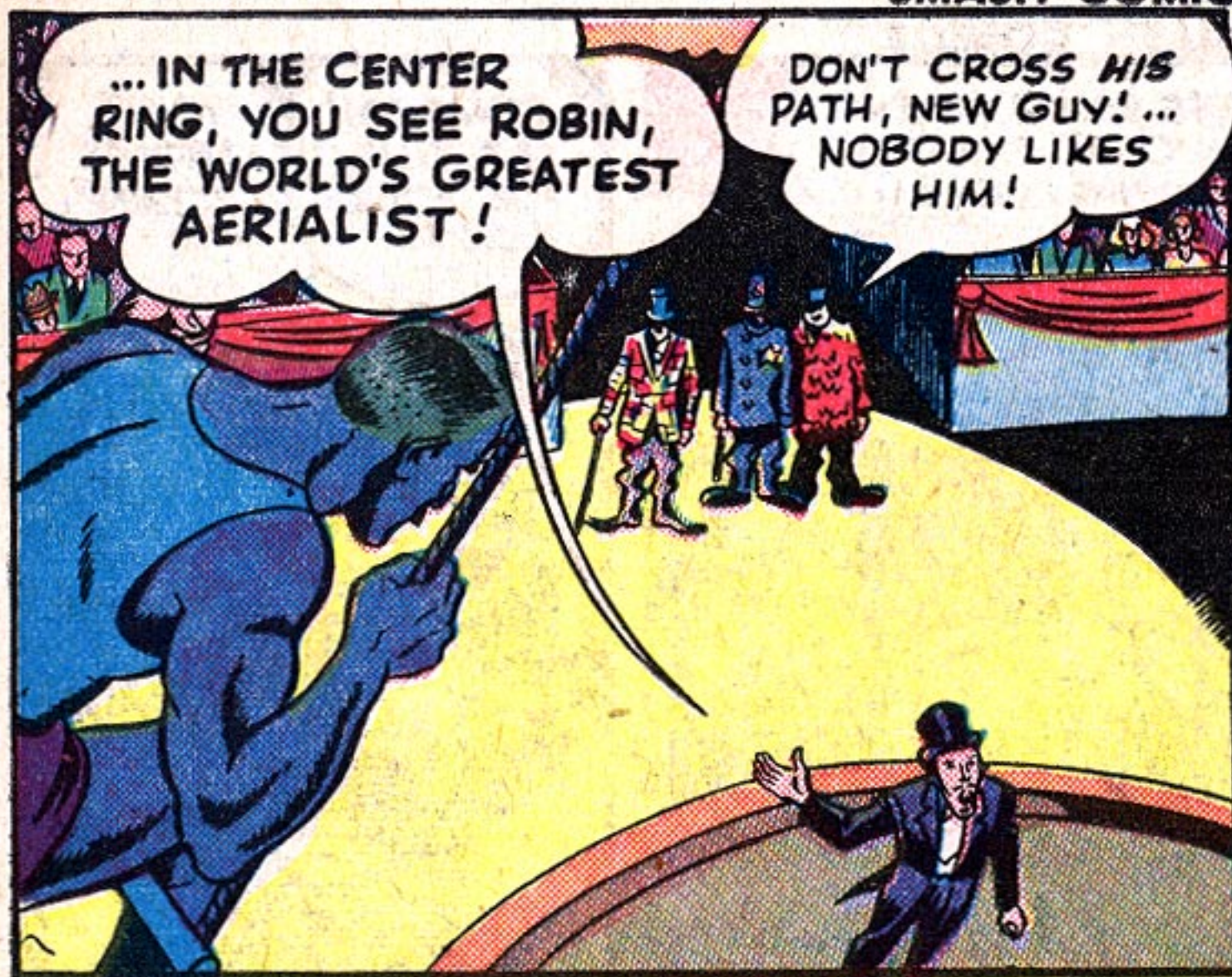


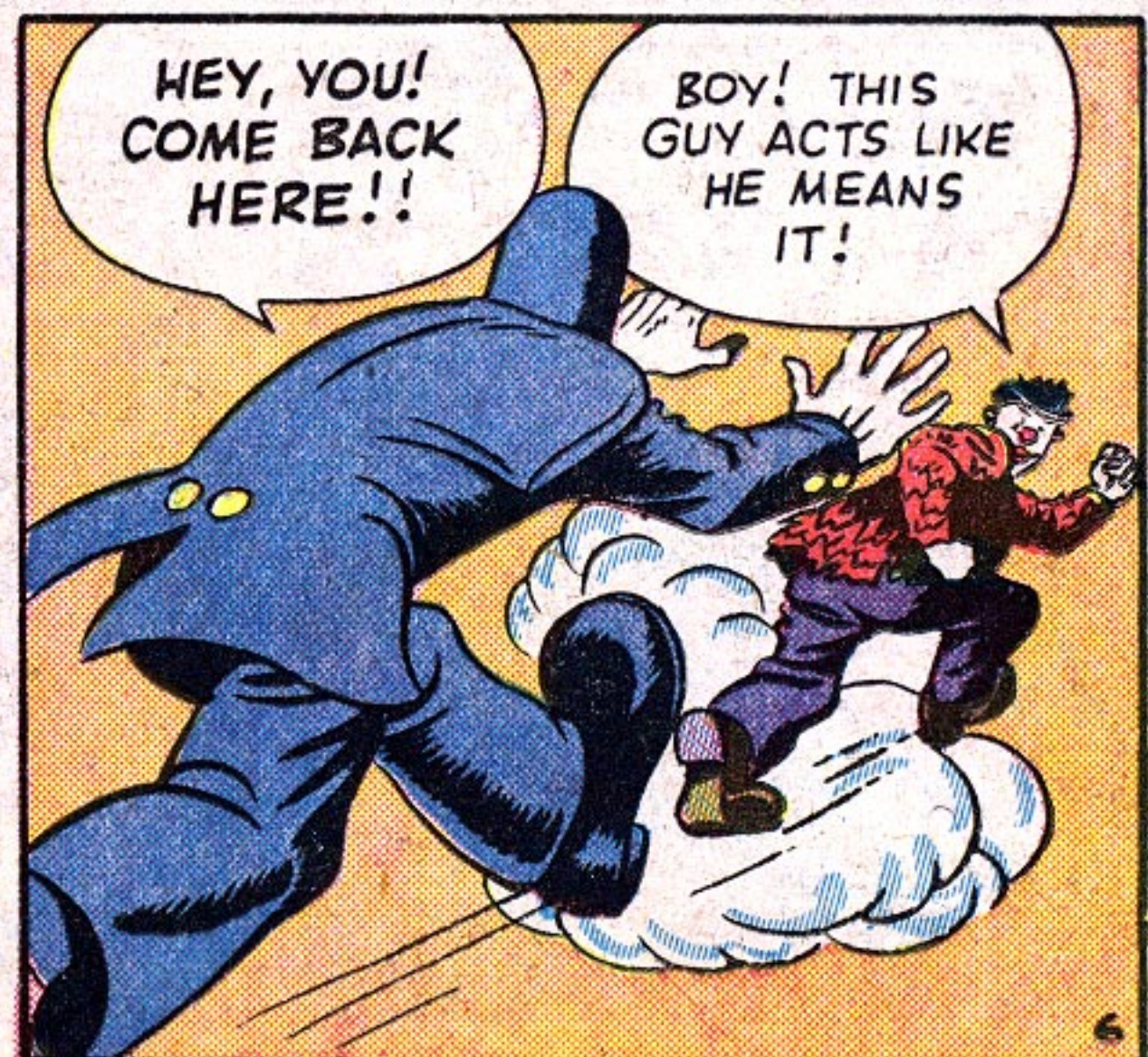
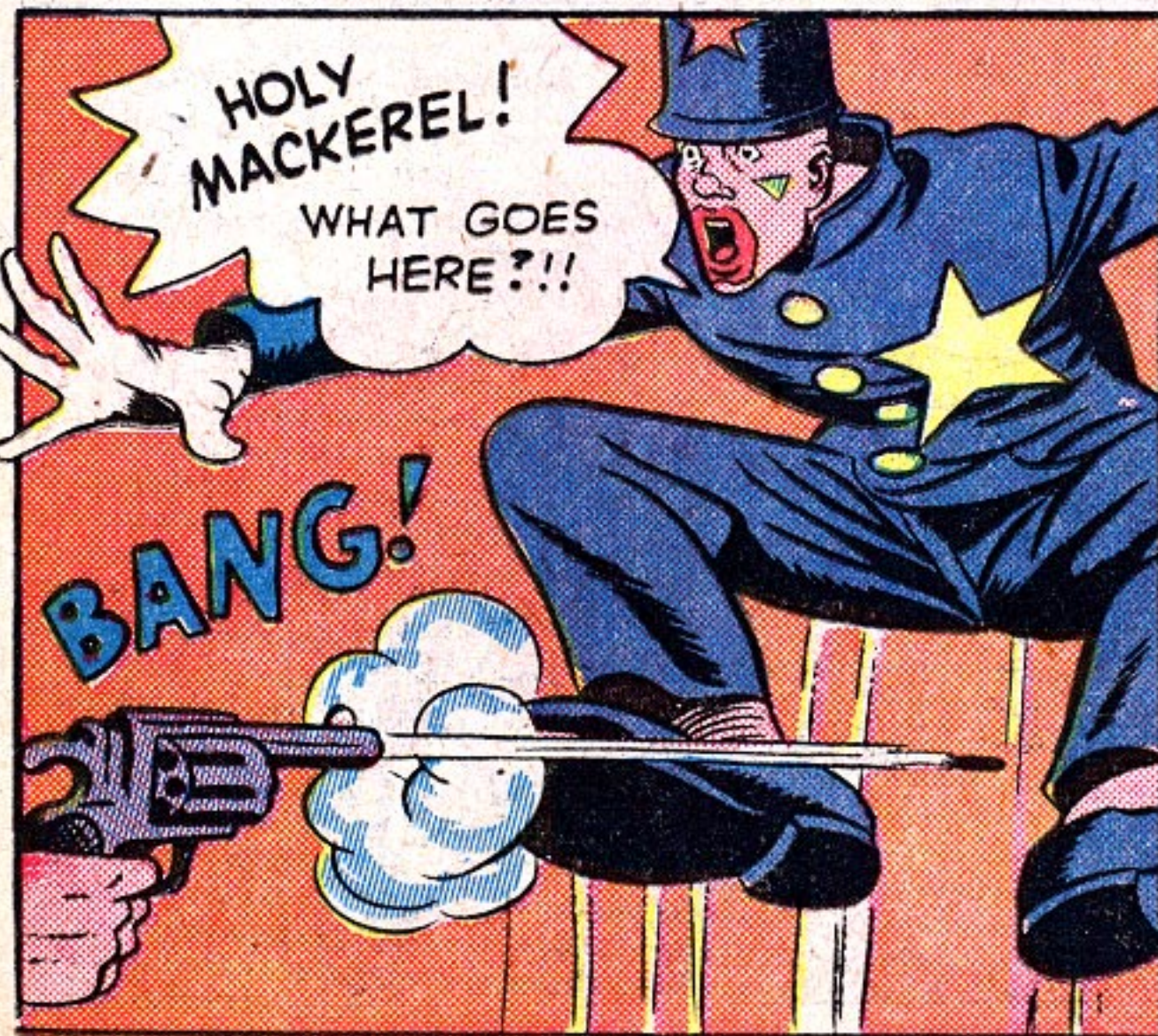
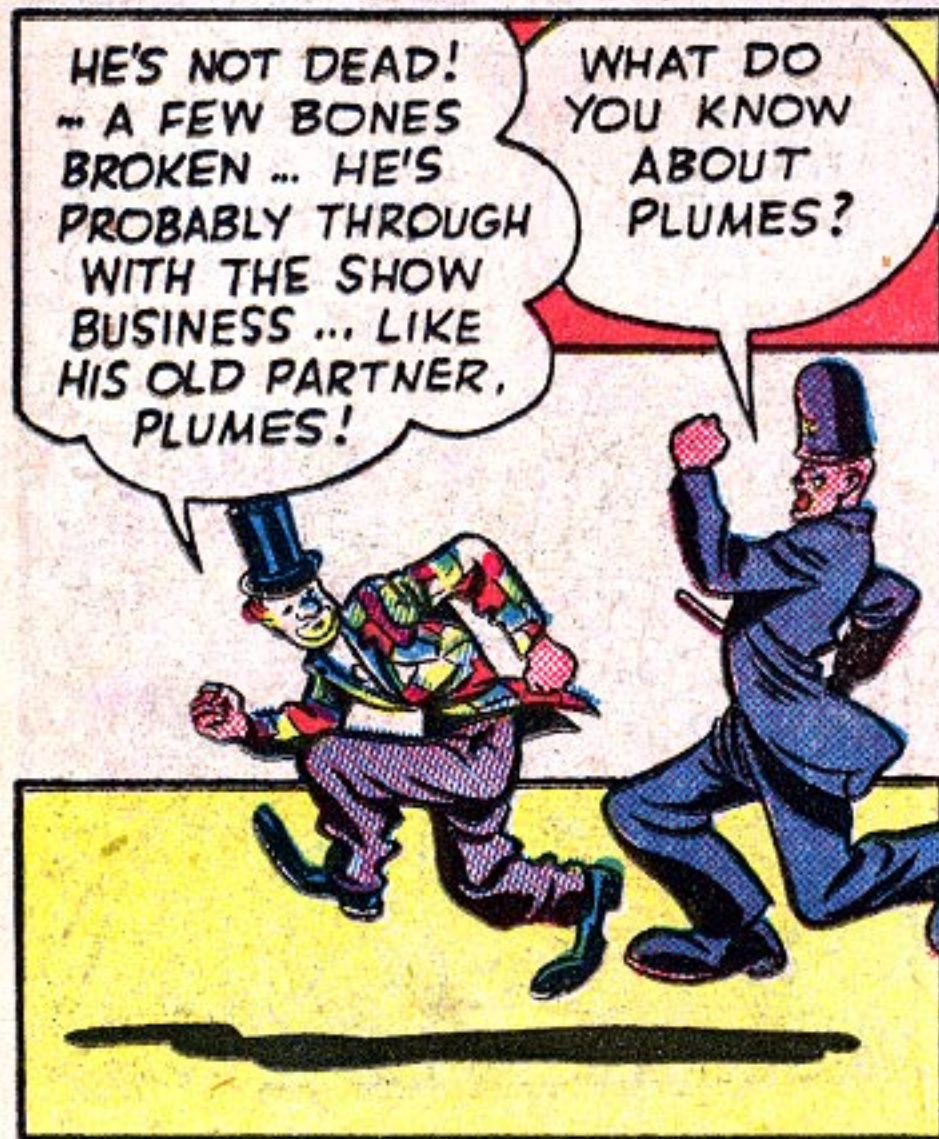
I MUST CONCEAL
MY IDENTITY! CAN
YOU ARRANGE
THINGS FOR
ME?

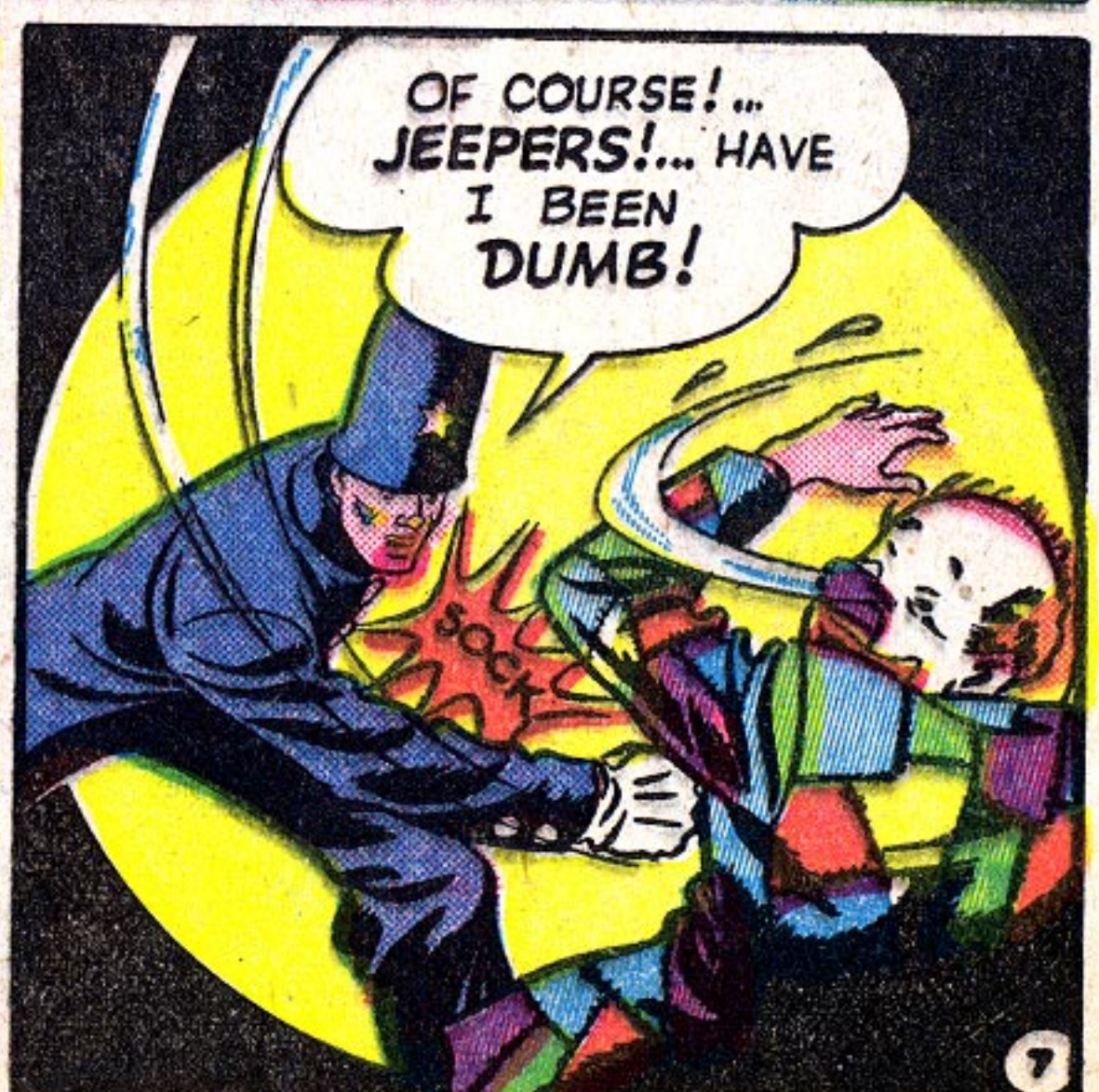
SURE! I'M
THE CLOWN
MASTER!
FOLLOW
ME!

SMASH COMICS











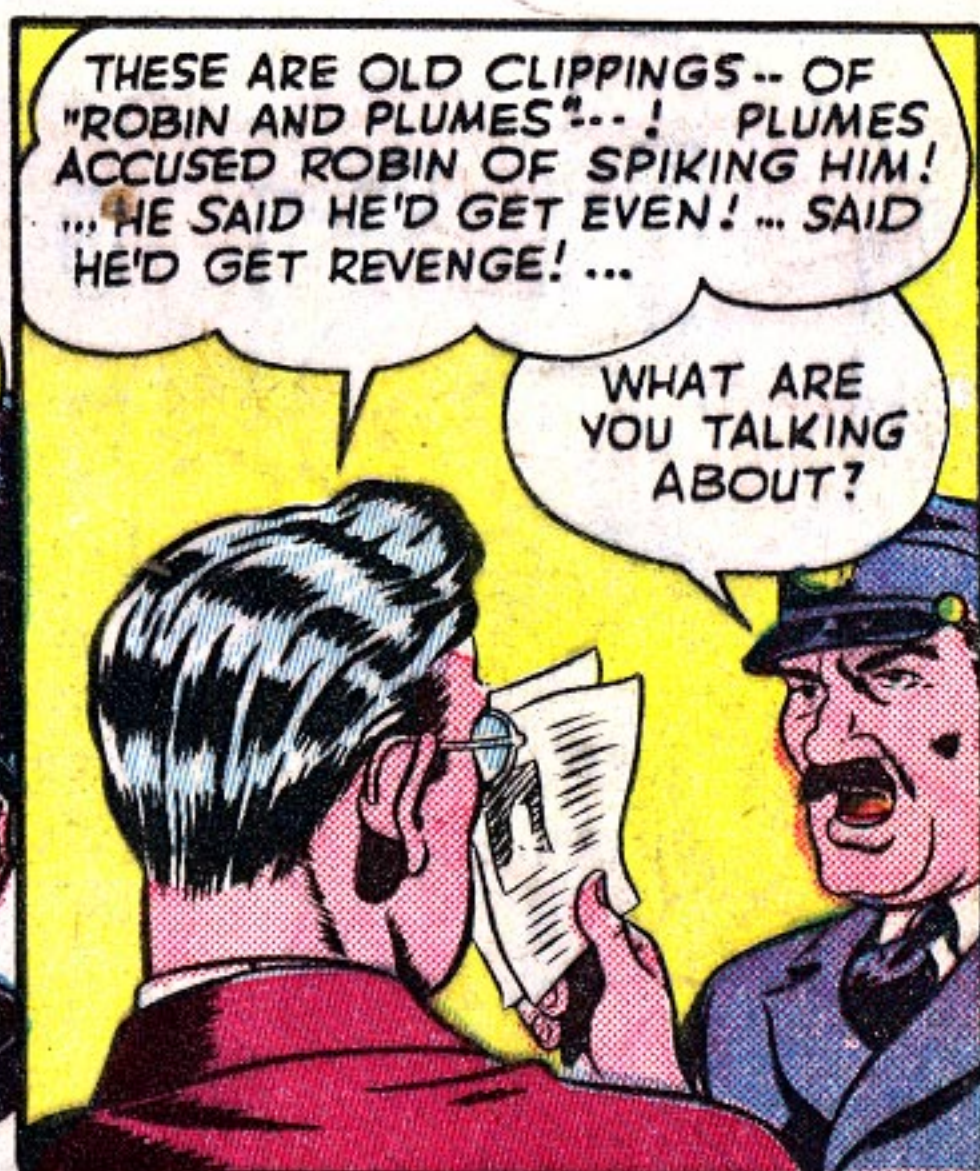
HERE'S THE CULPRIT! CAUGHT HIM RIGHT IN THE ACT OF MURDER!

WHAT'S THIS? WELL... I'LL BE ---!



YOU TOOK LASSITER'S PLACE! DO THESE CLIPPINGS BELONG TO YOU? WHO ARE YOU?

WHY?



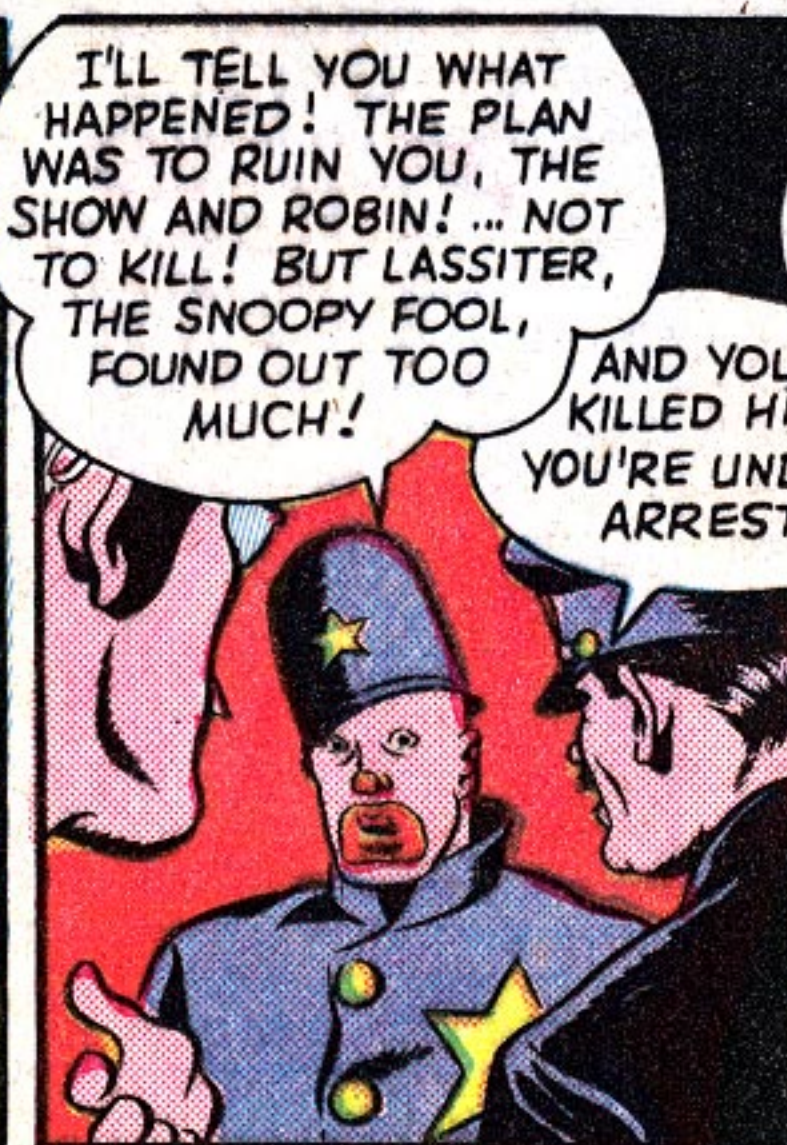
THESE ARE OLD CLIPPINGS-- OF "ROBIN AND PLUMES"...! PLUMES ACCUSED ROBIN OF SPIKING HIM! ... HE SAID HE'D GET EVEN! ... SAID HE'D GET REVENGE! ...

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



HE COULDN'T WORK AGAIN AS AN AERIALIST! HE THREATENED ME, WHEN I WOULDN'T HIRE HIM BACK! YOU'RE PLUMES, AREN'T YOU?

WHAT IF I AM?



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED! THE PLAN WAS TO RUIN YOU, THE SHOW AND ROBIN! ... NOT TO KILL! BUT LASSITER, THE SNOOPY FOOL, FOUND OUT TOO MUCH!

AND YOU KILLED HIM! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



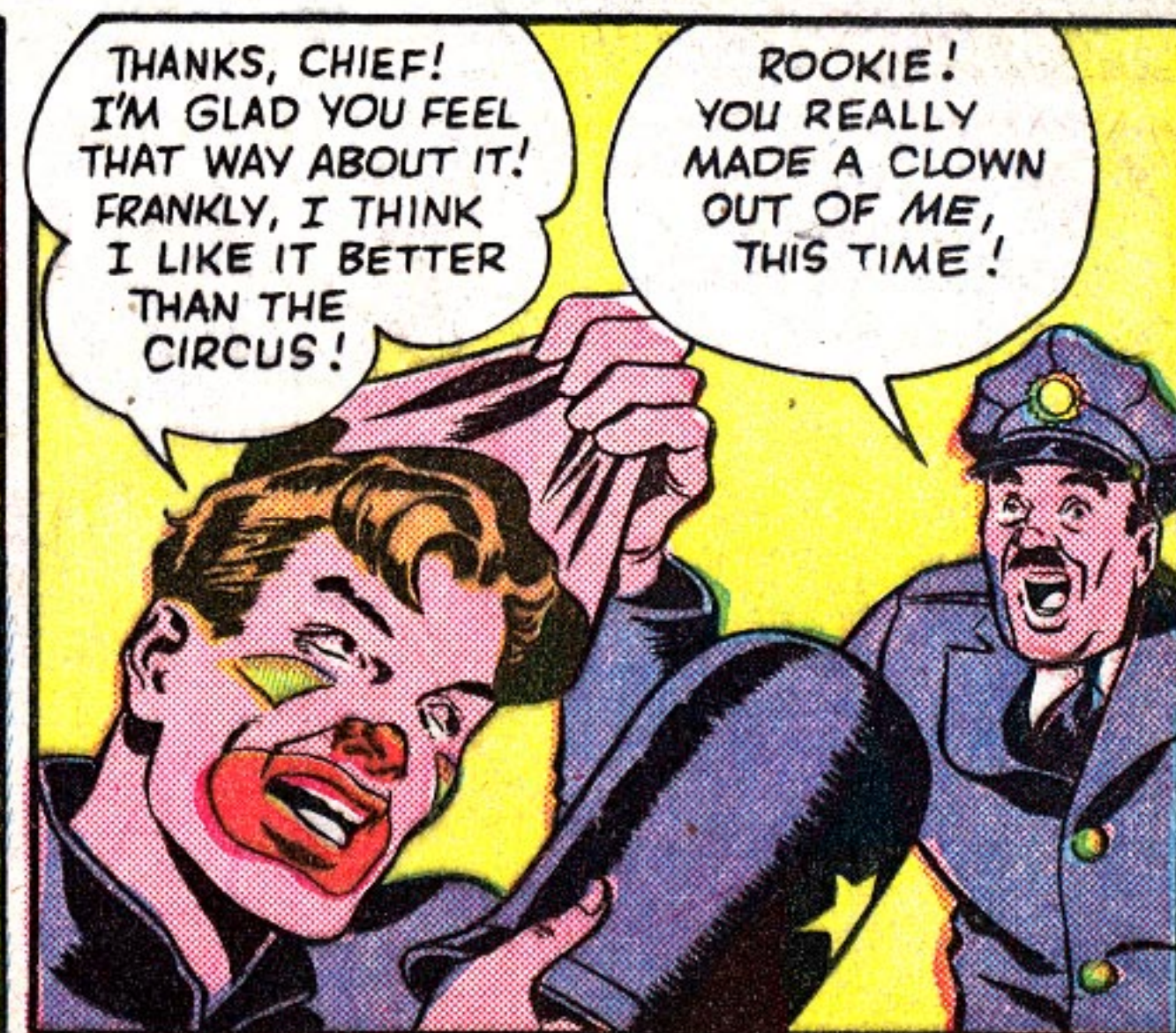
AND WHO DO YOU THINK TRIED TO KILL ME? NO, CHIEF! ... HERE'S YOUR MAN! FROM PLUMES TO PATCHES! ... OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT!

DID SOMEBODY MENTION MY NAME?



HERE YOU ARE CHIEF! I THINK IT WILL BE EASY TO GET A FULL CONFESSION!

GOOD WORK! YOU SHOULD BE ON MY POLICE FORCE!



THANKS, CHIEF! I'M GLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT! FRANKLY, I THINK I LIKE IT BETTER THAN THE CIRCUS!

ROOKIE! YOU REALLY MADE A CLOWN OUT OF ME, THIS TIME!

Espionage

starring
BLACK X

Sealed Dispatches...
They **MUST** reach
their destination!

WITH ALL THE DARK WORLD OF
OPPRESSION STANDING IN HIS WAY,
BLACK X CARRIES A MESSAGE
WHICH DECIDES THE FATE OF
THE ALLIED NATIONS!
IT BEGAN THUS ...

IN A SECRET CELLAR,
ANOTHER CONFERENCE...

TODAY, THE MESSENGER
LEAVES WITH THESE SEALED
DOCUMENTS! WE **MUST**
KNOW WHAT THEY ARE,
TO GUARD AGAINST
THE NEXT ALLIED
ATTACK!

IN THE CAPITAL OF ONE
GREAT ALLIED NATION...

TAKE THESE SEALED
PAPERS TO YOUR WESTERN
COMMANDERS! THEY
CONTAIN MY REPLY TO
SECRET QUESTIONS--
AND WILL **COMPLETE**
OUR **GRAND STRATEGY**
TO CRUSH THE
AXIS!

I
LEAVE
AT ONCE,
YOUR
EXCELLENCY!

AND A THIRD
CONVERSATION
ON THE SAME SUBJECT!

WHY DO
WE WAIT IN
THIS CITY,
MASTER?

WE'RE TO
GUARD THE
BEARER OF
THAT SECRET
MESSAGE!



PLANE LEAVES IN ONE MINUTE FOR PORTS SOUTH!



THE PAPERS WILL BE IN THAT BRIEFCASE! I'LL GRAB IT AND BAIL OUT QUICKLY!



SUDDENLY---

NO, YOU DON'T!

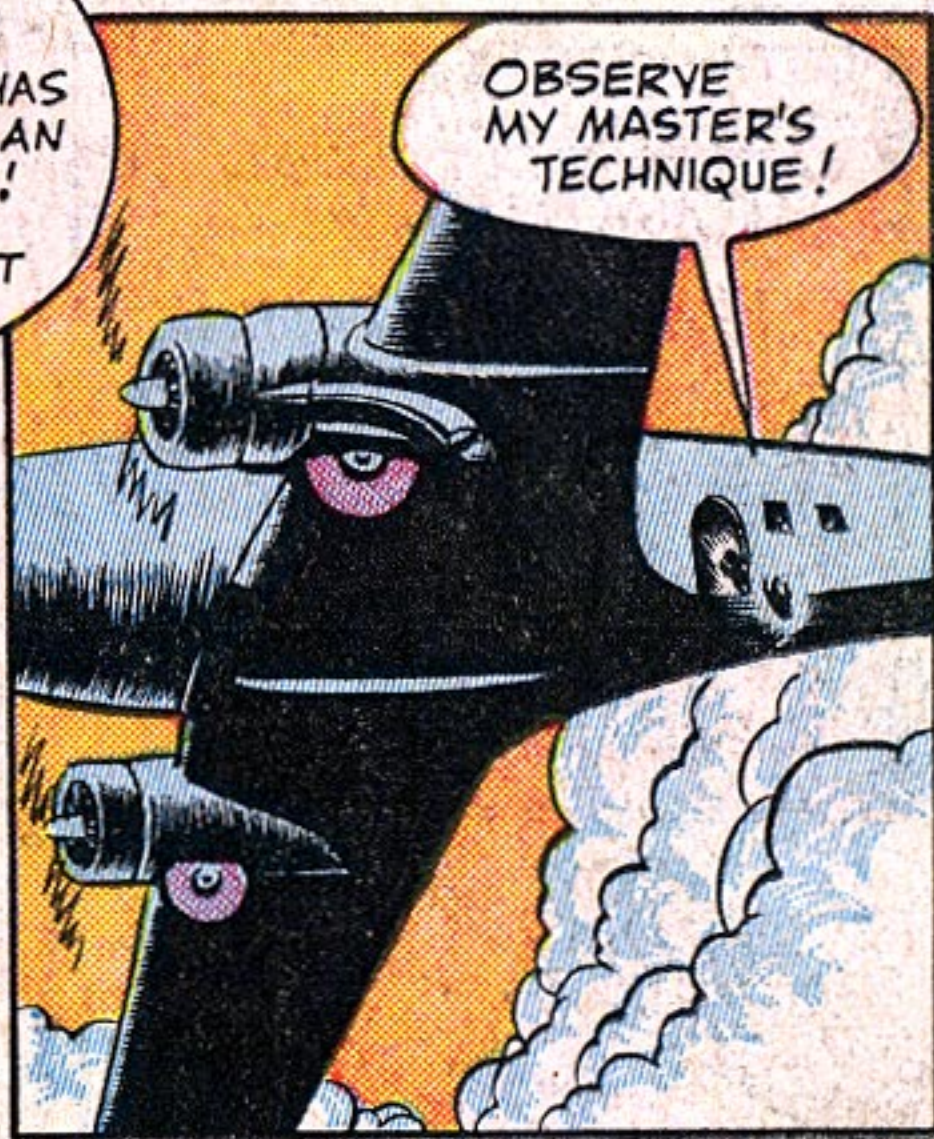


WHAT'S HAPPENING ??

NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE! MY MASTER HAS DISCOVERED AN ALIEN ENEMY! THE SITUATION WILL BE DEALT WITH!

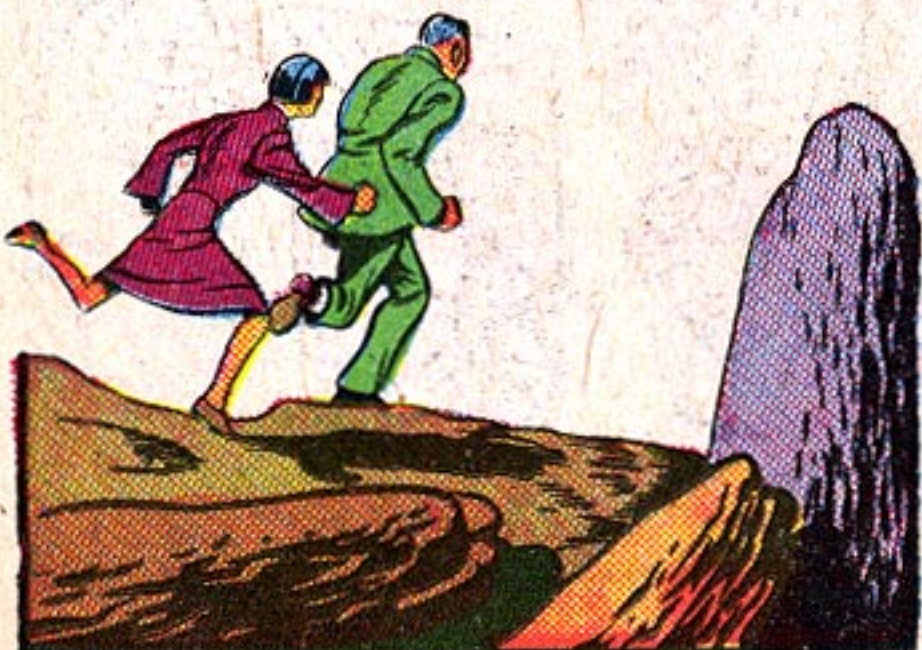


OBSERVE MY MASTER'S TECHNIQUE!



SEE! HE PARACHUTES DOWN!

SUCCESS ALREADY!



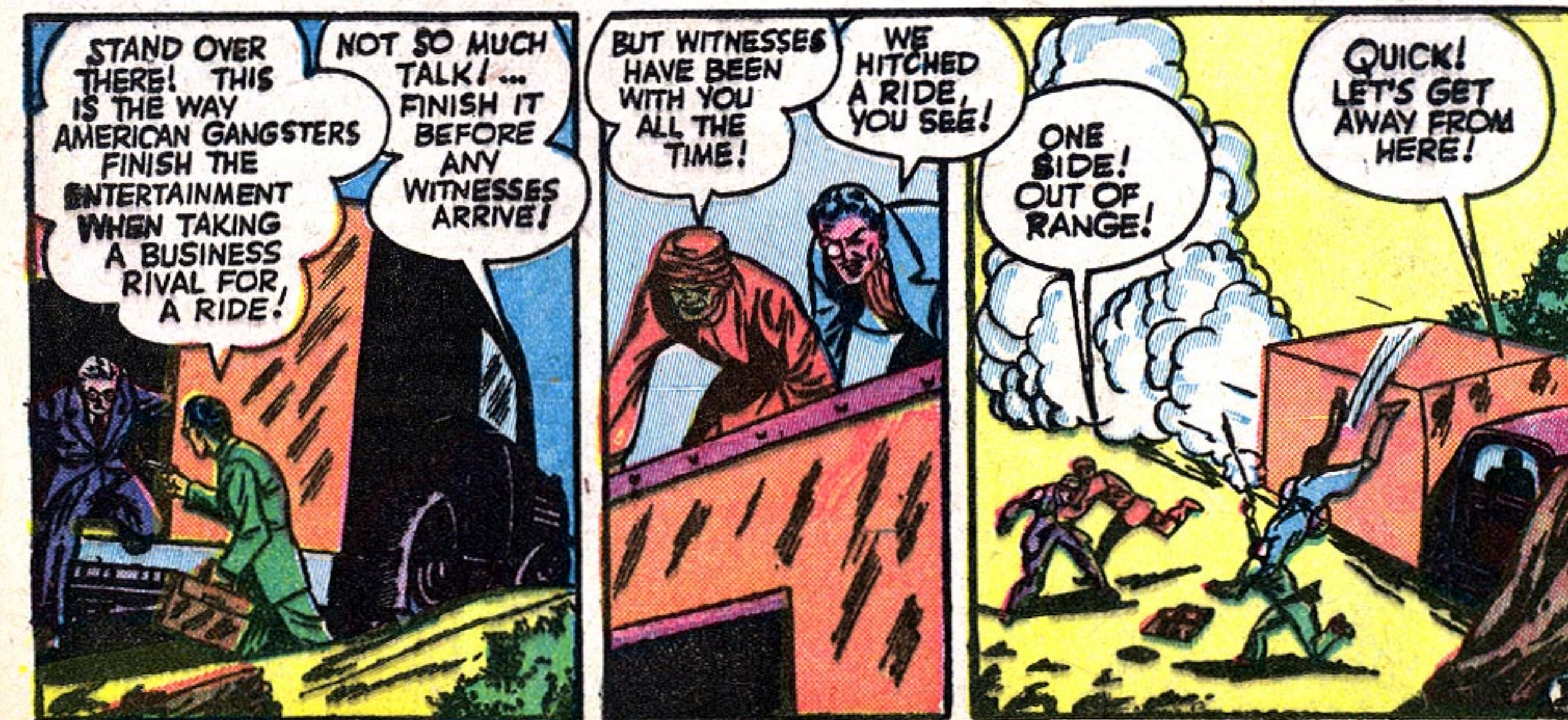
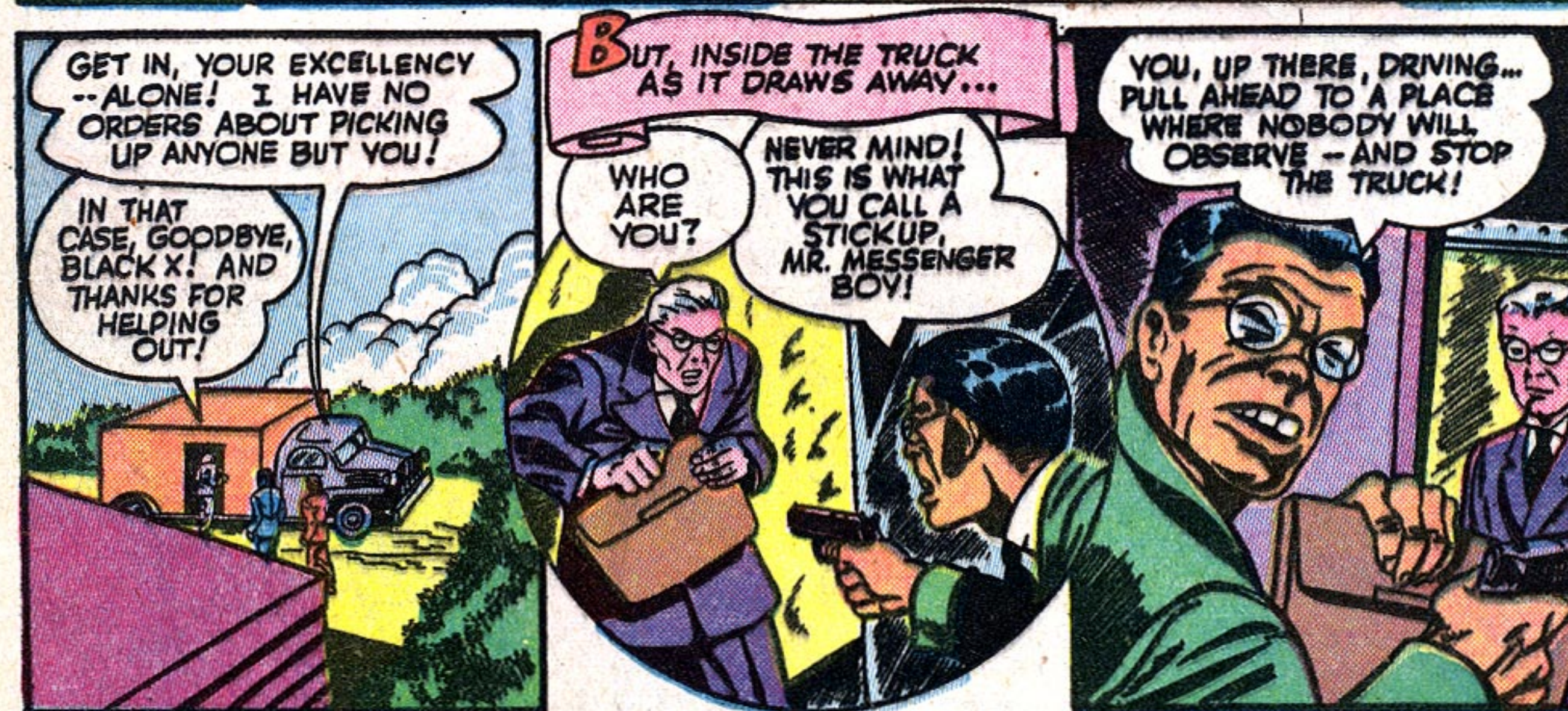
I ALMOST HAD IT! ... BUT A MAN WITH A MONOCLE PREVENTED ME---

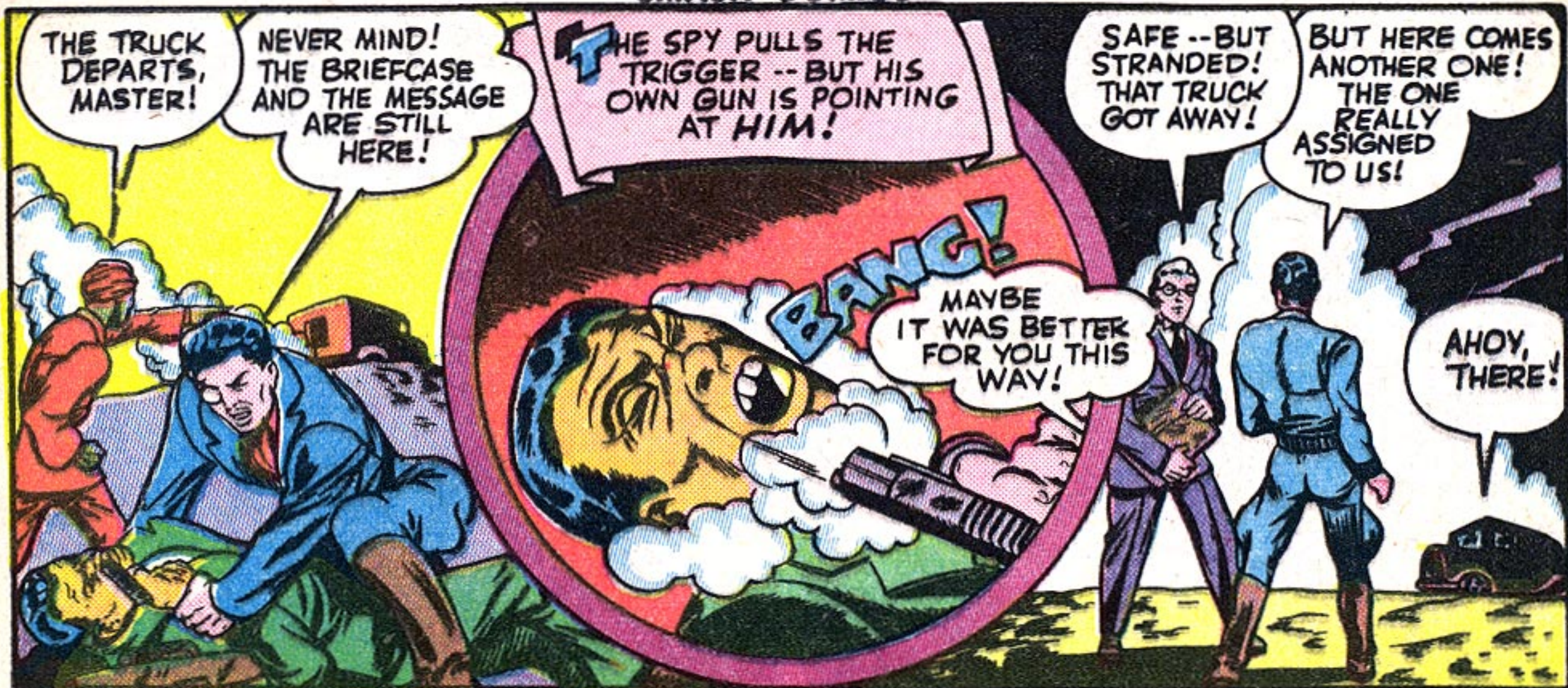
MONOCLE?! IT'S BLACK X!!



THIS MAKES THE MATTER OF DEADLY IMPORTANCE! WE MUST KILL THIS KING-SPY OF THE ALLIES TO GET THE INFORMATION! QUICK! WE'LL FOLLOW IN OUR OWN PLANE!







THE TRUCK
DEPARTS,
MASTER!

NEVER MIND!
THE BRIEFCASE
AND THE MESSAGE
ARE STILL
HERE!

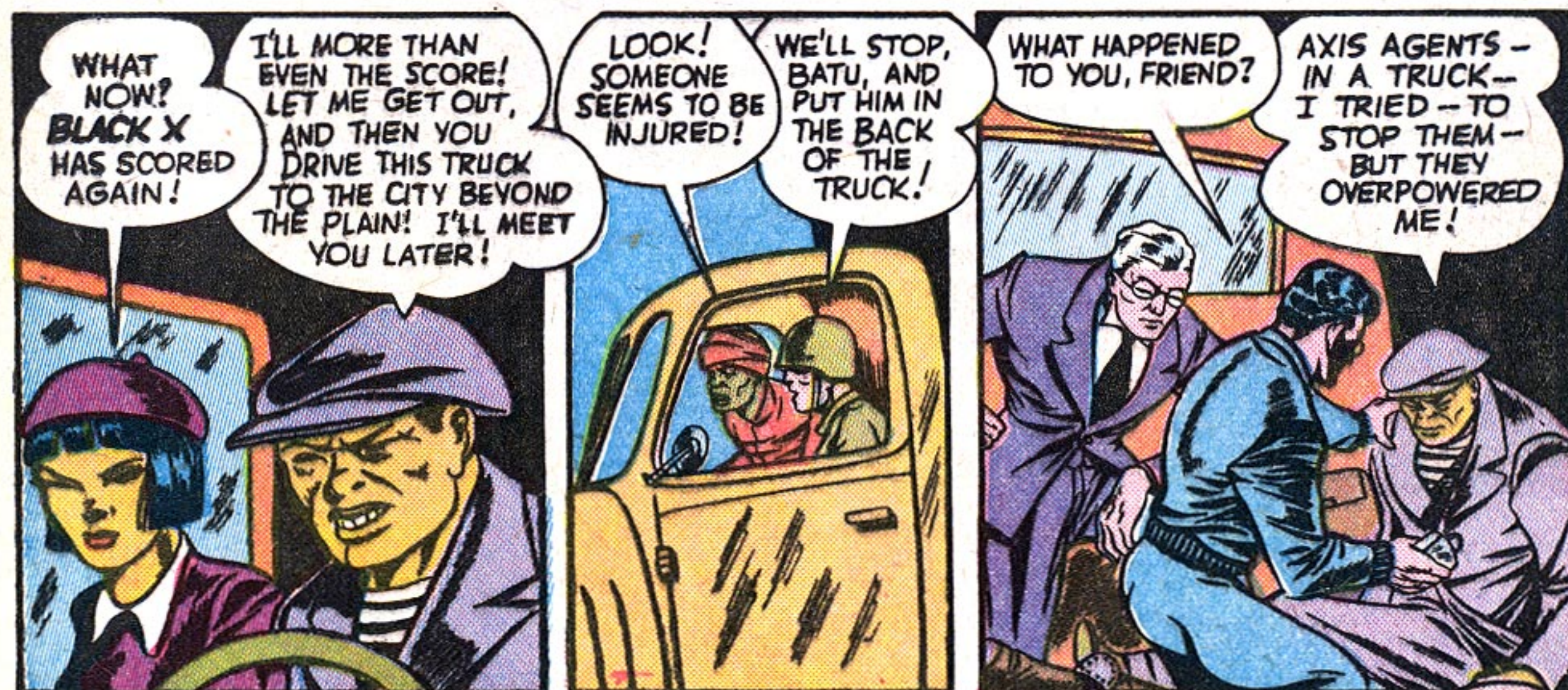
THE SPY PULLS THE
TRIGGER -- BUT HIS
OWN GUN IS POINTING
AT HIM!

SAFE -- BUT
STRANDED!
THAT TRUCK
GOT AWAY!

BUT HERE COMES
ANOTHER ONE!
THE ONE
REALLY
ASSIGNED
TO US!

MAYBE
IT WAS BETTER
FOR YOU THIS
WAY!

AHOY,
THERE!



WHAT
NOW?
BLACK X
HAS SCORED
AGAIN!

I'LL MORE THAN
EVEN THE SCORE!
LET ME GET OUT,
AND THEN YOU
DRIVE THIS TRUCK
TO THE CITY BEYOND
THE PLAIN! I'LL MEET
YOU LATER!

LOOK!
SOMEONE
SEEMS TO BE
INJURED!

WE'LL STOP,
BATU, AND
PUT HIM IN
THE BACK
OF THE
TRUCK!

WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU, FRIEND?

AXIS AGENTS --
IN A TRUCK --
I TRIED -- TO
STOP THEM --
BUT THEY
OVERPOWERED
ME!

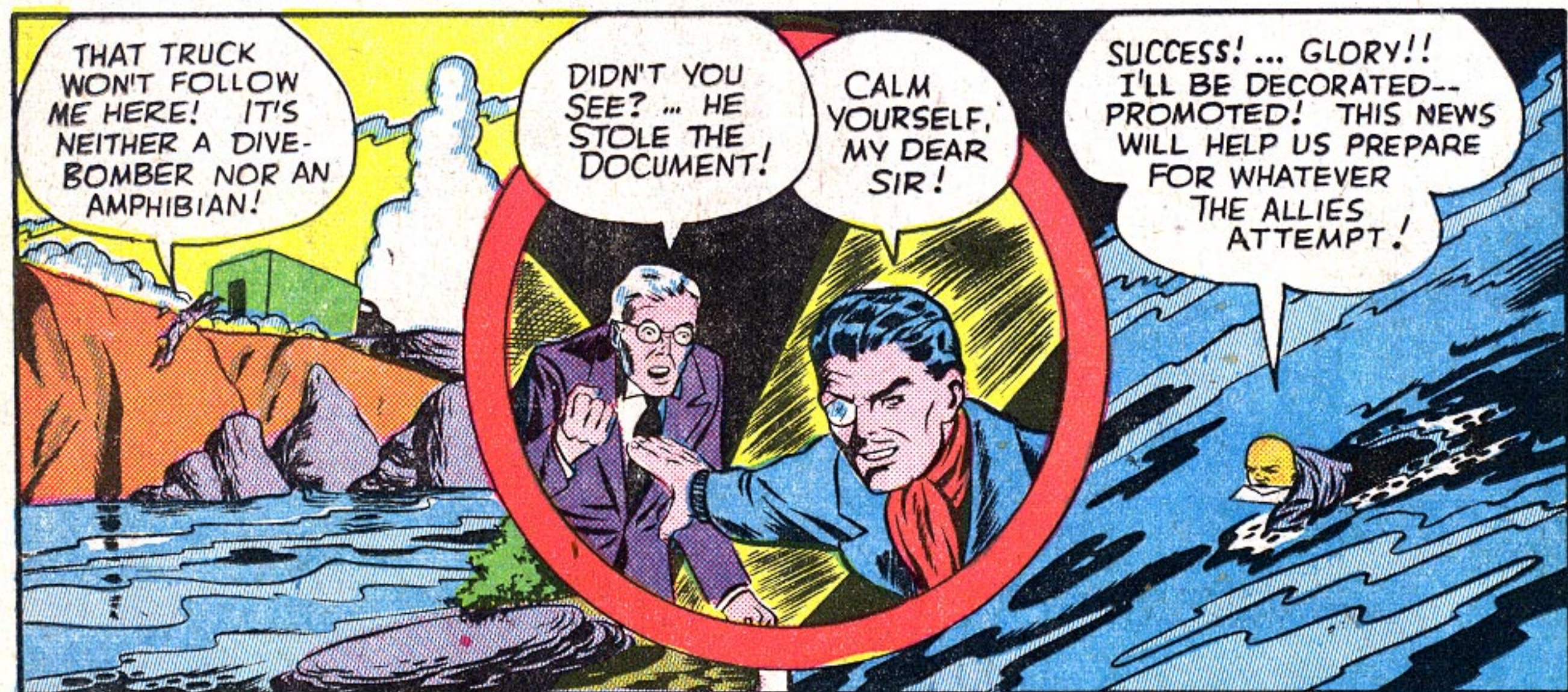
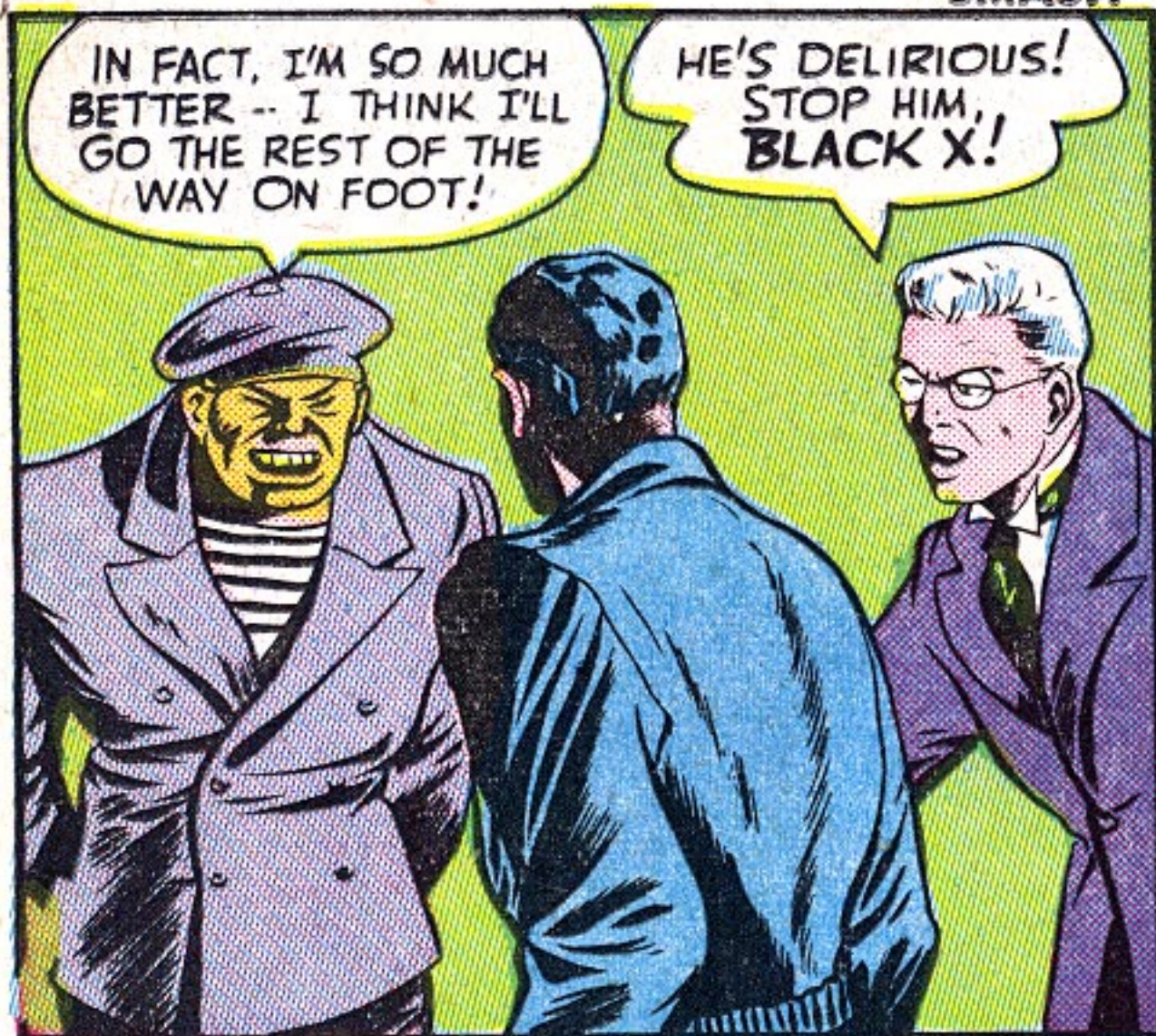


I OVERHEARD THEM AS
THEY DROVE AWAY -- THEY
PLAN TO WAYLAY SOME
SORT OF
MESSENGER,
AND --

HEAR THAT,
BLACK X? ...
THEIR STILL AFTER
MY PAPERS!

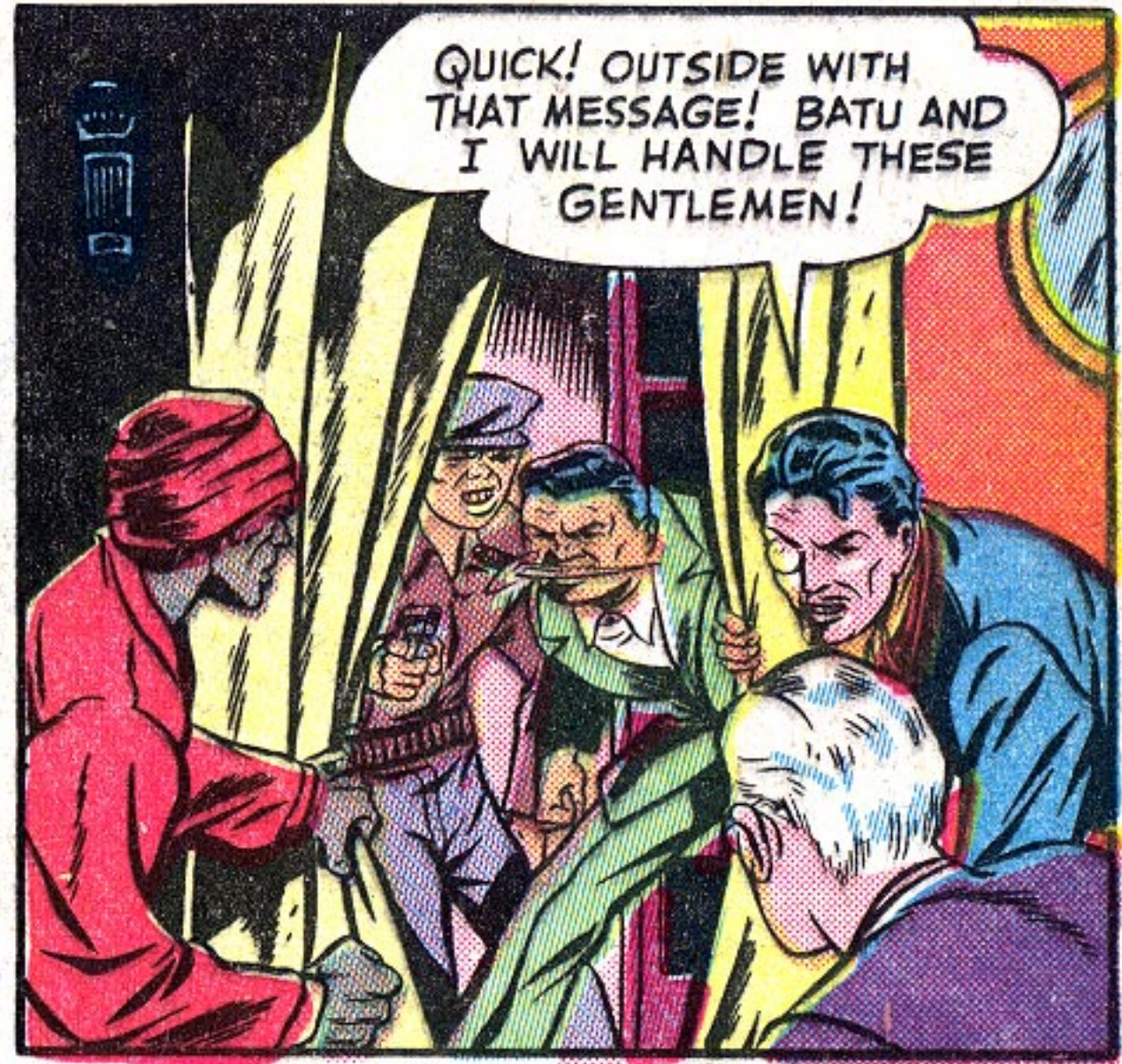
TALKING FAST TO HOLD
ATTENTION, THE SPY
STEALTHILY REACHES INTO
THE BRIEFCASE ...

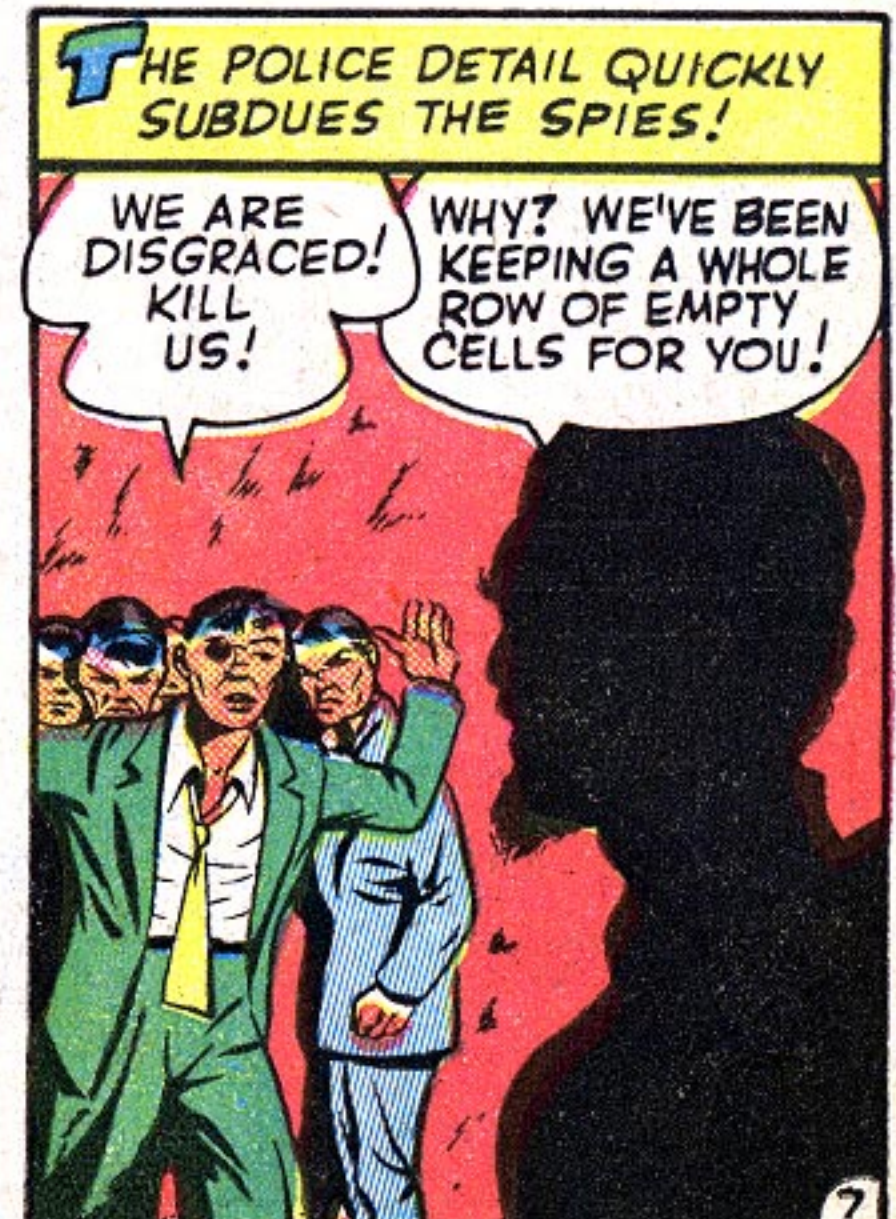
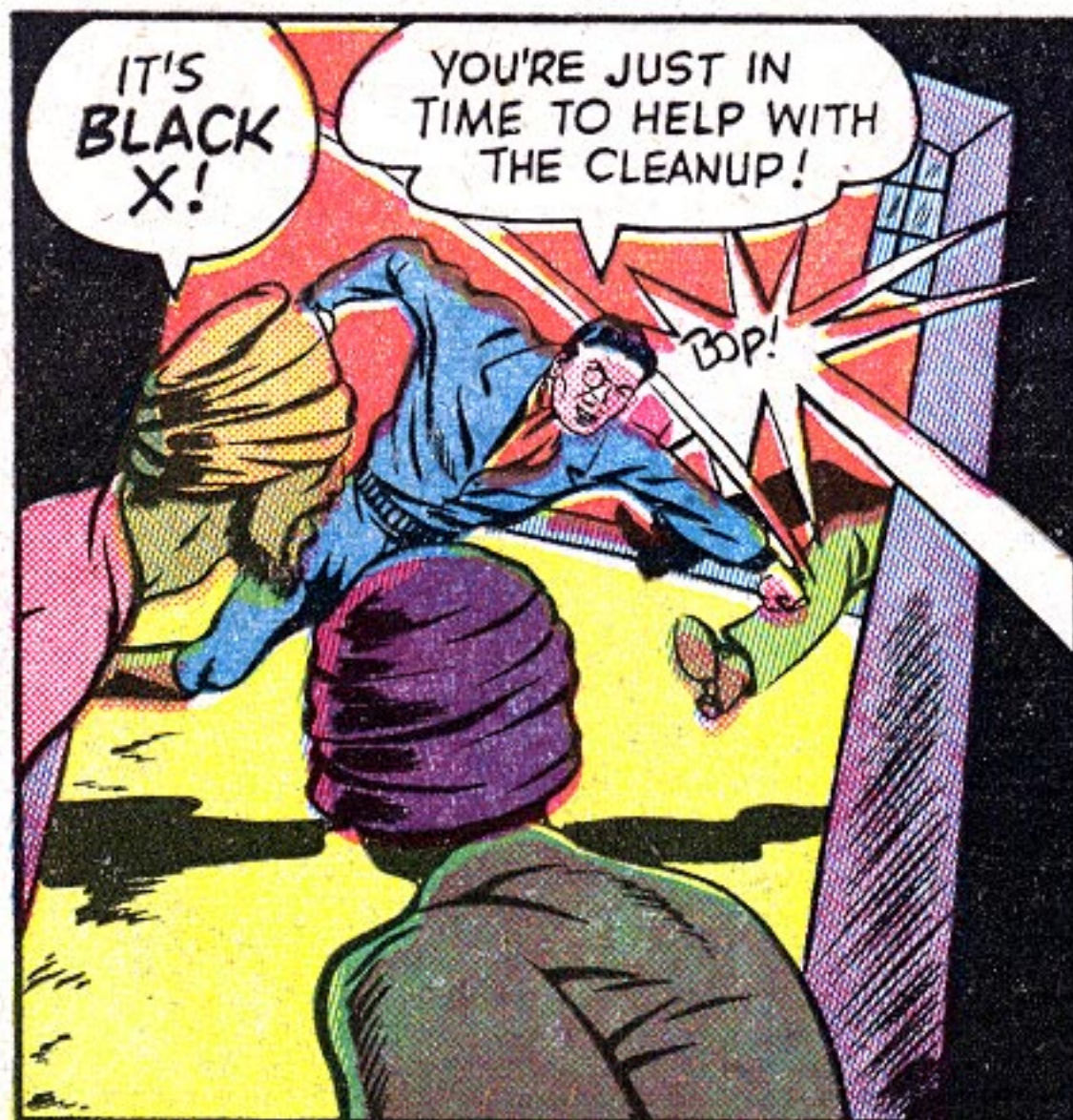
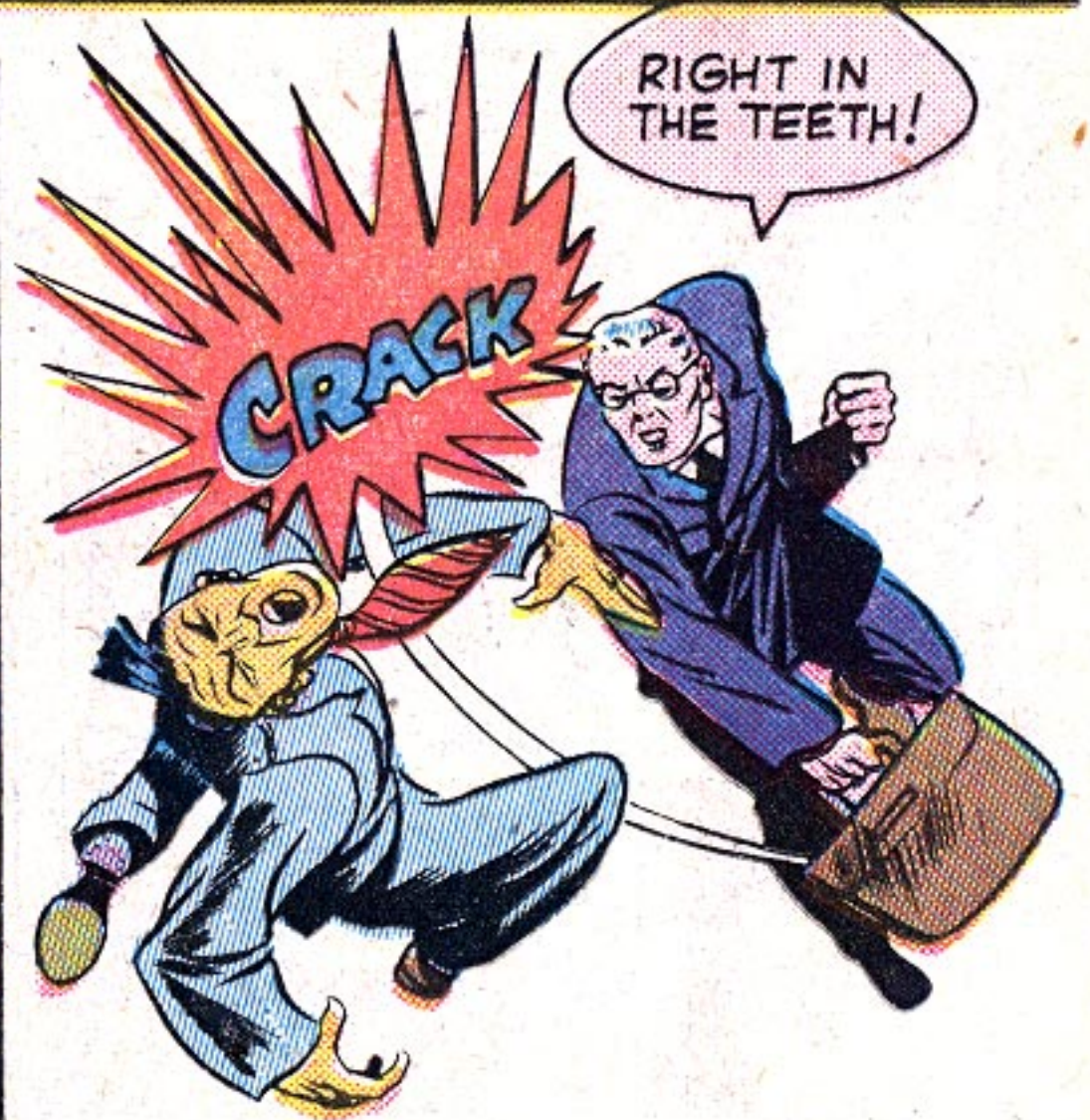
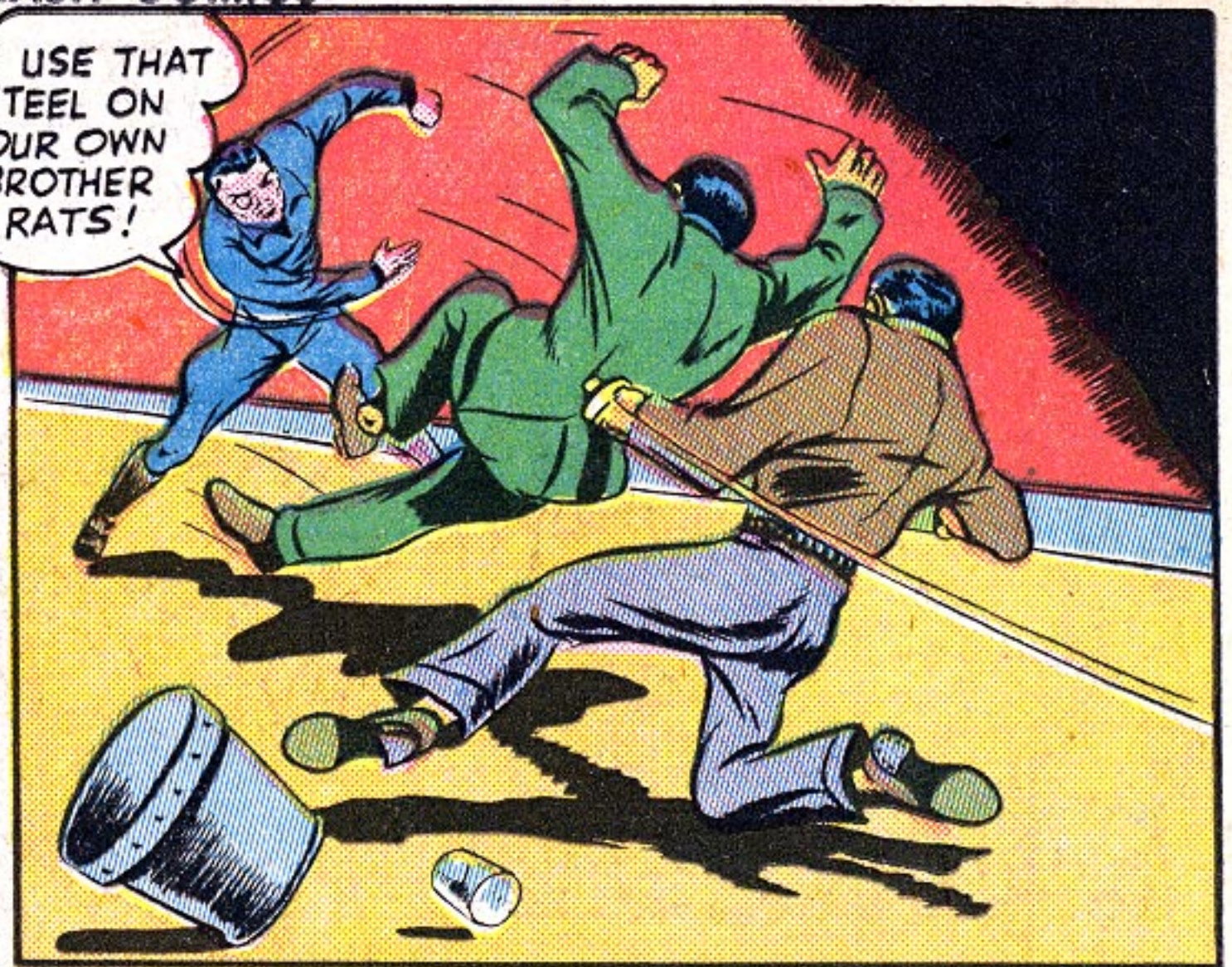
PERHAPS I WILL BE
BETTER ABLE TO HELP
DEFEND YOU FROM ATTACK,
SIR! I FEEL BETTER!
IN FACT ---





IS THAT GUCHI-SAN? GATHER ALL YOUR MEN AND COME-- QUICKLY!

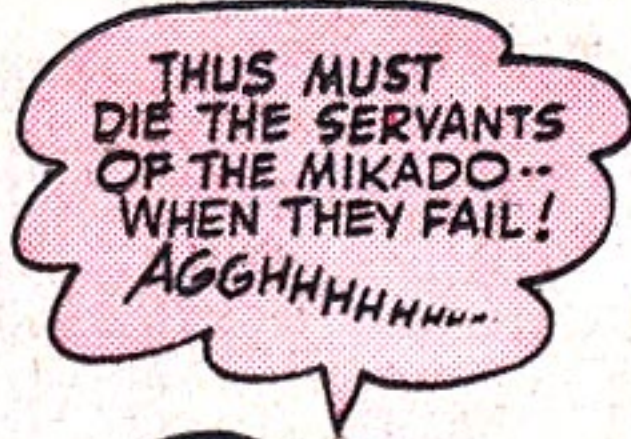






PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE! YOU'RE BEATEN!

I ADMIT IT, BUT...



THUS MUST DIE THE SERVANTS OF THE MIKADO-- WHEN THEY FAIL! AGGHHHHHHH...



I'M STILL A LONG WAY FROM TOUGH! I HATE TO SEE A WOMAN DIE, EVEN A WOMAN OF THE ENEMY!

IT'S ALL OVER, SIR! COME, THE ALLIED LEADERS ARE IN CONFERENCE!



I HAVE BROUGHT THE MESSAGE, GENTLEMEN!



CONGRATULATIONS! A SPLENDID JOB!



THE CREDIT ISN'T DUE TO ME, BUT TO THIS MAN AND HIS ASSISTANT --- WHERE ARE THEY?!!



OUR WORK IS DONE, BATU! THE MESSAGE HAS BEEN DELIVERED!

WERE YOU NOT CURIOUS, MASTER, AS TO WHAT IT CONTAINED?



YES, BATU, PERHAPS I WAS! BUT I FOUGHT AND DARED AND WORKED TO KEEP IT SECRET, AND SECRET SUCH THINGS MUST REMAIN, EVEN FROM US!



WELL SAID, BLACK X!!

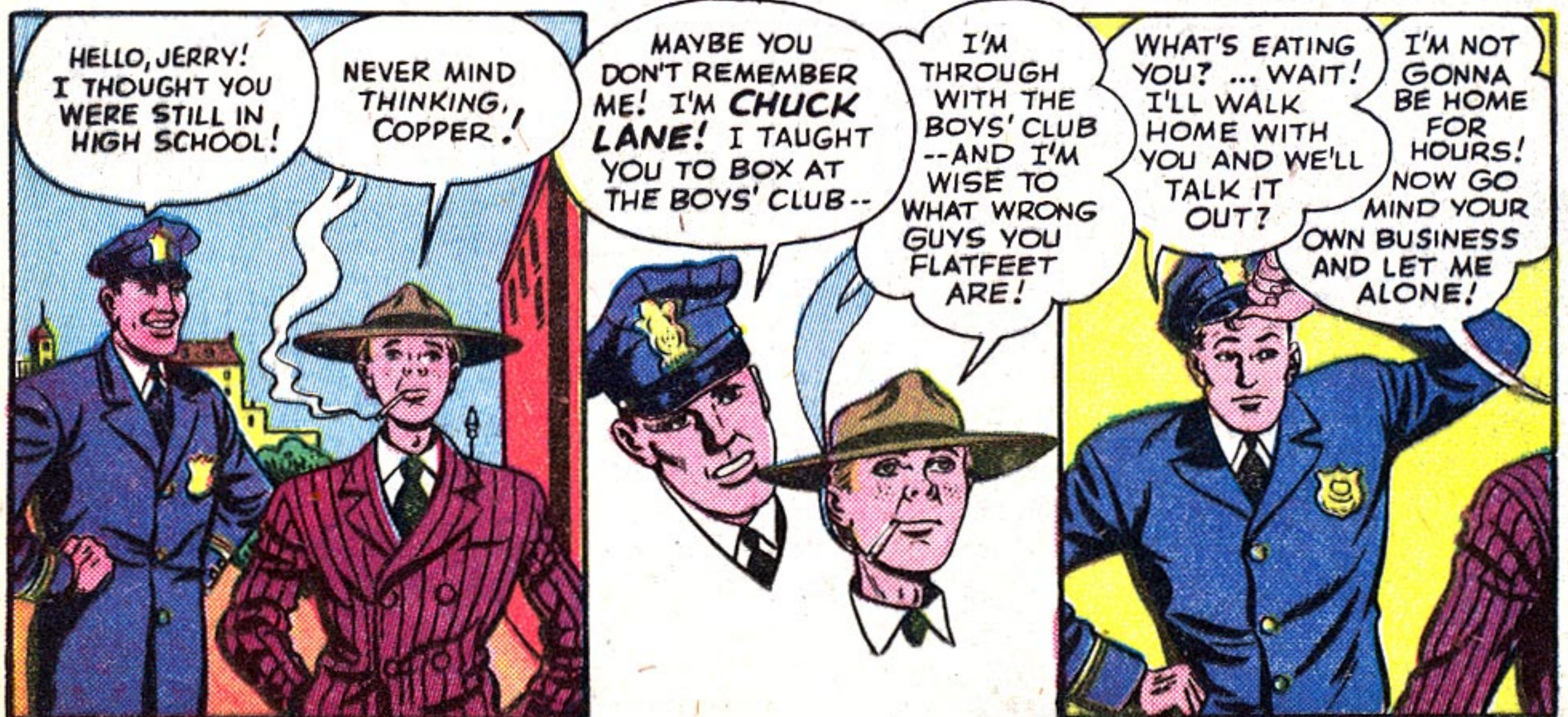
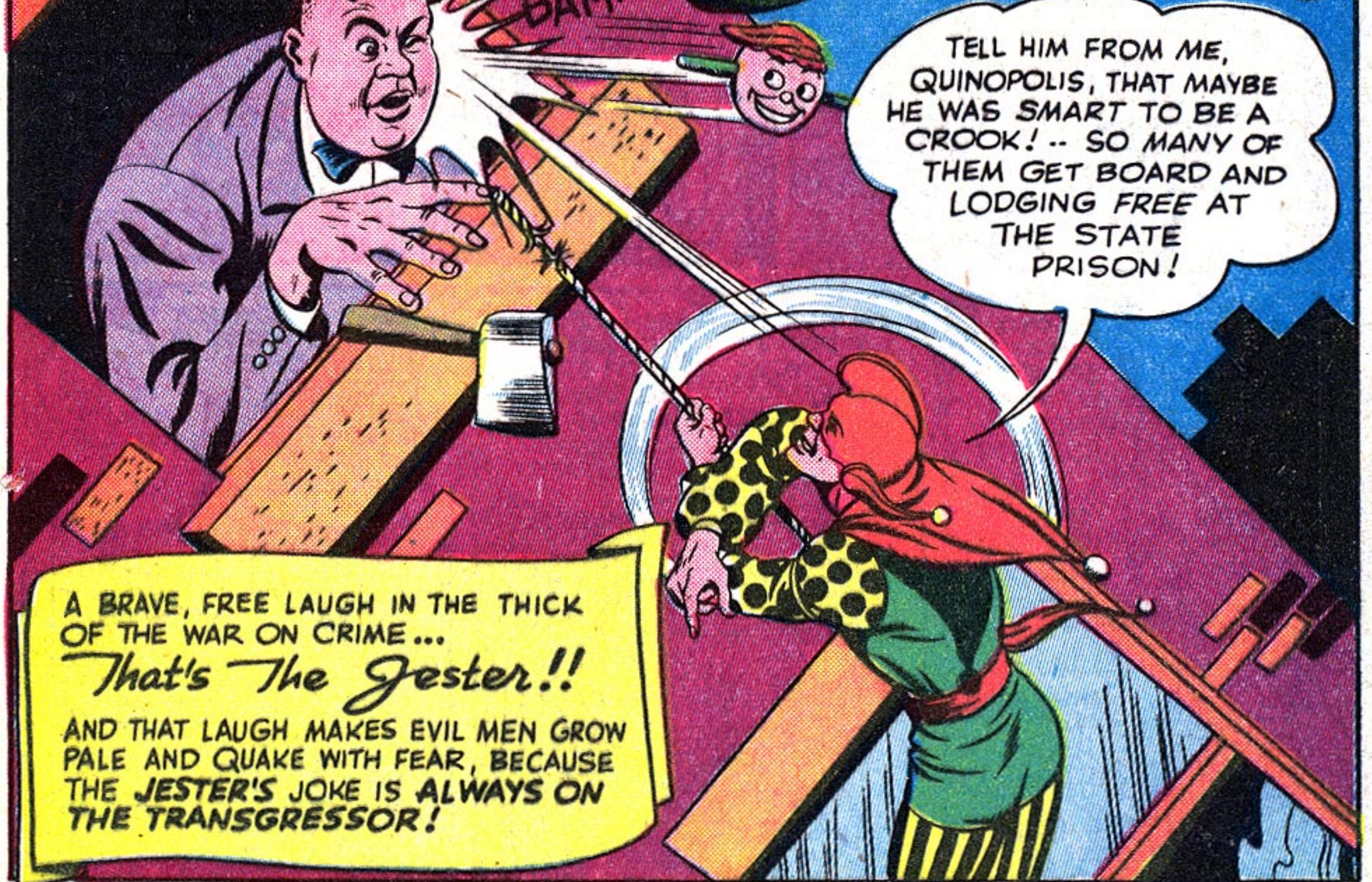
SECRECY IS ONE OF THE GREAT RULES FOR SUCCESS IN WAR!

WE'LL BE WITH YOU AGAIN FOR ANOTHER ESPIONAGE ADVENTURE, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

SMASH COMICS!



The Jester



PATROLMAN LANE GOES ALONE TO JERRY'S HOME

YES, OFFICER LANE, I'VE DONE MY BEST TO BRING JERRY UP RIGHT, BUT LATELY HE SEEMS TO GO TO THE BAD -- STAYS OUT NIGHTS, WON'T GET A JOB, WON'T TELL WHAT HE'S DOING! I'M THANKFUL HIS FATHER NEVER LIVED TO SEE JERRY BECOME A HOODLUM!

JERRY'S NOT A BAD BOY, MRS. QUINN -- BUT PERHAPS HE'S MISLED! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM!

CHUCK LANE DUCKS OUT OF SIGHT FOR A MOMENT, AND ---

IT'S THE JESTER WHO'LL CHECK UP ON JERRY!...

THAT'S A FASHIONABLE HOUSE WHERE JERRY'S CALLING! AT LEAST, HE'S NOT HEADED FOR THE GUTTER!

GOOD EVENING, MASTER JERRY! MR. DREWER IS WAITING FOR YOU IN THE DRAWING ROOM!

SOUNDS LIKE SOCIETY! BUT WHAT KIND OF SOCIETY?

ON TIME TO THE DOT, I SEE! YOU APPARENTLY MEAN BUSINESS, JERRY!

YEAH... I FIGURE THAT ANY BUSINESS WHICH BRINGS IN THE DOUGH YOU MAKE IS WORTH WORKING HARD FOR!

RIGHT, MY BOY! BUT ORGANIZED CRIME IS LIKE ANY OTHER PROFITABLE VENTURE! IT TAKES STUDY AND ENERGY AND PRACTICE!

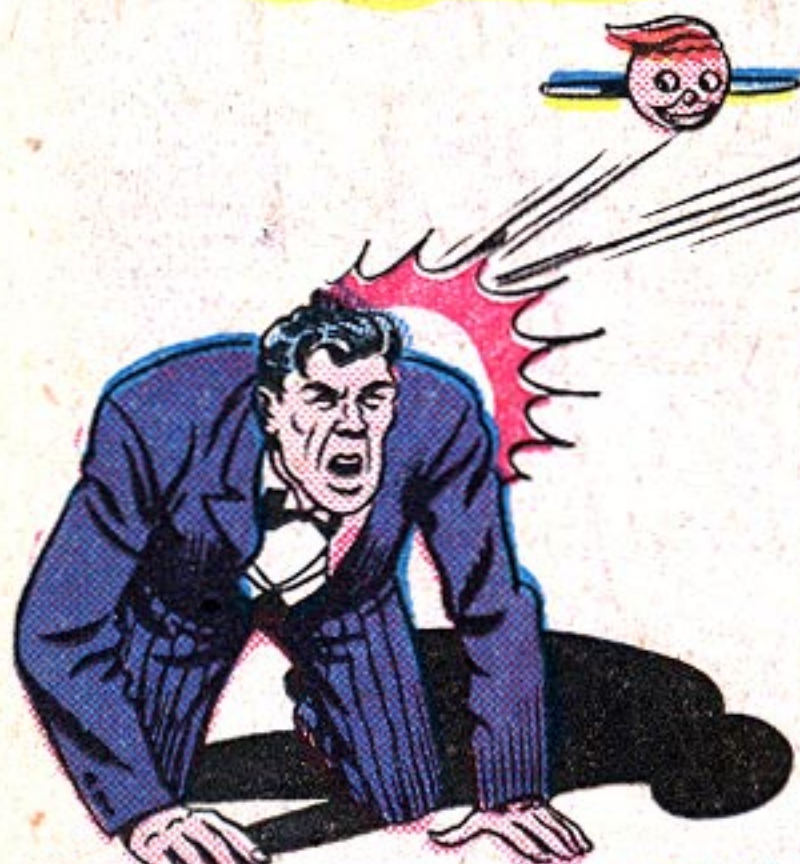
I'M READY! WHAT'S THE JOB FOR TONIGHT?

COME DOWN FROM THERE, YOU SPYING RAT!

TOO BAD! JUST WHEN THE DIALOGUE WAS GETTING INTERESTING!

YOU MAY BE A BUTLER, BUT YOU AREN'T MUCH OF A BATTLER!

QUINOPOLIS IS HAPPY TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE! HE DOESN'T OFTEN FIND ANYONE WITH A HEAD AS HARD AS HIS!



THERE GOES JERRY! DREWER SENT HIM ON SOME CRIME ERRAND -- AND I WASN'T ABLE TO HEAR WHAT IT WAS! I'LL HAVE TO KEEP FOLLOWING!



DREWER HAS A FANCY HEADQUARTERS -- BUT HE'S SENT JERRY TO THE DIRTIEST DIVE IN THIS PRECINCT!



I'M FROM DREWER! I WAS TOLD TO GIVE YOU THE PASSWORD-- SNOWSTORM!

OKAY, SONNY! GO INTO THE LEFT-HAND BOOTH AT THE BACK THERE, AND WAIT FOR A CALL!



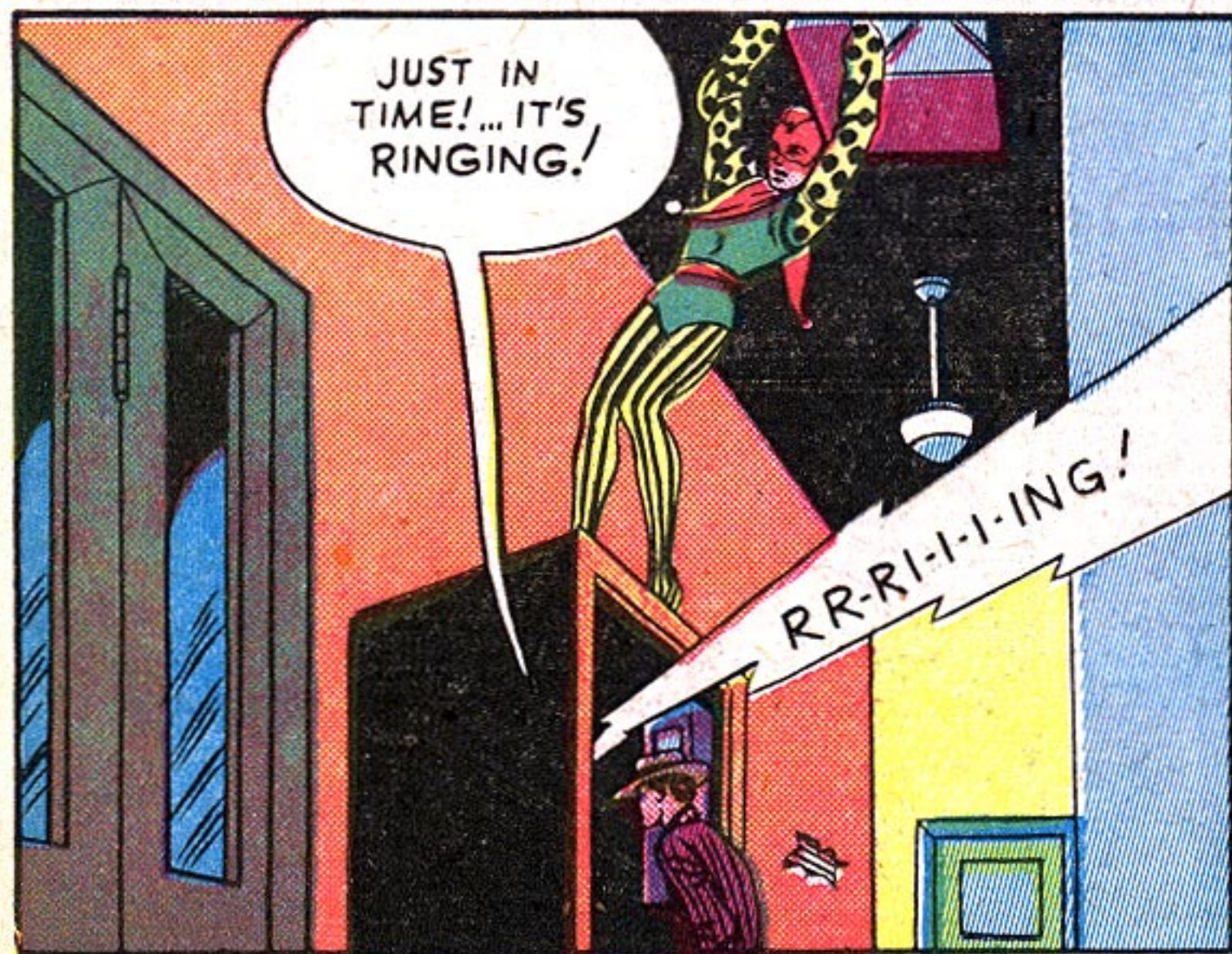
WHILE, LISTENING AT THE SKYLIGHT ABOVE...

HE'S TO WAIT IN THE PHONE-BOOTH-- BUT HOW CAN THE PARTY AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE KNOW WHETHER HE'S THERE TO RECEIVE IT?



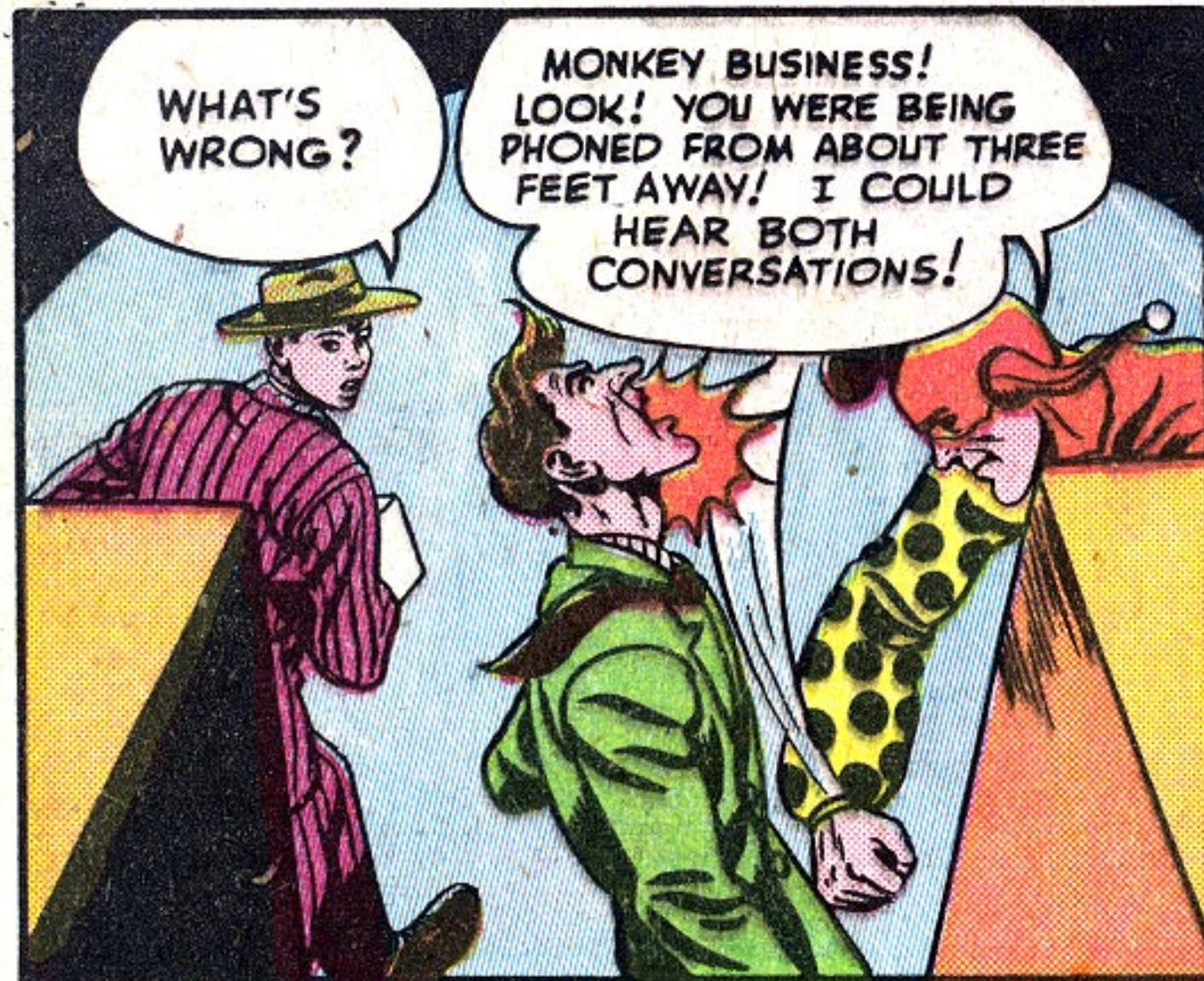
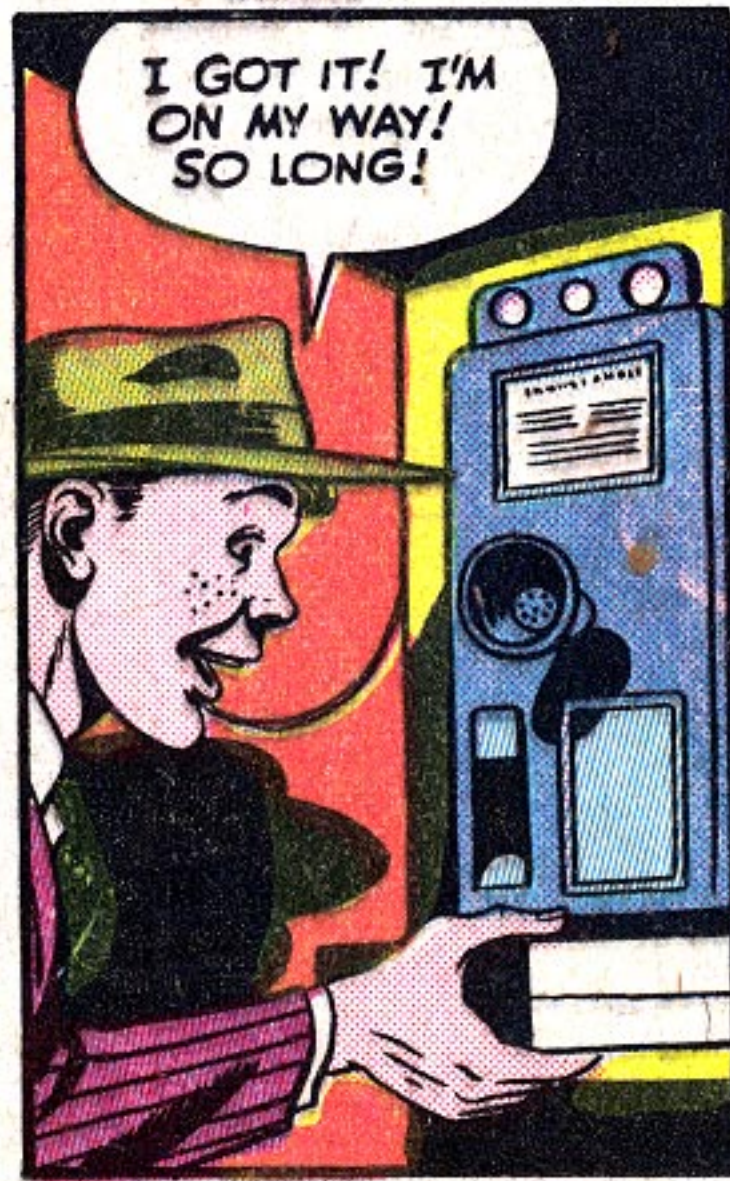
JUST IN TIME!... IT'S RINGING!

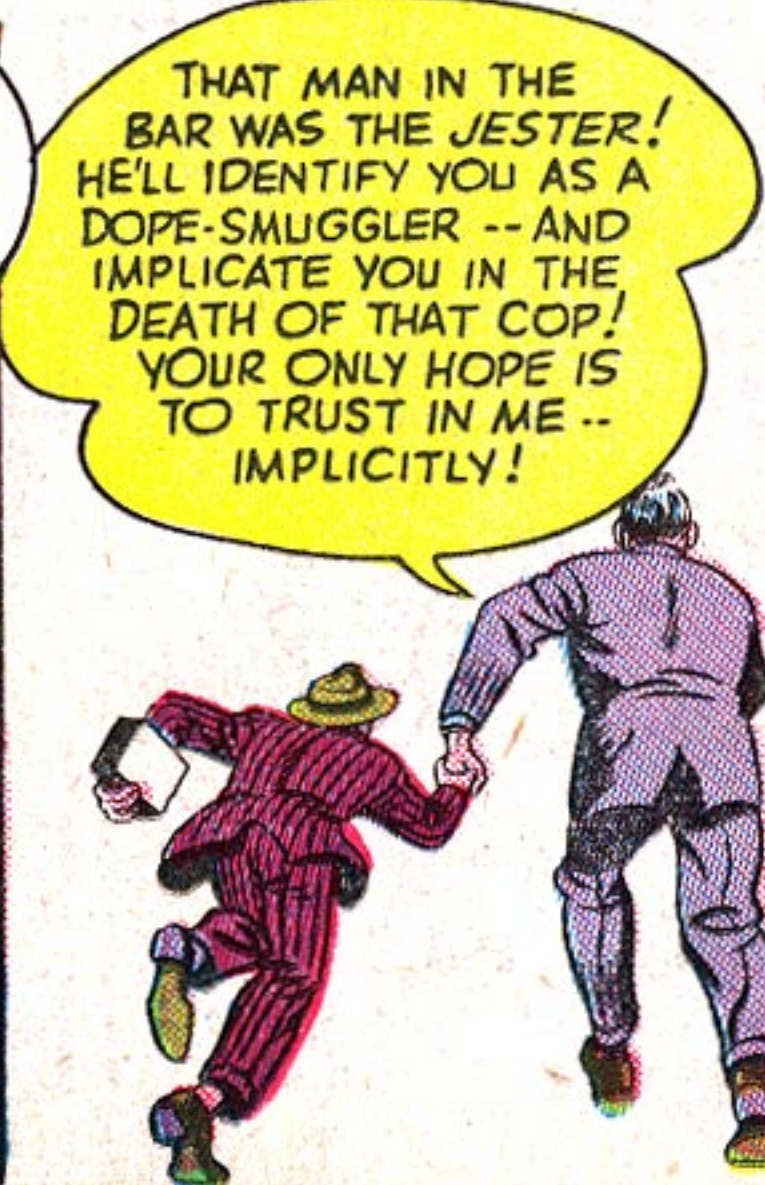
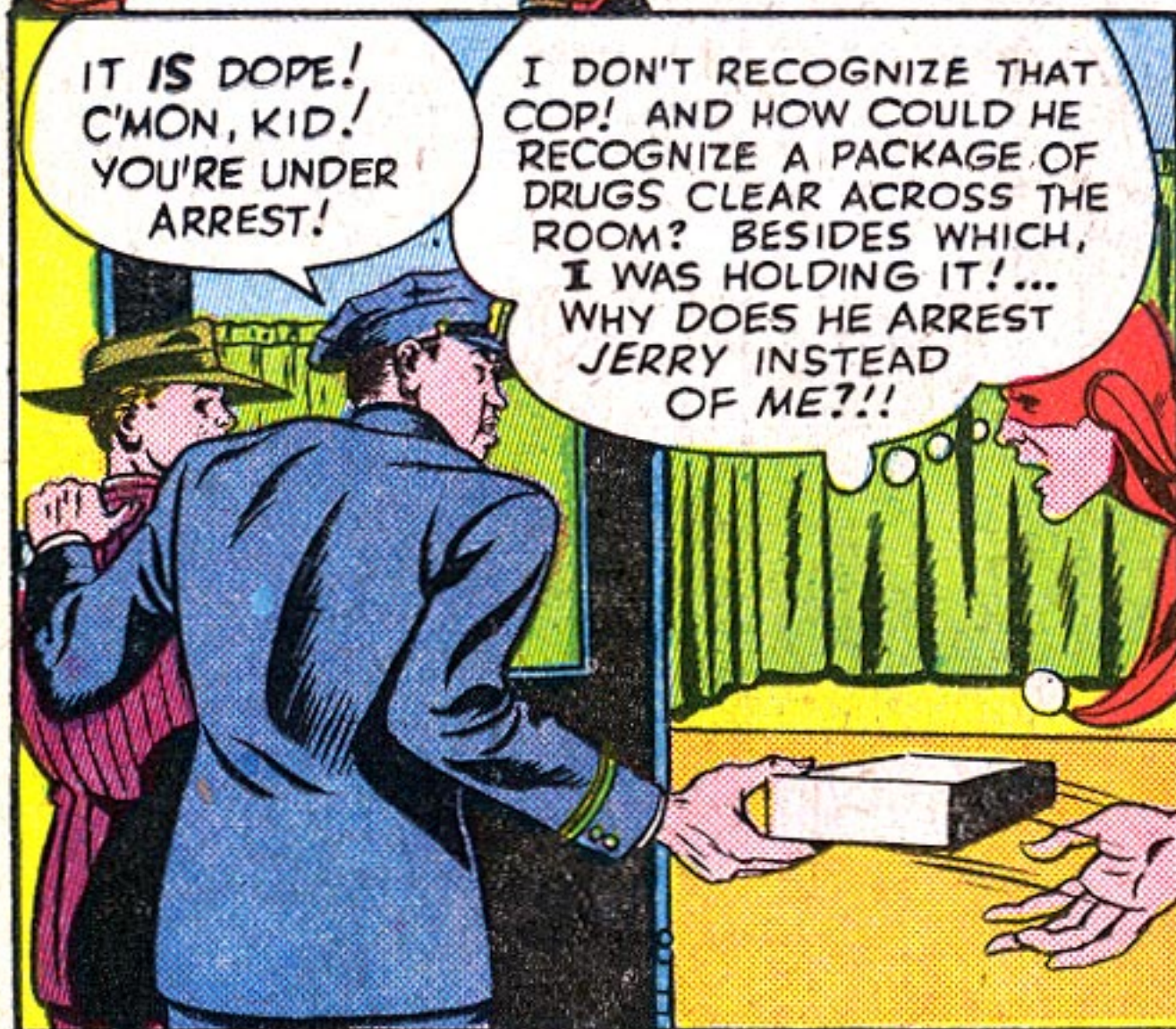
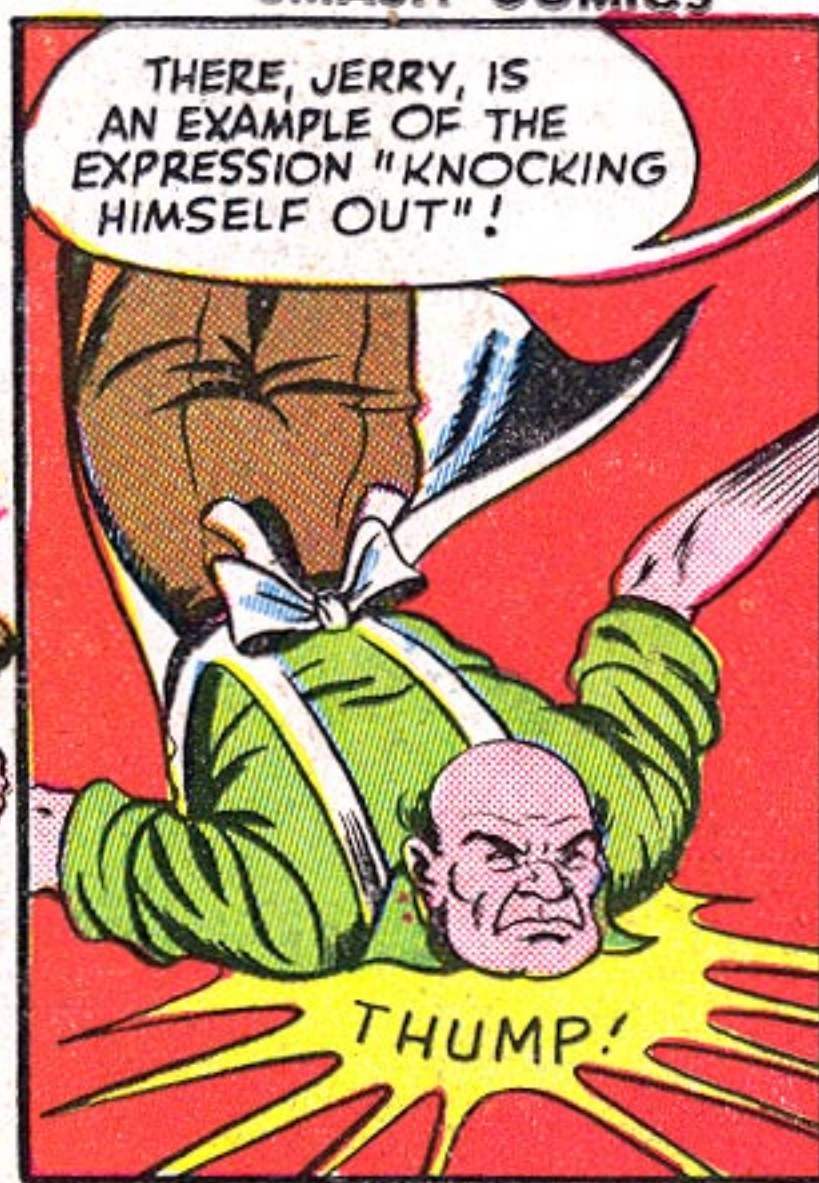
RR-R-I-I-ING!

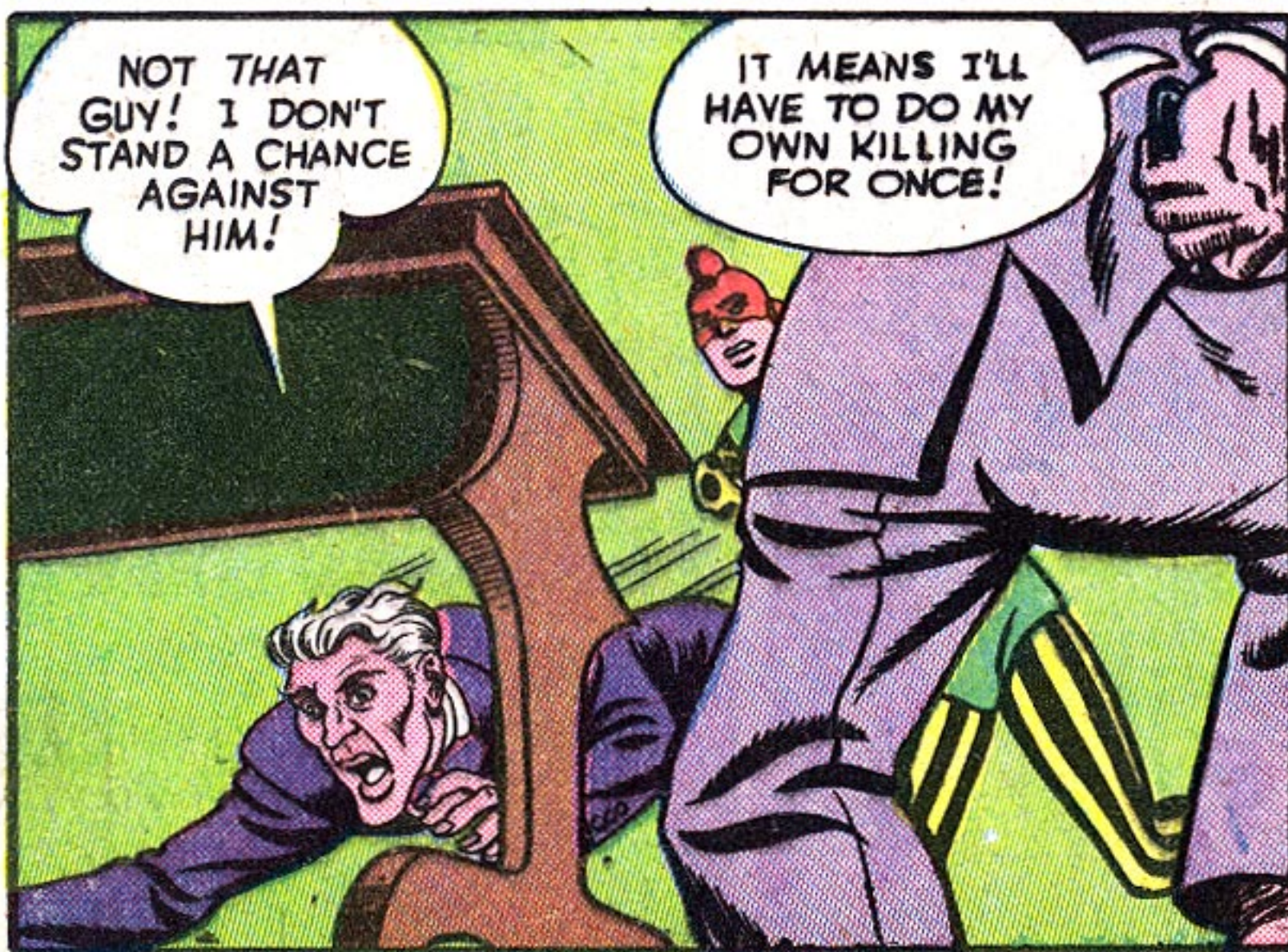


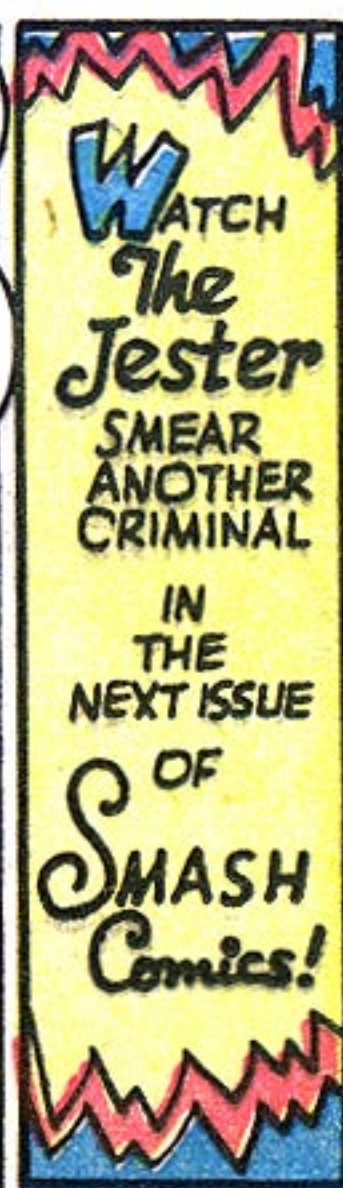
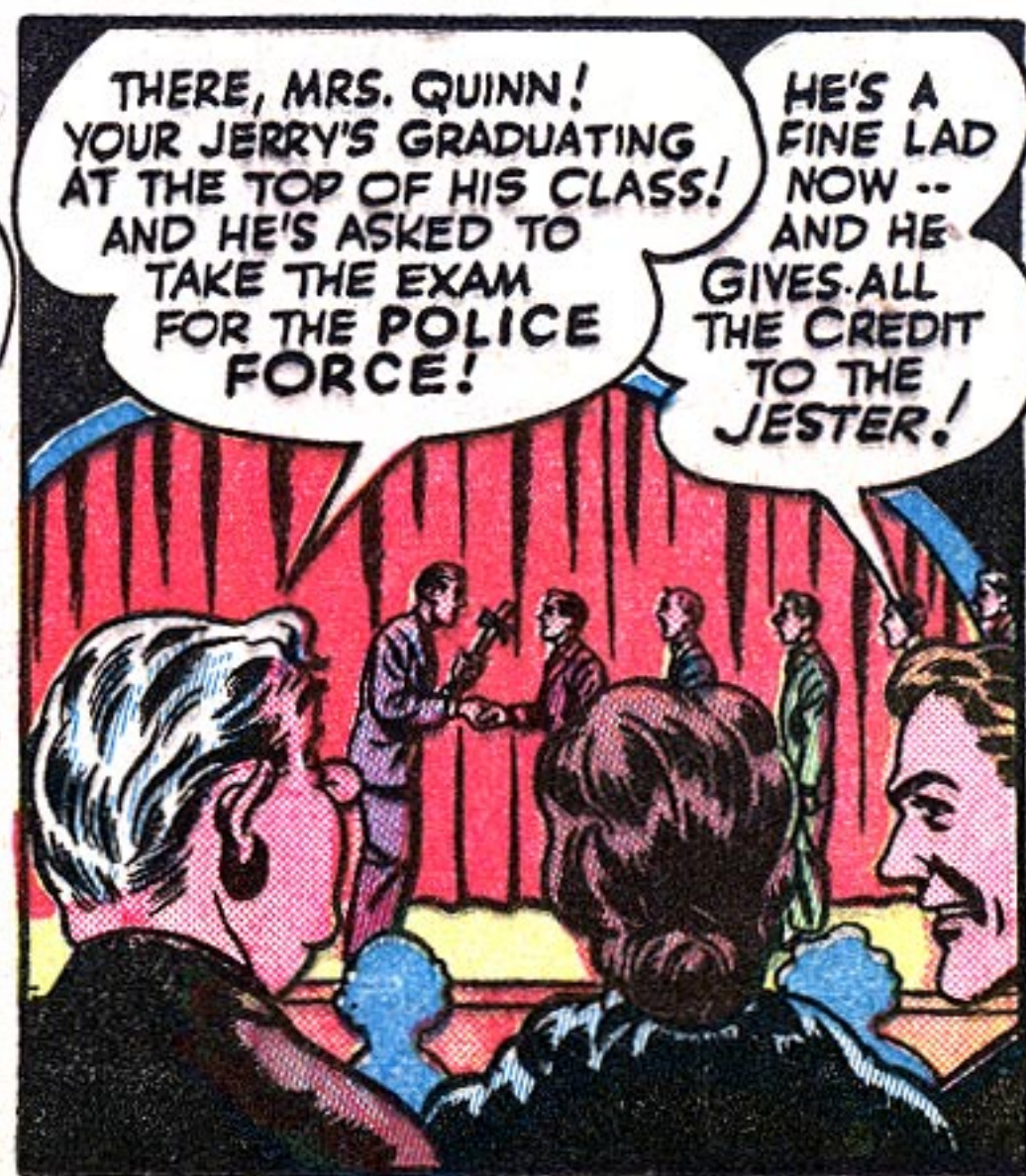
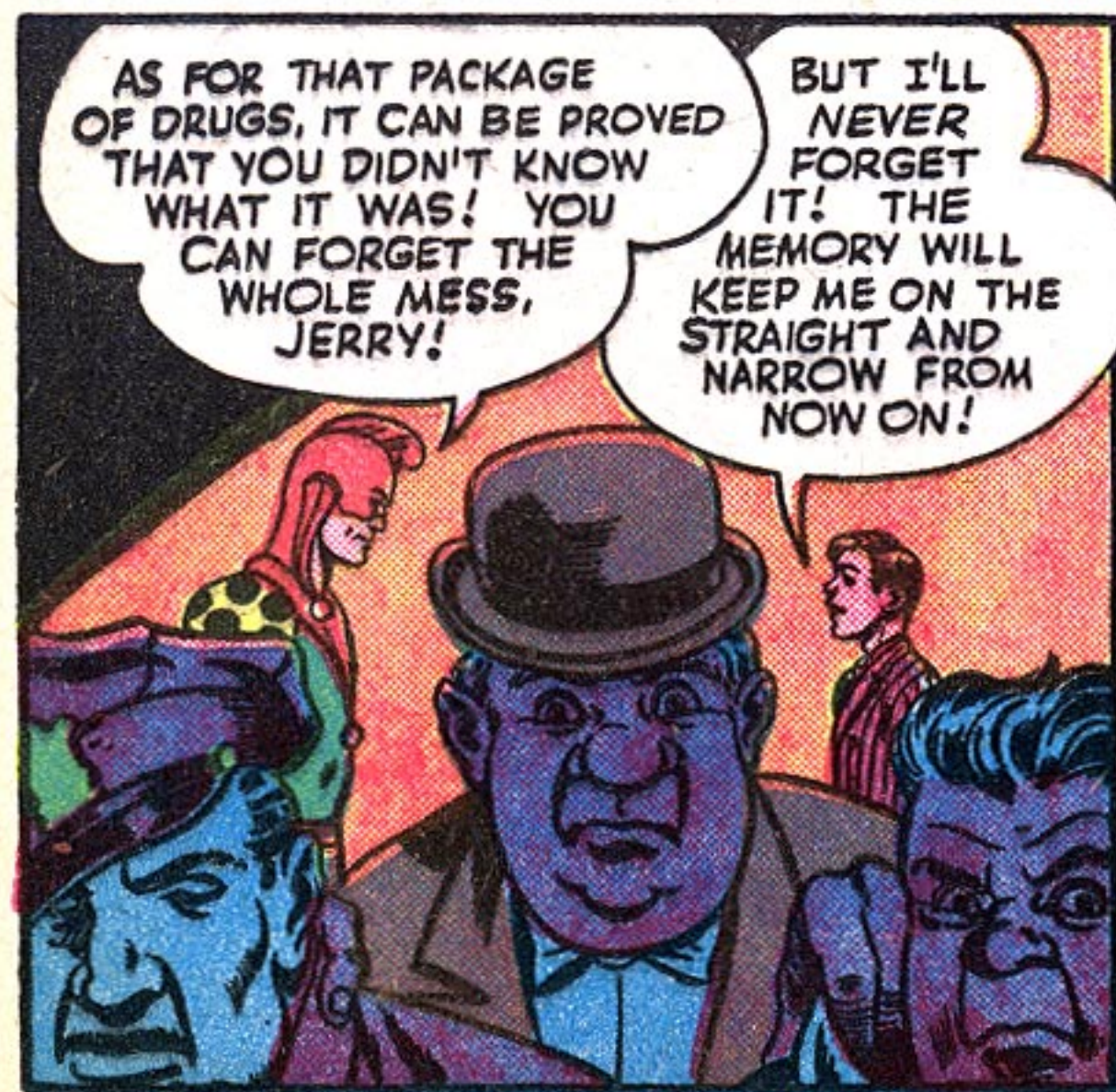
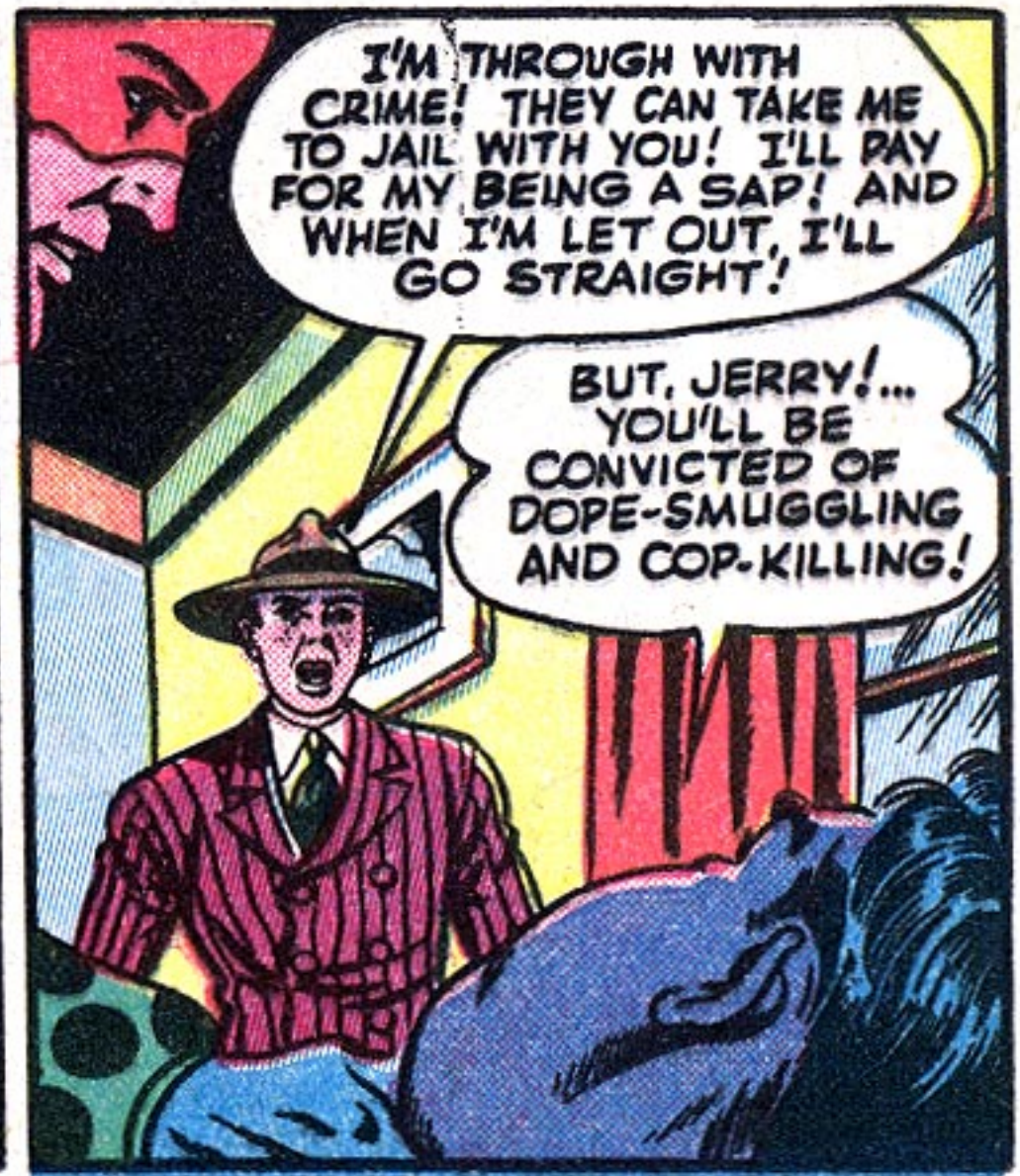
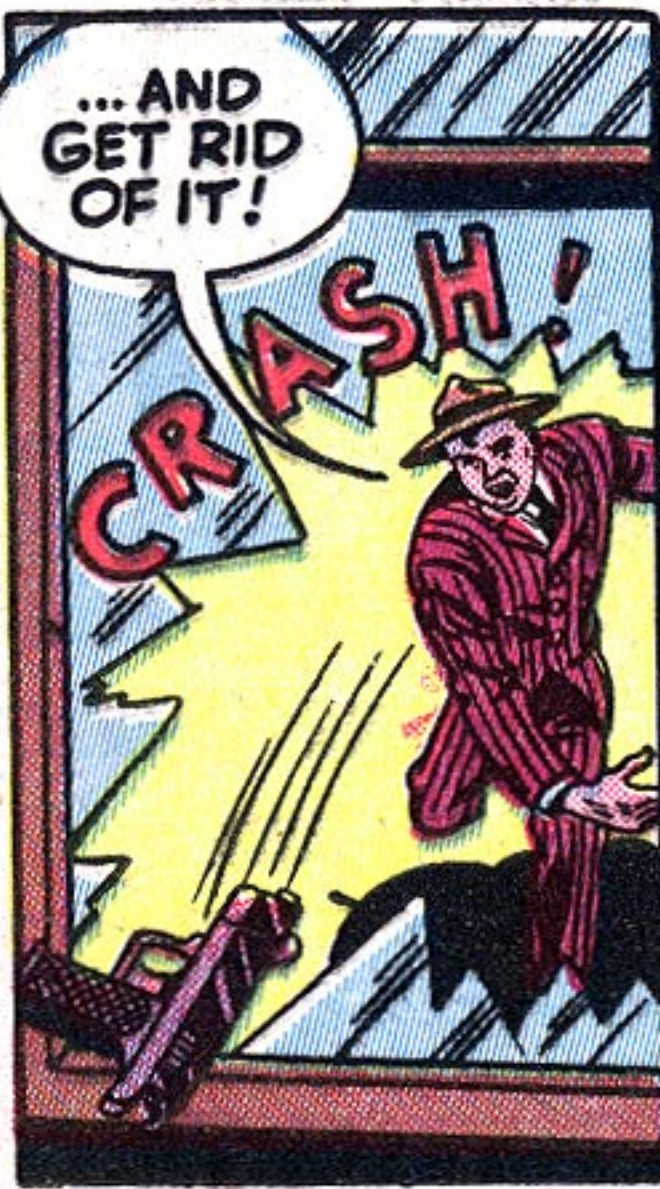
YES, I'M FROM DREWER! AND THE PASSWORD IS SNOWSTORM! ...WHAT'S COOKING?











LADY LUCK

The MYSTERY of the MISSING DISHRAG

By Klaus Nordling

BORN TO THE IDLE LUXURY OF AN HEIRESS, BRENDA BANKS, BREAKS THE TEDIUM WHEN SHE ADOPTS THE GUISE OF THE EXCITING, ELUSIVE CRIME-FIGHTER, LADY LUCK..

HEAVENS, THIS SOUP TASTES STRANGE!

HELGA.. THE SOUP.. WHAT IS WRONG WITH IT?

BOOH-OO! OH, MISS BRENDA.. NF NF.. AY SUPPOSE SOME TEARS BANE DRAP IN IT MAYBE.. SNUF..

SNF SNF.. MY SISTER BANE SO UNHEPPY! HER FELLER, HARRY SLINGER, HAVE DISAPPEAR TWO DAYS NOW! DERE IS FOUL PLAY, AY BET YOU!...

HE VERE GOOD BOY.. HE HURT NOOBODY.. HE VORK AS SHORT ORDER MAN AT PIERRE'S DINER...

MM... THE BEST WAY TO LOOK INTO THIS..

...IS RIGHT IN THE DINER!

Pierre's Diner

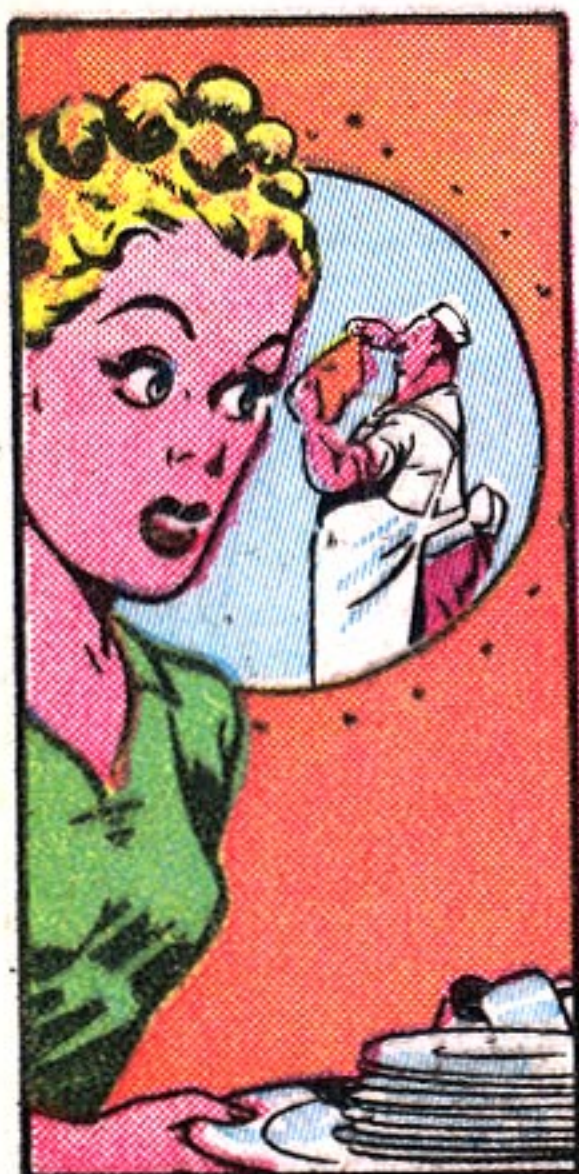
OKAY. WHAT IS THE NAME.. BRENDA? YOU ARE HIRED.. THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF MALE HELP NOWADAYS, ANYWAY... SO...

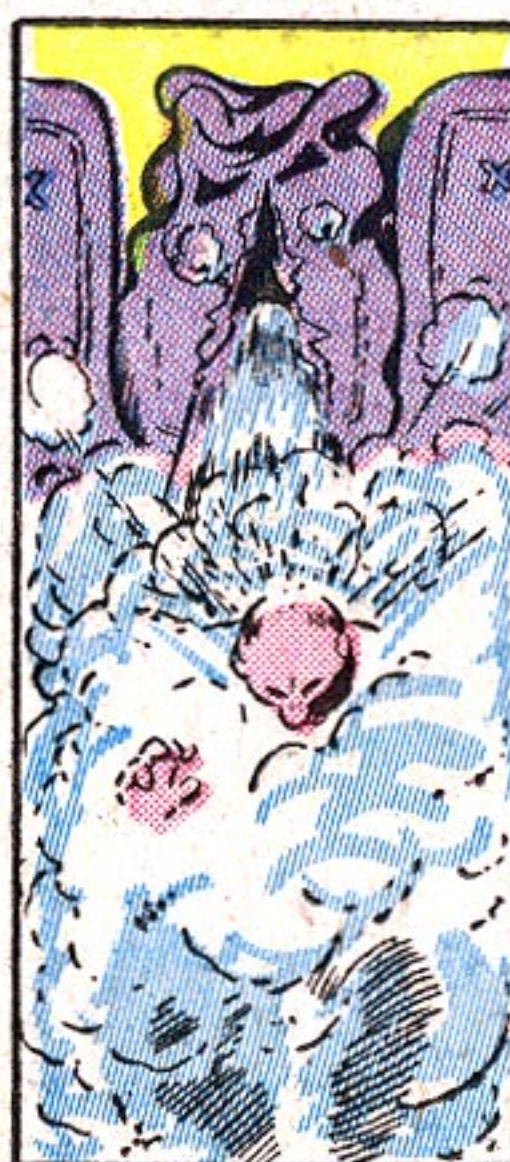
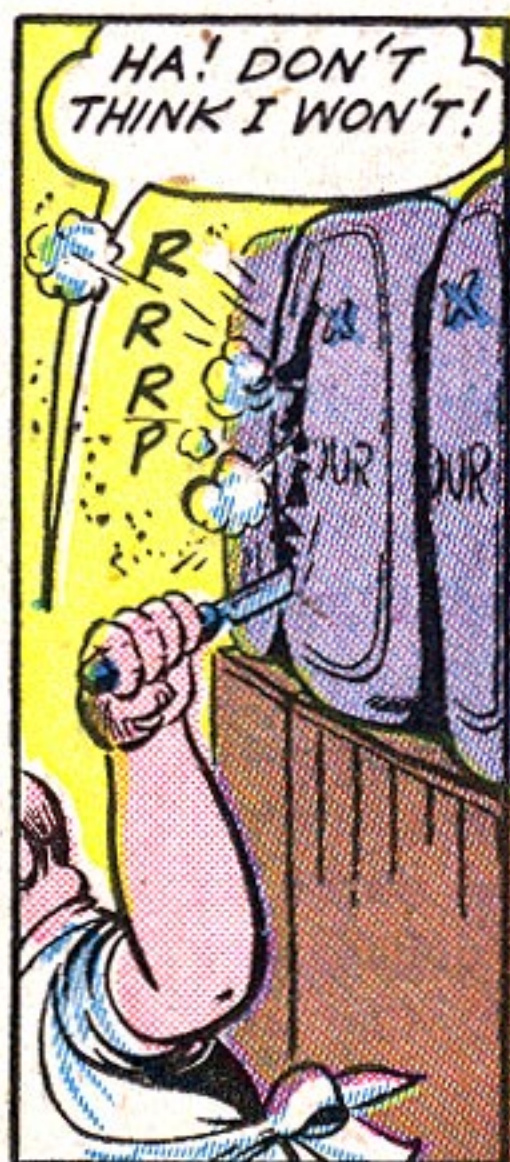
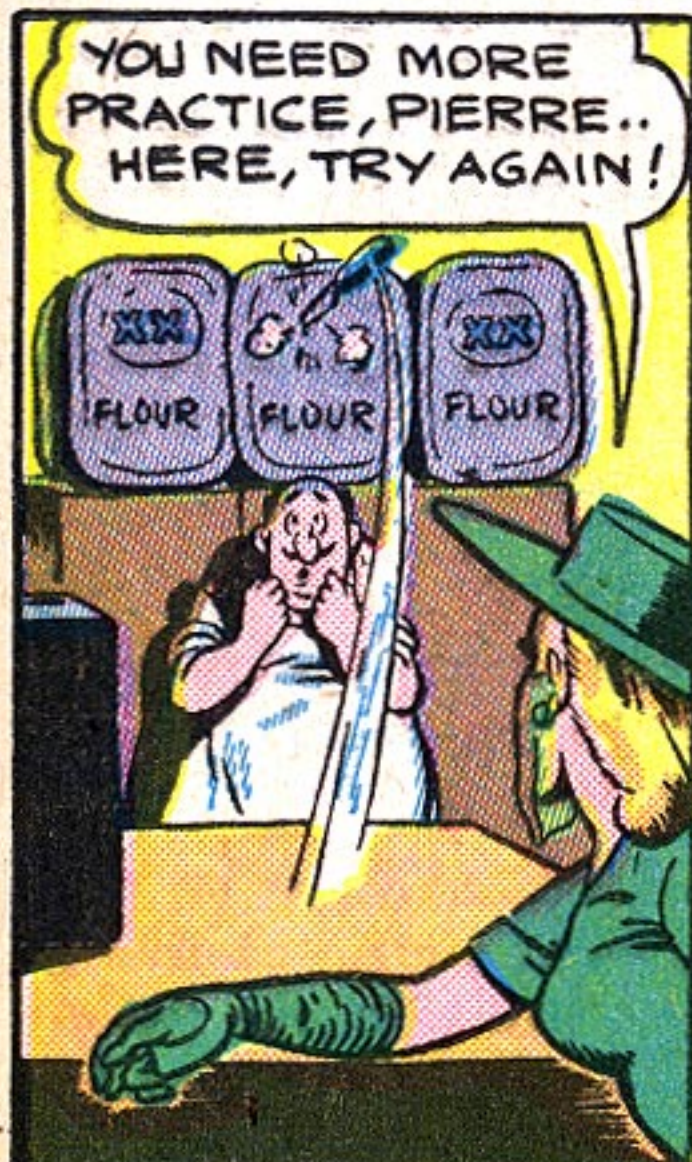
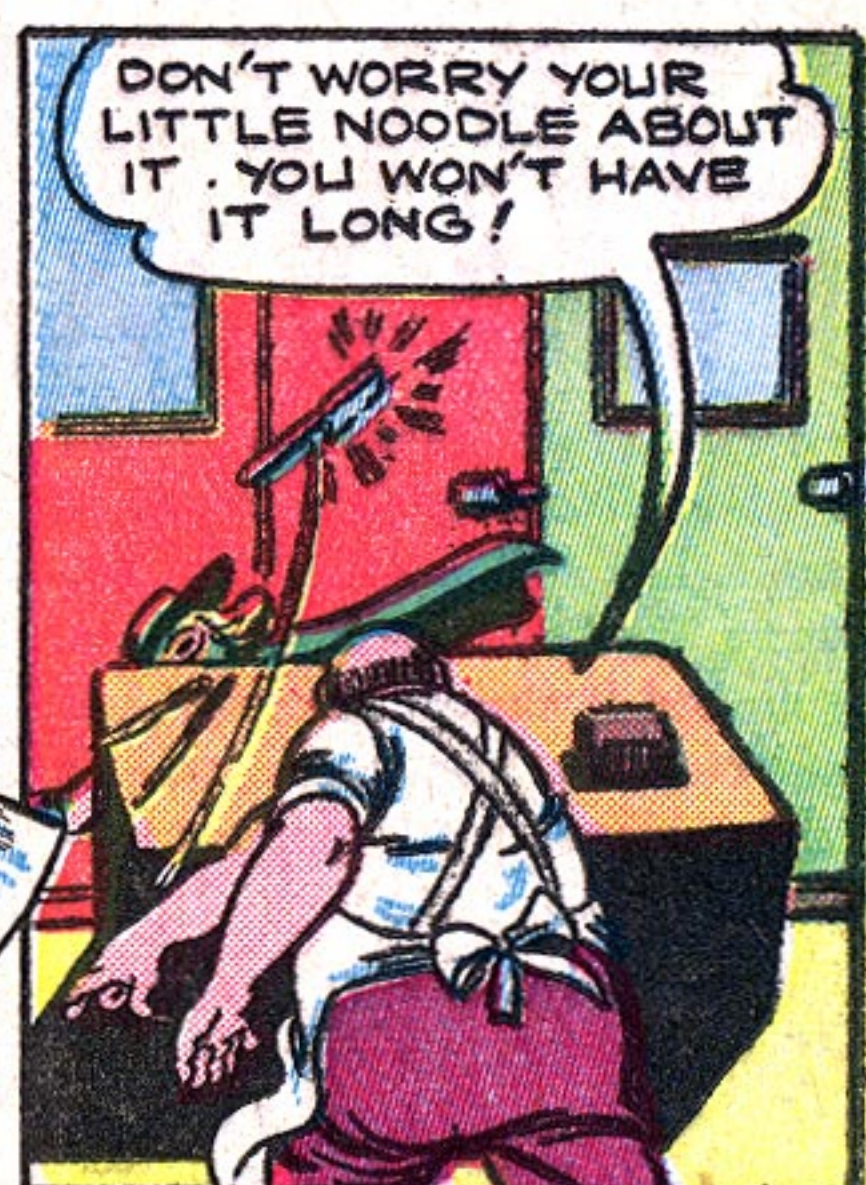
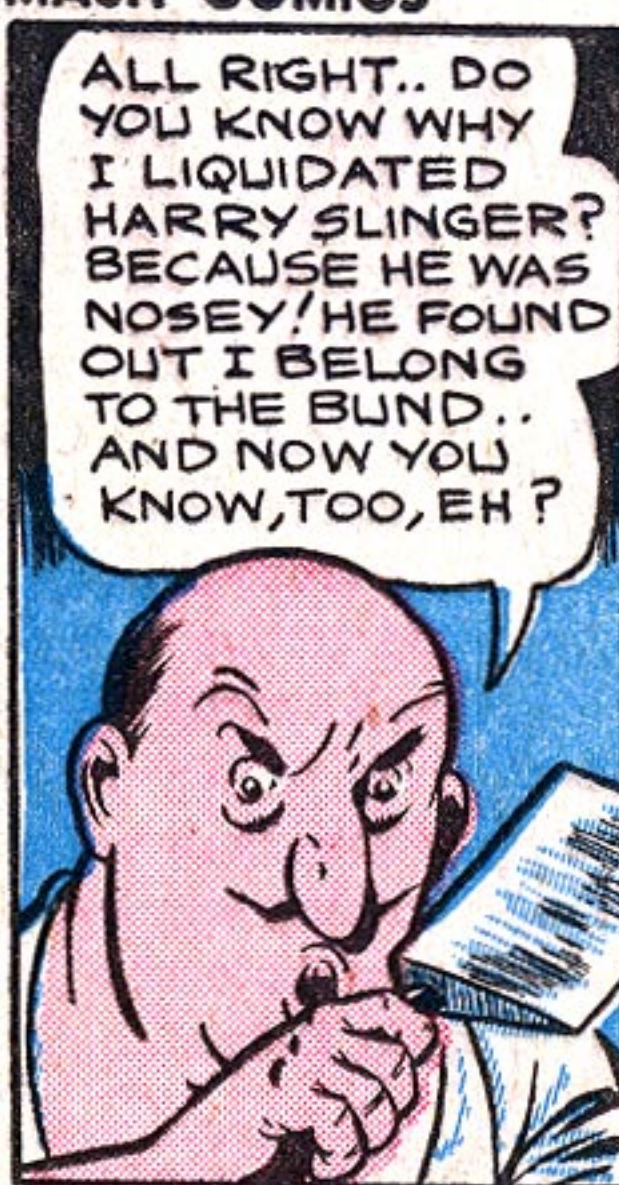
OH, THANK YOU, MR. PIERRE!

ADAM AN'EVE.. ON A RAFT!

DRAW TWO! HENFRUIT... GIVE IT THE WORKS!







HAVANA MURDER

THE great house of Senor Don Ricardo Ramirez stood on a low hill overlooking Havana Harbor. Huge trees surrounded it almost entirely. And surrounding the trees was a high stone wall topped by barbed-wire.

Casa Ramirez was something of a fort. In fact it was built upon the foundations of a once-famous fort. Nor was Don Ricardo averse to the well-nigh impregnable qualities of his estate. Don Ricardo had enemies. Not many, to be sure, but one good enemy is oftentimes worse than several mediocre ones.

Senor Don Ricardo Ramirez was a Castilian of noble birth. He had come from Madrid at an early age and, with the no small fortune left him by his father, started a sugar cane plantation that was now the largest in all Cuba. The don's holdings also included forests of mahogany, mines and rum distilleries.

Don Ricardo's enemy was a German named Fritz Holzer who ran a shipping line between Havana and Rio. He owned a large cane plantation not far from Don Ricardo's.

These two had become bitter enemies over a quite trivial matter. Don Ricardo raised blooded horses as a hobby. The German, some ten years before, had purchased a high-strung mare for his son. Soon afterward the horse had thrown the son, breaking his back. He was an invalid, unable to get about.

It was a silly, unfounded

feud, but Holzer had carried it to the limit. More than once the don's crops had been ruined by cattle getting into the fields—Holzer's cattle. There had been two or three disastrous fires on the don's property and while nothing was ever proved, there were those who pinned the crimes on Holzer.

On one occasion the don's youngest son, home from college, had been shot while driving on the Harbor Road. The sniper was never found but again suspicion pointed to the German.

Other shady things had happened. One of Holzer's ships had blown up a day out of Rio and this was promptly laid at Don Ricardo's door.

While the two principals in the feud maintained formal friendliness whenever they were forced to meet in public, they actually hated each other with a blazing hatred.

Don Ricardo didn't answer the light knock on his study door at nine o'clock on Monday morning. He frequently shut himself away and stayed all night when he had pressing business to work out.

Pancho, his trusted servant, knocked again, louder. No sound. He tried the door. It was locked.

"Don Ricardo!" he called softly. Then more loudly. No answer. Pancho looked slightly irritated. The master had refused to answer a few times before this, and always it irked Pancho; he never knew what

to do about ordering the don's breakfast. The don had a short temper and Pancho knew from long experience that he liked his breakfast on time—nine o'clock.

Pancho was afraid not to awaken the don, and yet he was more afraid to continue knocking and calling. At ten-thirty, however, Pancho mentioned the incident to Senora Ramirez, the good don's wife. She shrugged.

"He's been irritable the last few days. Better let him sleep."

At noon when the don hadn't shown, Senora Ramirez became alarmed. "Pancho, can you open that door?"

"Si, senora."

It took some opening, being made of stout oak, but at last it burst inward.

Don Ricardo sat at his desk which faced a great window to the west. His back was toward the door. The don's head lay on his desk and Pancho instantly saw the broad pool of blood on the desk top.

"Madre de Dios!" he cried, leaping toward the still form.

The don had been shot squarely between the eyes, from short range. The bullet had come out the back of his head and lodged in the oak door.

The window, which stood wide open, was a good three feet above the desk top, high off the floor like most Spanish windows. Therefore the killer had to be at least twelve feet above the ground outside in order to aim his gun. But how

SMASH COMICS

could this be possible, when there was no balcony, only stucco walls?

Don Ricardo had been shot at a downward slant, too, which meant that he'd been forced to glance upward at the murderer.

The household of Ramirez was immediately in an uproar. The Havana police roved everywhere, searching for fingerprints and trying to figure out how the gunman had hoisted himself to the window. No ladder was in evidence. The ground outside was soft, but no ladder marks showed, and no footprints.

"Perhaps he was hidden here, inside the don's study," suggested a young officer.

The chief of police shook his head. "But where? The walls are lined with books. There are no closets. And the don's desk is scarcely six inches from the wall. There is no place in which to hide."

Jimmy Christian, an American youth who knows a lot about many things denied most lads of his age, was in Havana. Naturally he heard about the murder of Don Ricardo Ramirez. He went to see Havana's police chief, with whom he had worked several times. It was purely out of curiosity that Jimmy was interested in the case, he had other business in the Cuban city.

"Isn't it logical to suspect the Holzers?" he asked.

"Logical, si," replied the chief. "But hardly probable. Holzer is not a superman. There are no trees on the Ramirez estate from which a sniper could hide in order to shoot through the study window . . . care to drive out and have a look?"

Casa Ramirez had been pret-

ty thoroughly examined by the local police and detectives. They had uncovered no clues.

The don had, according to ballistics experts, been shot by a revolver, held at close range.

It was instantly obvious to Jimmy that the killer hadn't been hiding in the don's study. Therefore he had to shoot his victim through the window.

Jimmy made a minute examination of the ground outside the window. It was fairly well tracked now by the police, but eventually Jimmy found a large, roundish impression in the soil. Just one. Later, about six feet from the first one, he discovered a similar one.

"Now what the heck made those marks?" he asked himself.

He found two more, each of them six and seven feet apart. Certainly not footprints made by a man, with his feet bundled in rags to obliterate the tracks. But what?

It threw new impetus into the mystery and the newspapers took it up vigorously. Detectives renewed their activities to dig up a clue, but Jimmy's find, while mystifying, only added to the baffling case.

Jimmy spent a day checking into the history of the Holzer family, both in Germany and in Cuba. He made several queer discoveries. Heinrich Holzer, grandfather of the Cuban descendant, had been a circus clown; so had his son. Which meant that the father of the present Holzer had been connected with the circus.

The few information sources Jimmy had on hand told little. But in an obscure note Jimmy

learned that the present Holzer had once been a tight-rope walker and juggler.

All of which added up to little.

Jimmy decided to visit the Holzer estate. He chose the following night. He wanted to look around without being observed, because he had a queer hunch. It was so outlandish he refused to tell anyone.

It was two miles from Don Ramirez' house to that of Holzer. Jimmy drove it in the chief's little car and parked about a block from the German's estate. It too had a high wall around it, and many trees on the grounds.

Just after midnight, Jimmy scaled the wall and dropped to the lawn beneath. Dogs were his only worry; a vicious dog could really give him a bit of trouble, besides rousing the occupants of the enormous house.

Jimmy crept across the lawn toward the garages. Everything was in darkness, which suited him well. A large trailer was parked near the entrance of the garages. In one of them he found exactly what he thought he would find. Or rather, what he hoped to find, but hardly expected to uncover. This showed that the owner didn't expect to be suspected. Otherwise he might have taken great pains to hide or destroy the evidence that was now in Jimmy's hands.

It consisted of a pair of long wooden stilts. On the end of each there was a large ball of burlap. These then the killer had used to enter the Ramirez grounds and raise himself high enough to shoot through the study window. Holzer was found guilty of murder.

HO HUM!...
NOT A SINGLE
CRIME ALL
DAY TO
SOLVE!

FIRE!
FIRE!
FIRE!
FIRE SALE...!
TODAY!

WELL...
I'LL
BE...

FIRE SALE

FIRE SALE

STOP!
YOU'RE KILLIN' ME!

HOT DOG!
--A MURDER!

...AND THEN HE SAID:

STOP! I'LL SIMPLY DIE IF YOU DON'T STOP!

HA HA HA HA

AW.. GEE!

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I BITE ON ANY PHONEY LEADS!

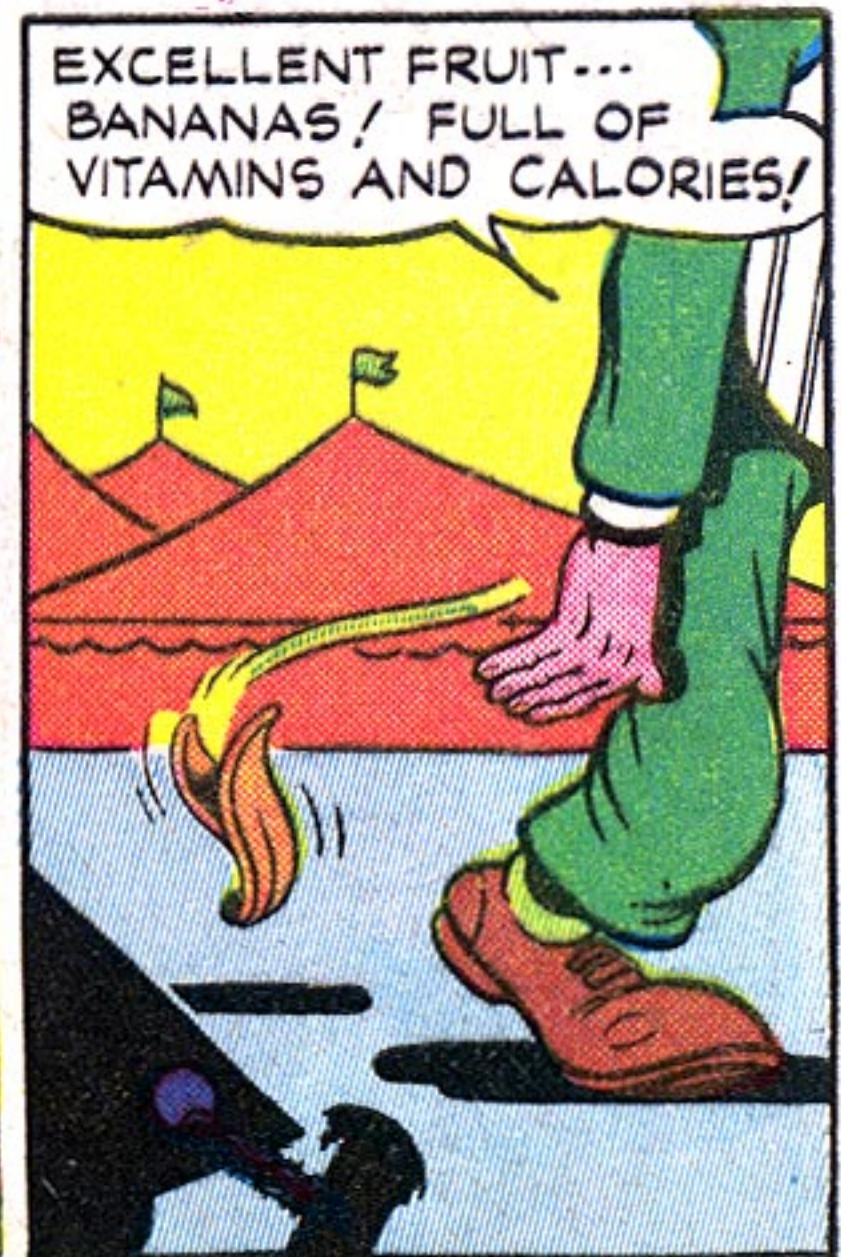
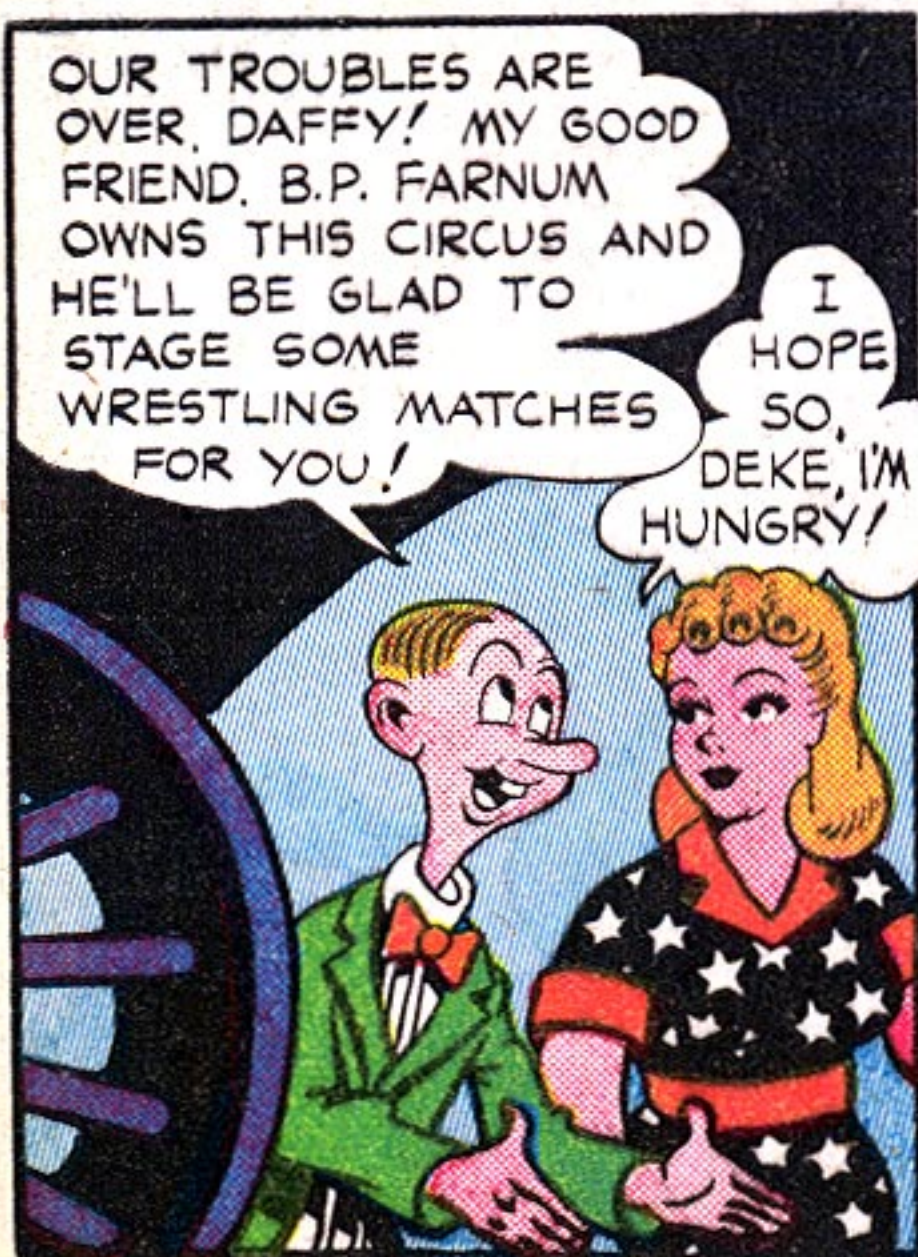
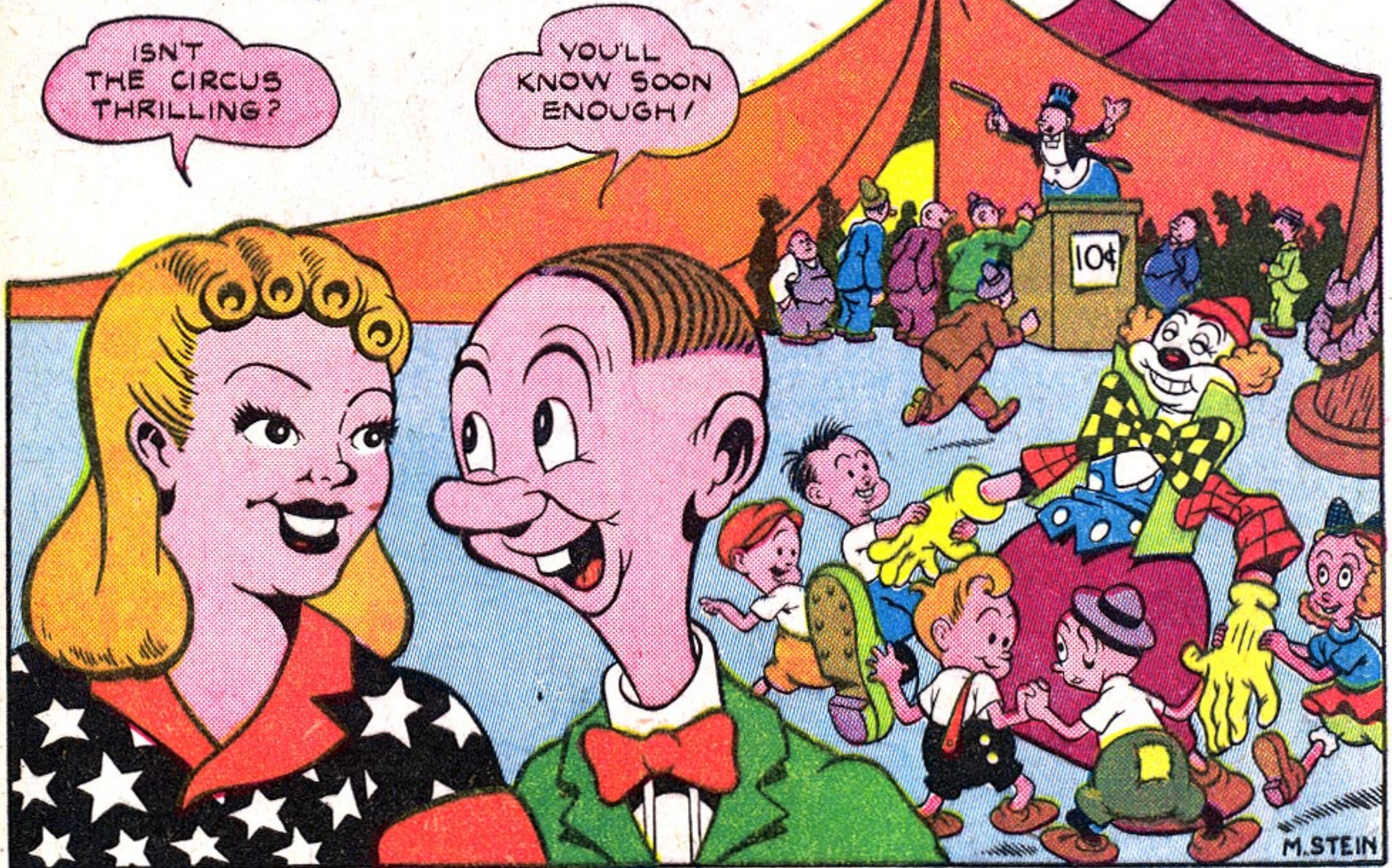
A cartoon illustration showing a man in a grey suit and red tie shouting from a window. A large speech bubble above him contains the text: "WUN CLOO! I'M BEING HELD UP!". Below the window, a young boy with a shaved head and a red shirt looks up at the man. A small red object is floating in the air to the left. The background is a solid blue color.

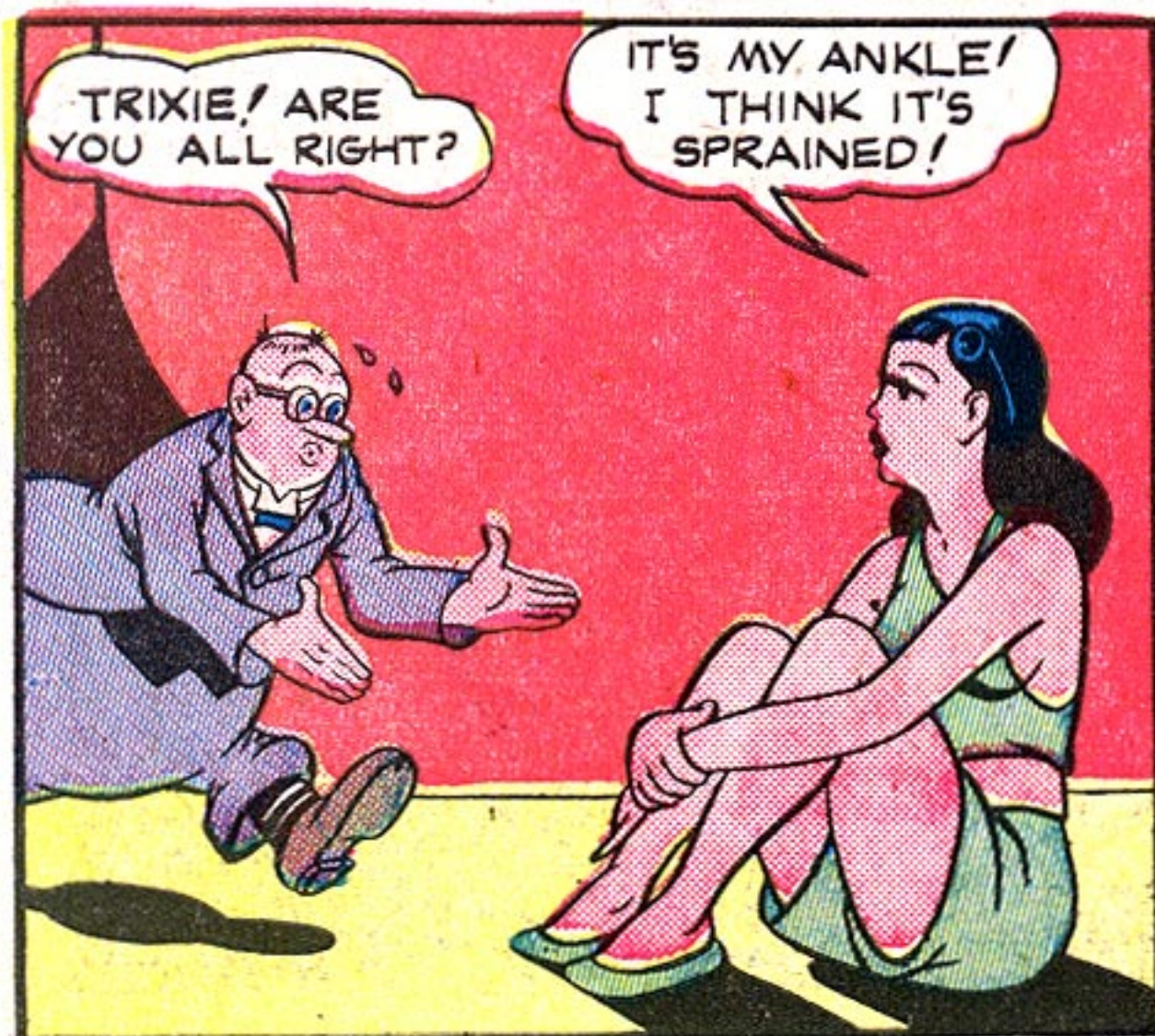
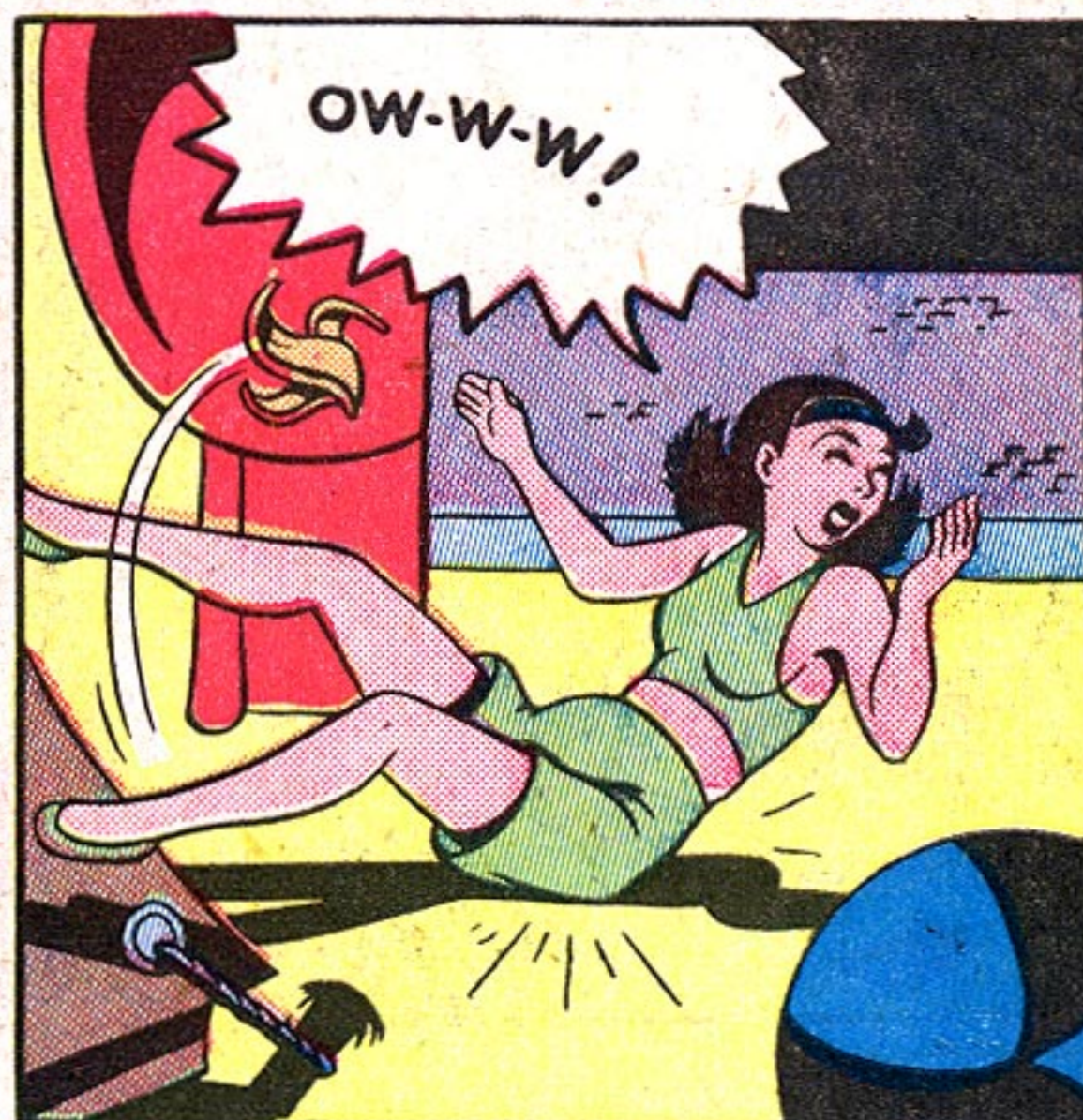
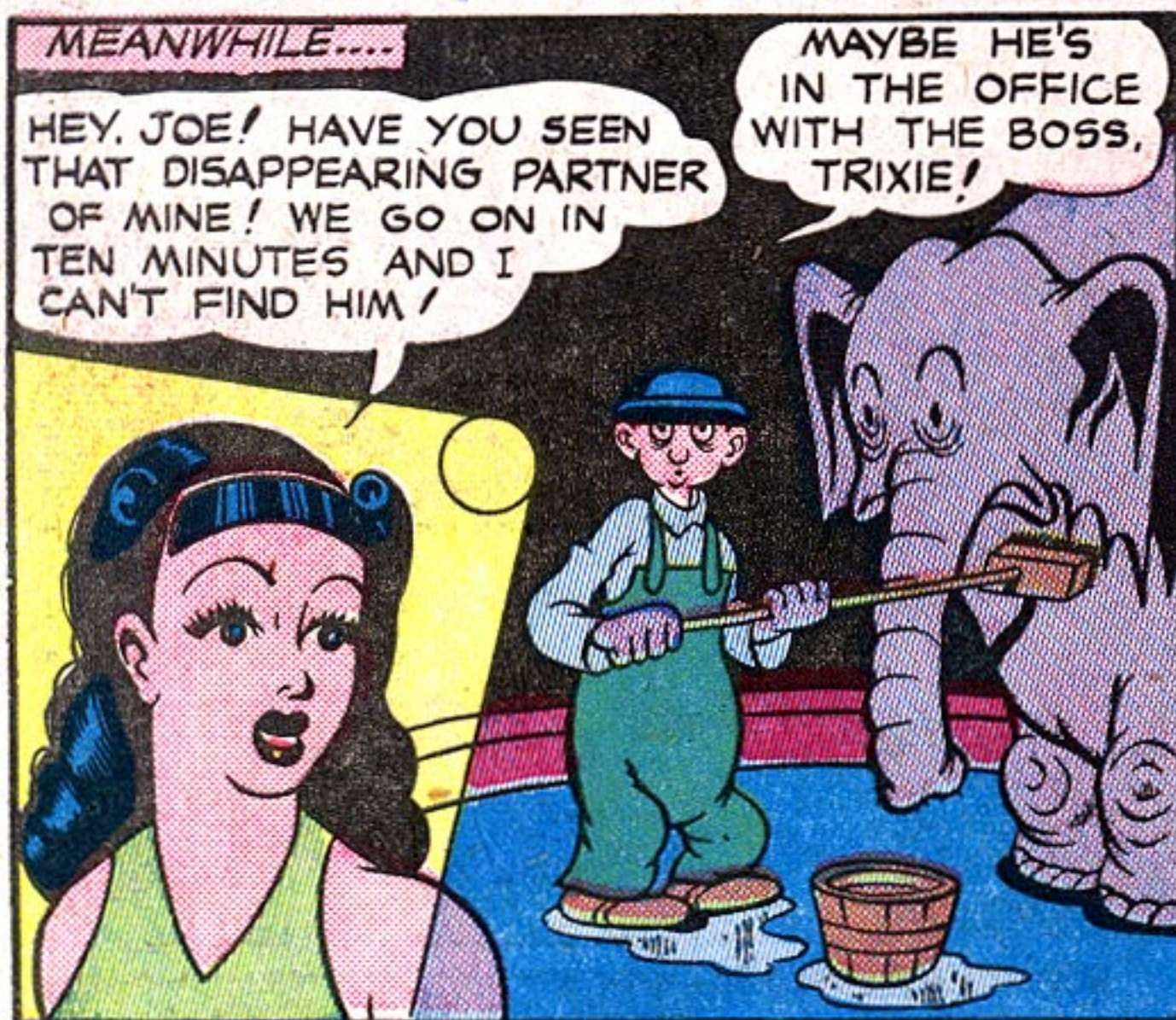
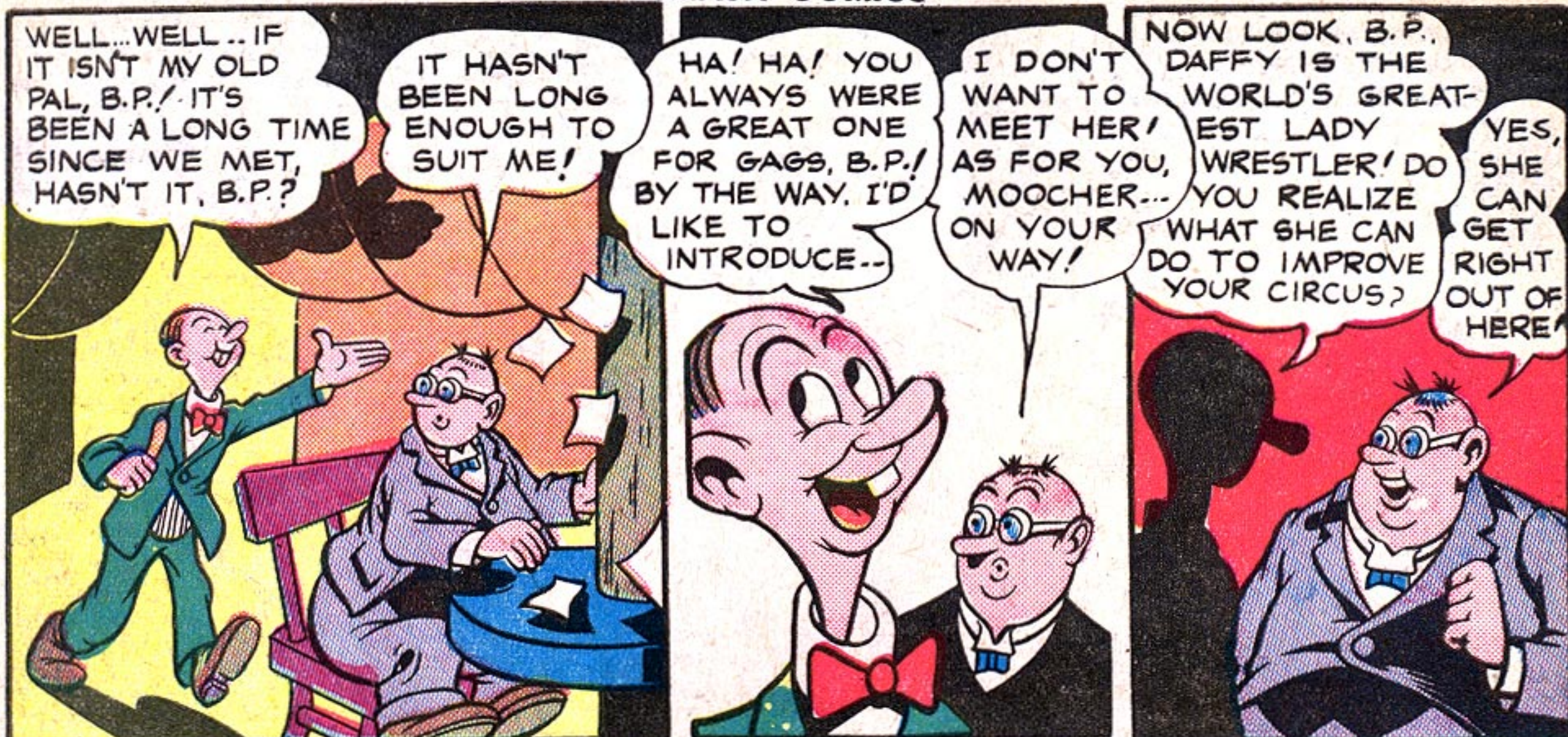
OH, DON'T FEEL SO BAD ABOUT IT! ... PLENTY OF MEN ARE USING **GIRDLES** NOWADAYS!

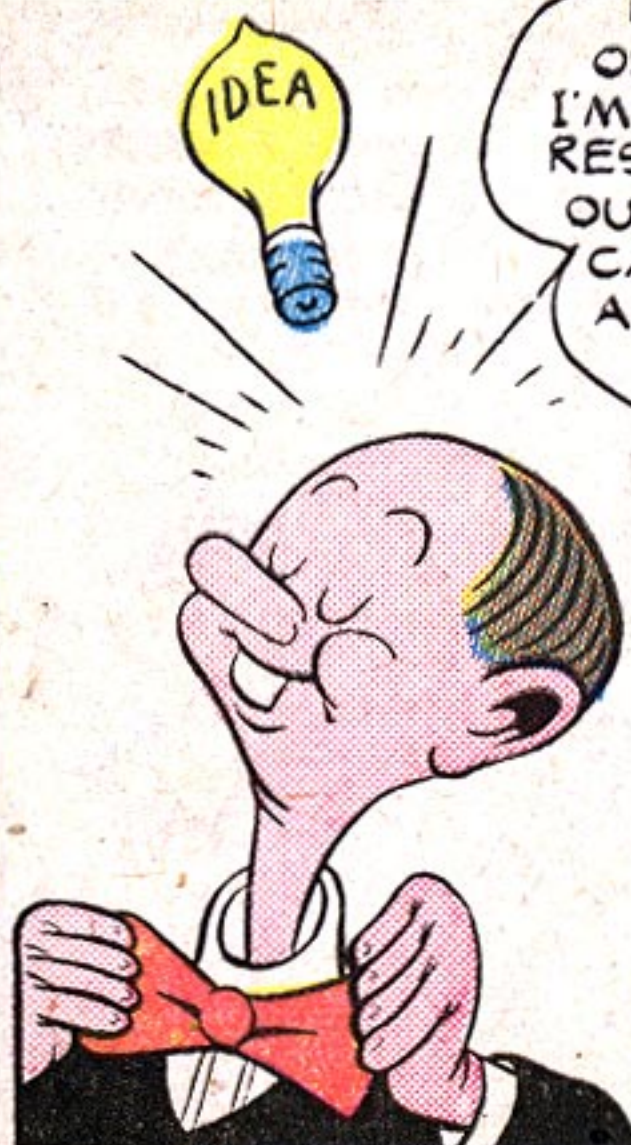
?

OH, DON'T FEEL
SO BAD ABOUT
IT! ... PLENTY
OF MEN ARE
USING **GIRDLES**
NOWADAYS!

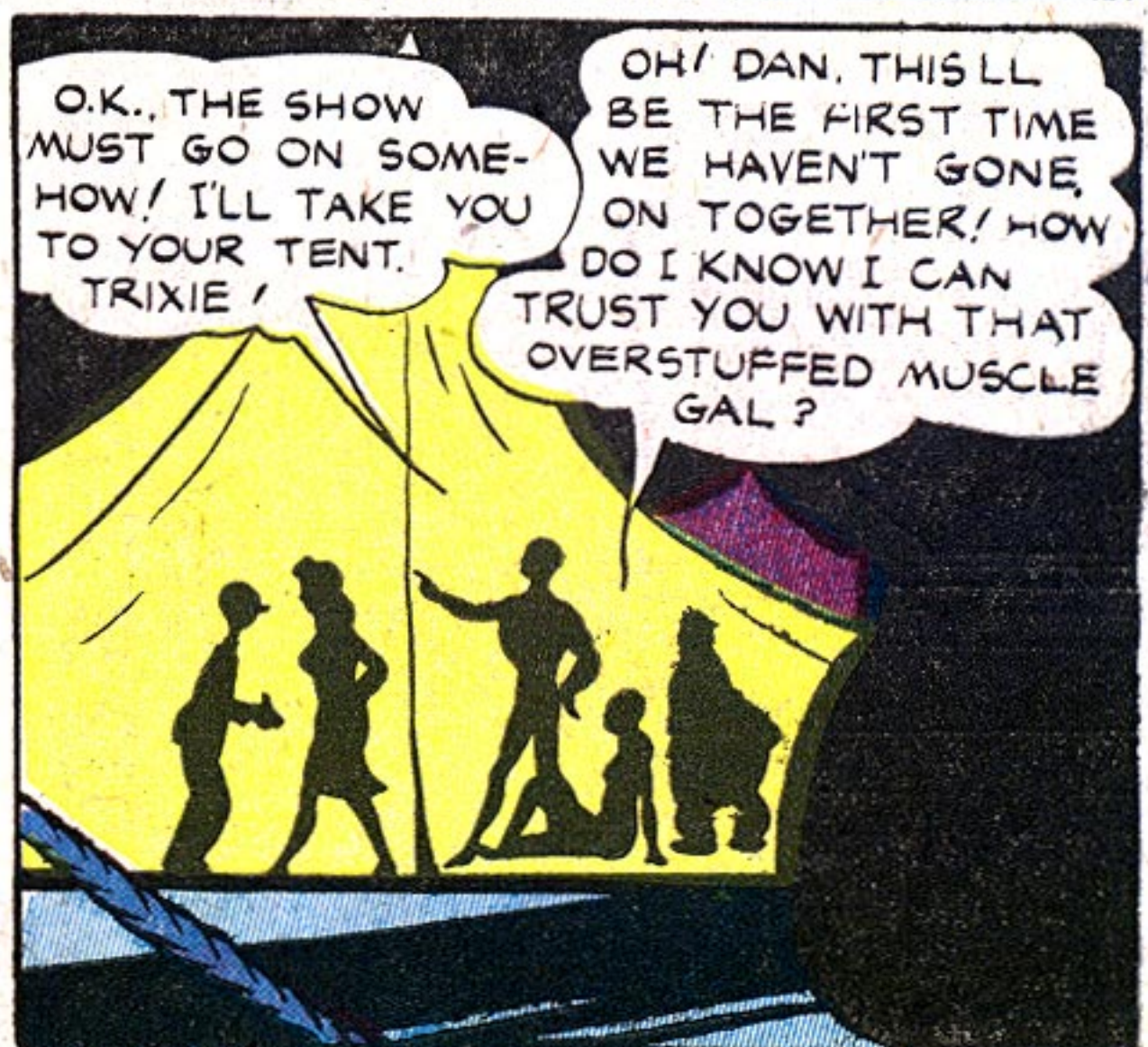
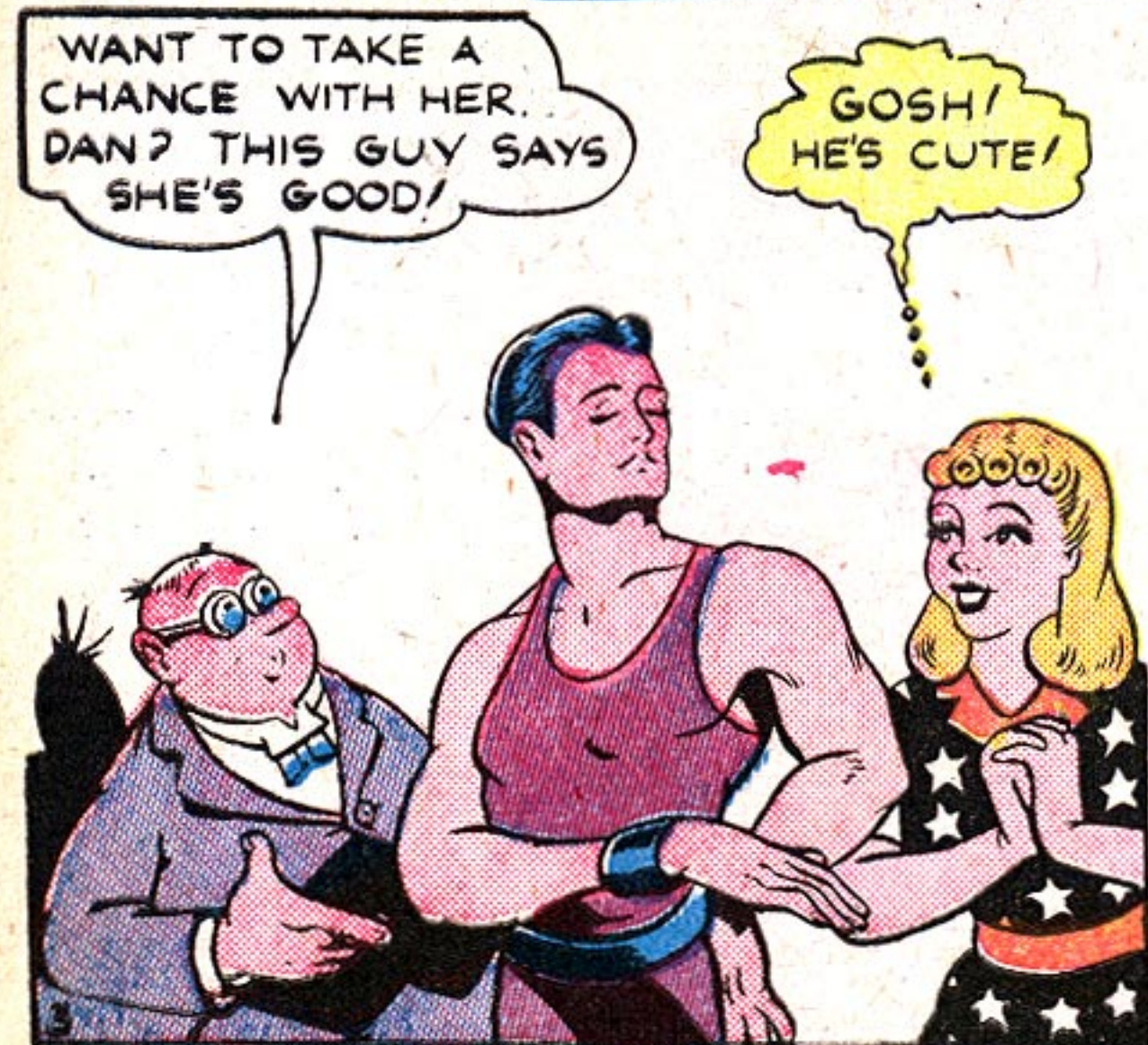
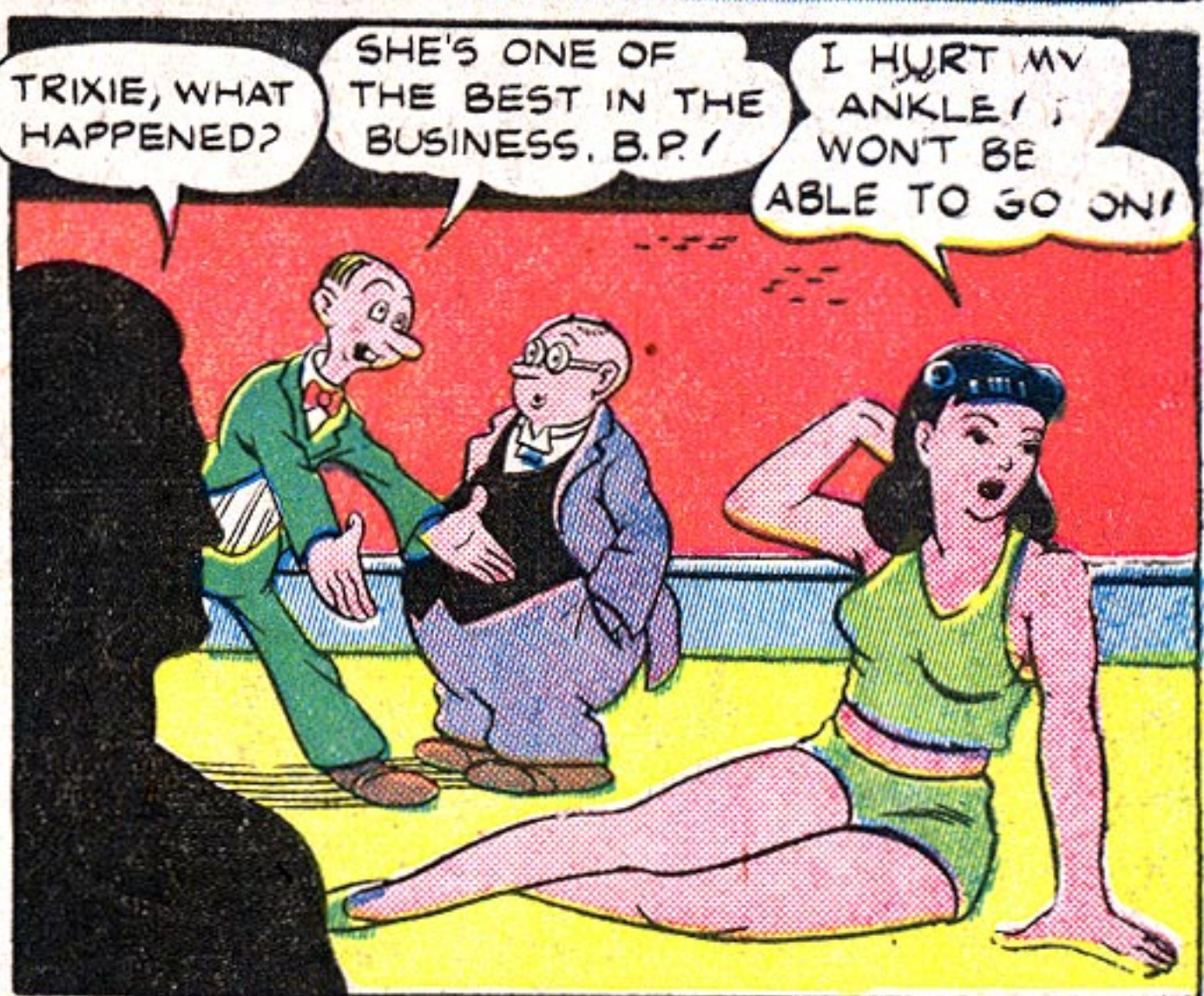
DAFFY







NO NEED TO BE DISTRESSED, B.P.
OLD BOY! AS AN OLD SHOWMAN,
I'M READY TO COME TO THE
RESCUE! I NEGLECTED TO POINT
OUT ALL OF DAFFY'S
CAPABILITES -- SHE'S
ALSO A WHIZ ON
THE TRAPEZE!



I OUGHT TO TEAR YOU APART FOR THROWING THAT BANANA PEEL... BUT THE ACT HAS TO GO ON! I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY DOLLARS A PERFORMANCE!

OF COURSE WE'VE BEEN PAID BETTER... BUT TO HELP OUT AN OLD FRIEND, IT'S A DEAL!

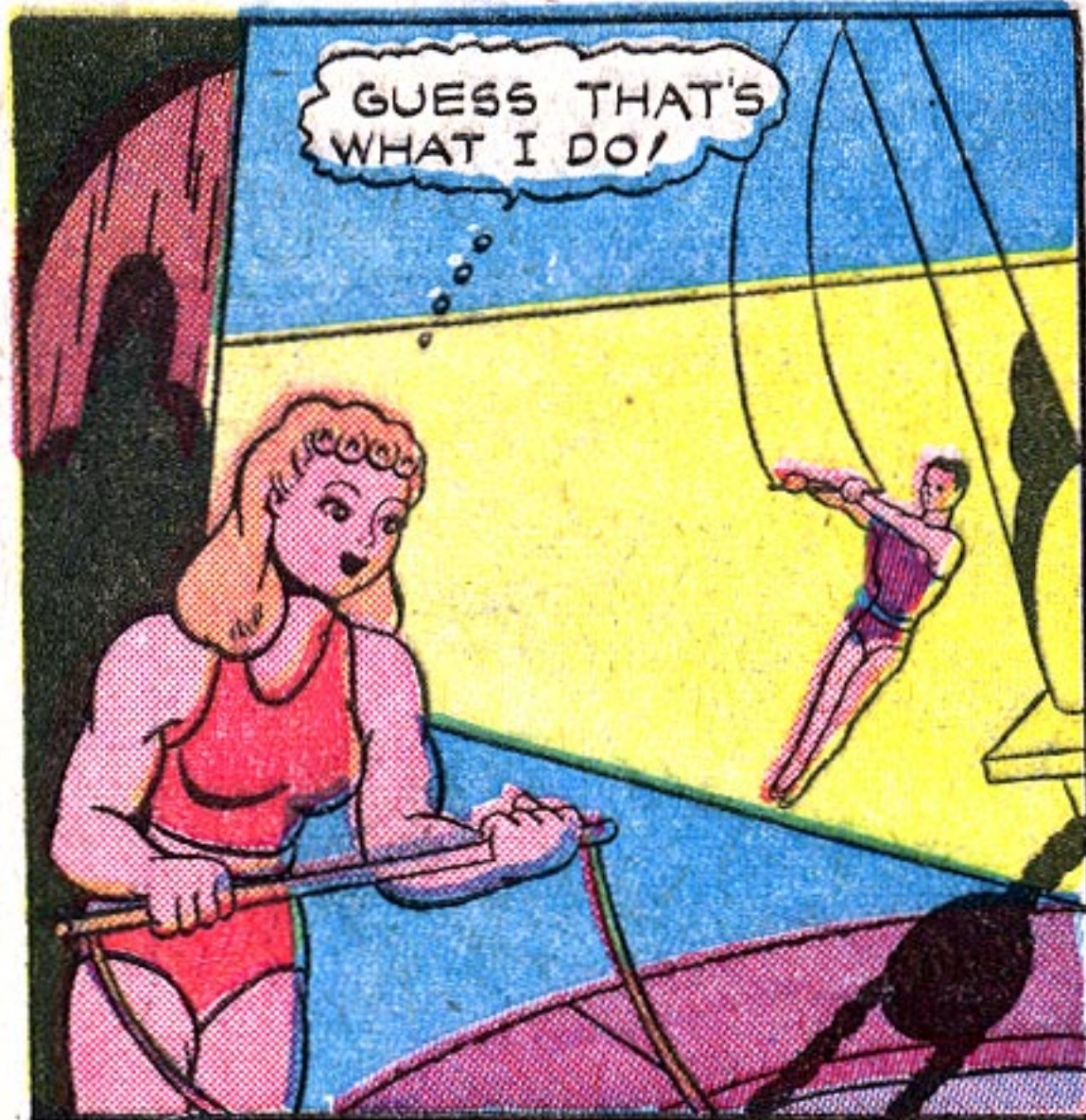
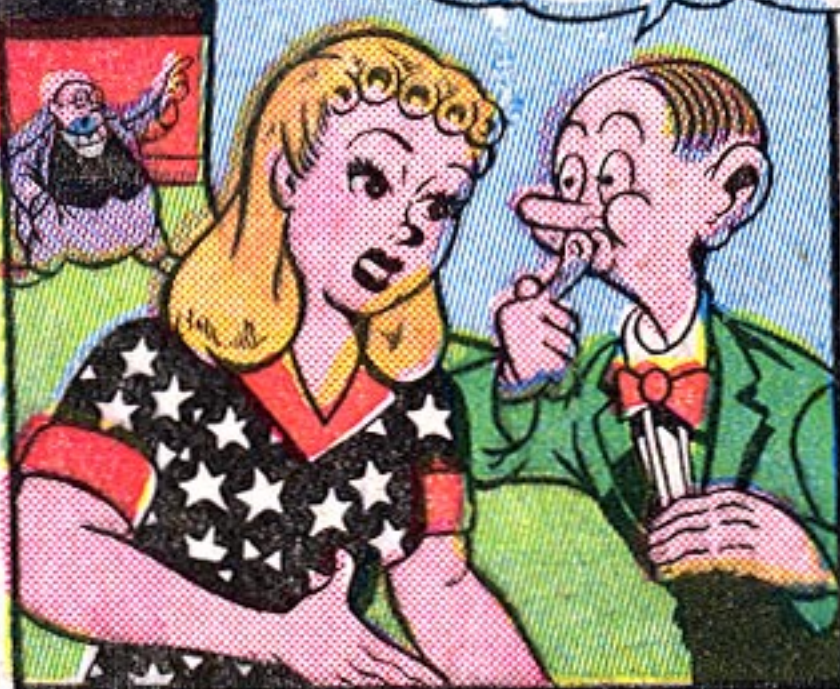
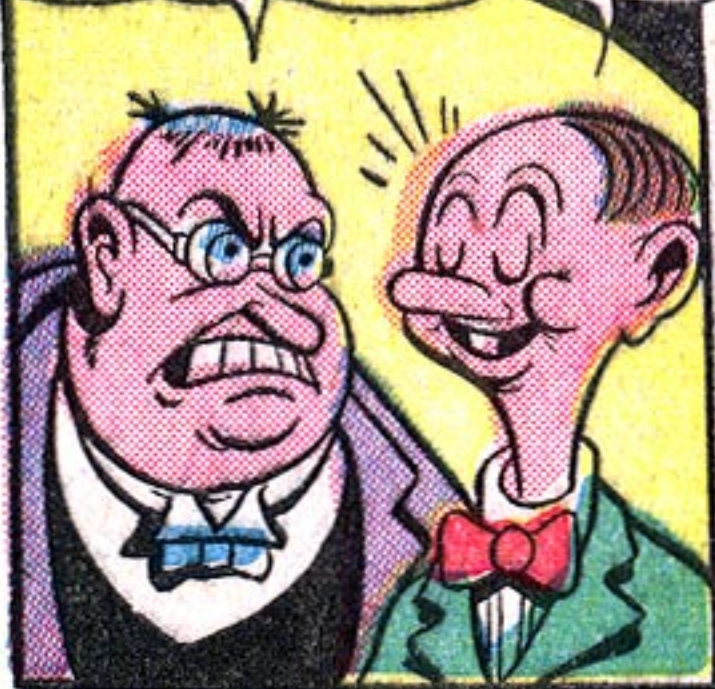
BUT, DEKE... I'VE NEVER BEEN ON A TRAPEZE BEFORE!

GET INTO A COSTUME!

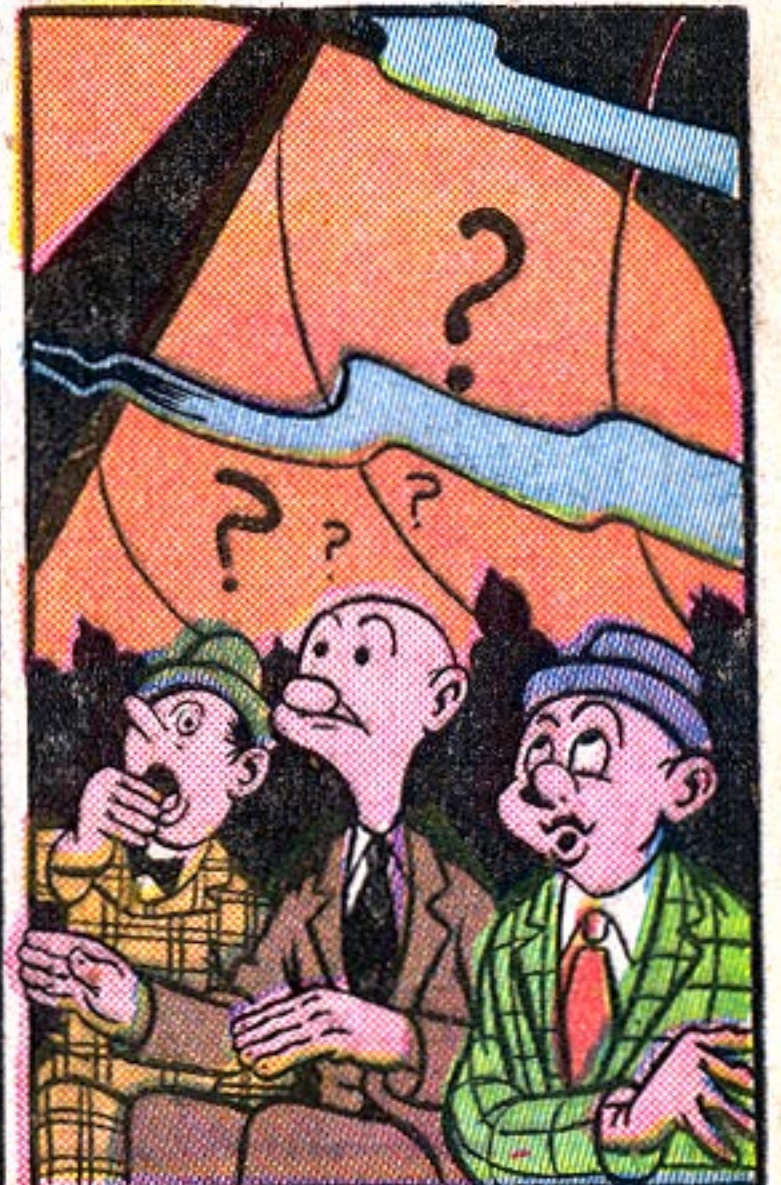
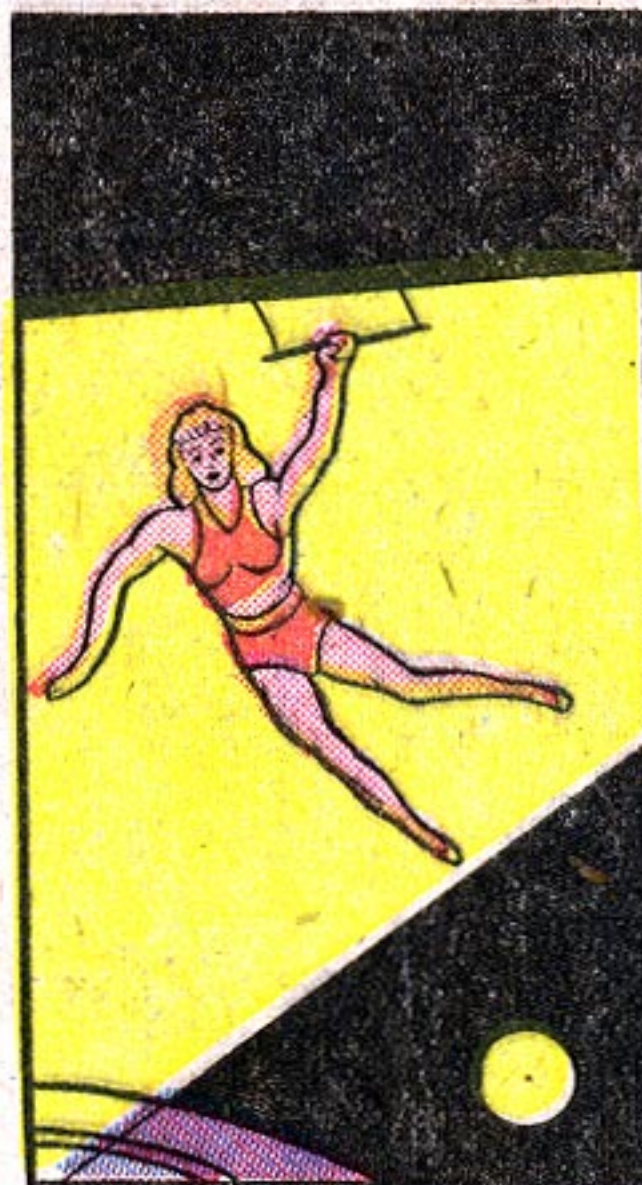
SH-H-H, DAFFY! NOT SO LOUD! THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO IT!

A LITTLE WHILE LATER.....

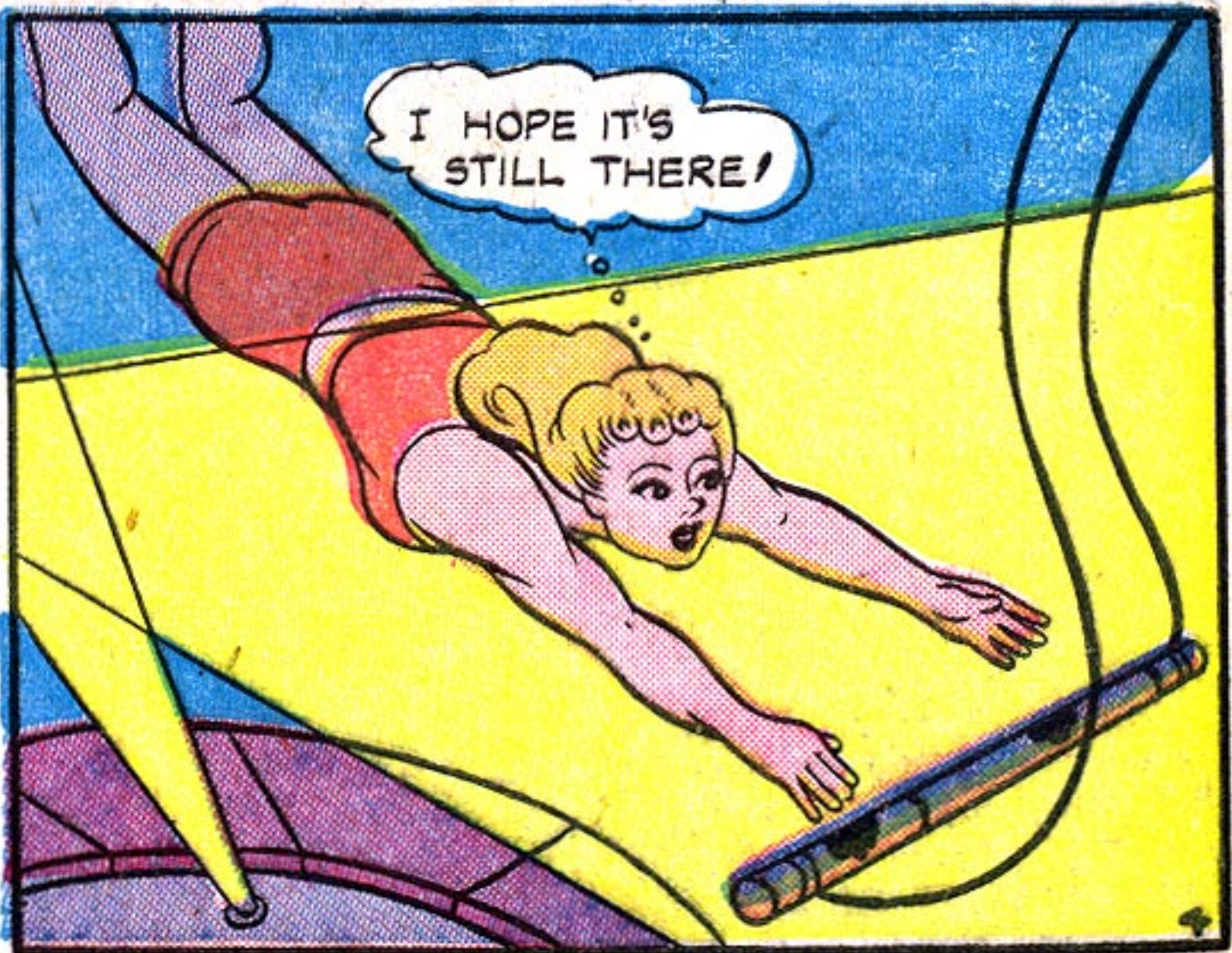
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, THE GREATEST FLYING TRAPEZE ACT IN HISTORY. BLAH BLAH!



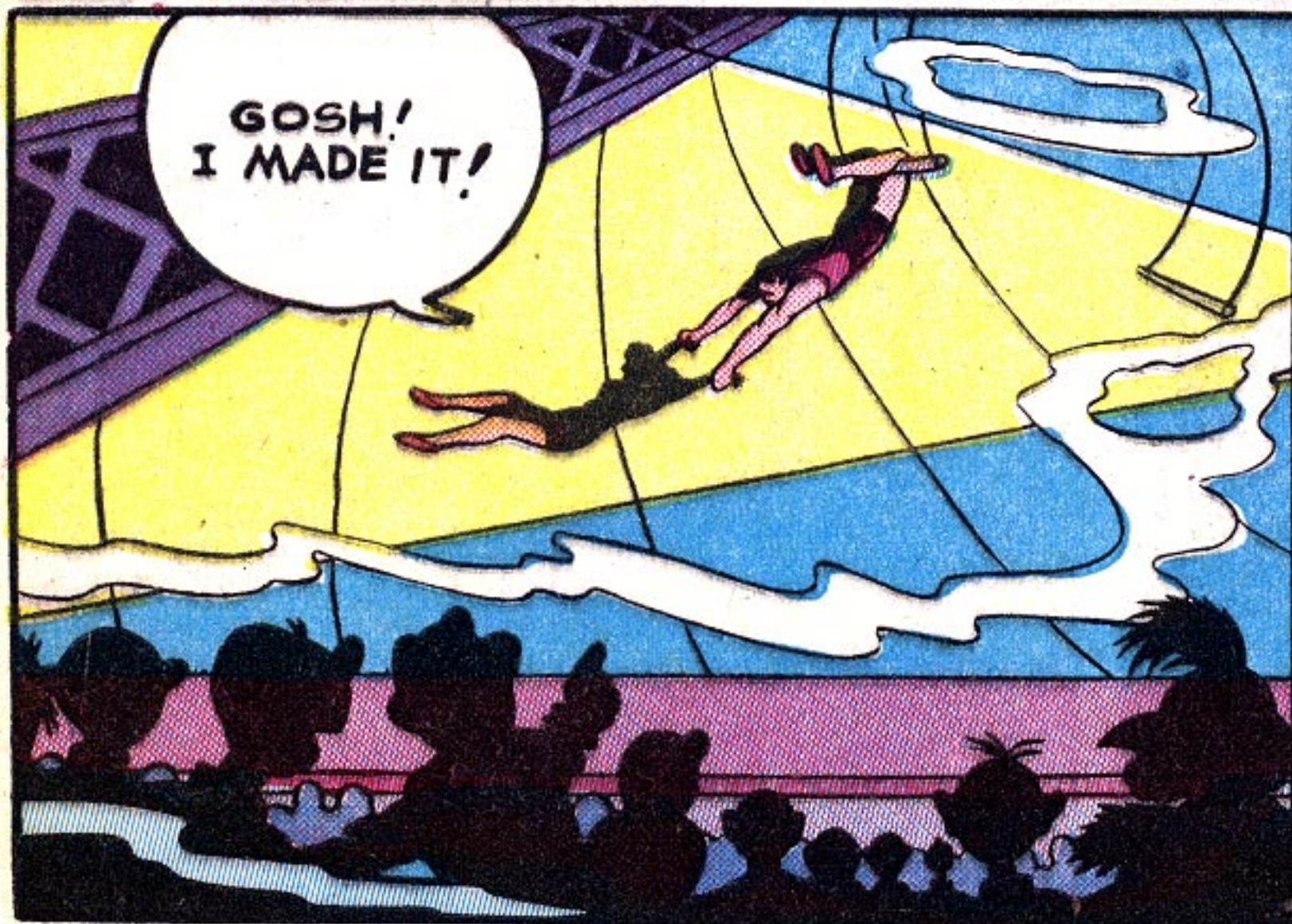
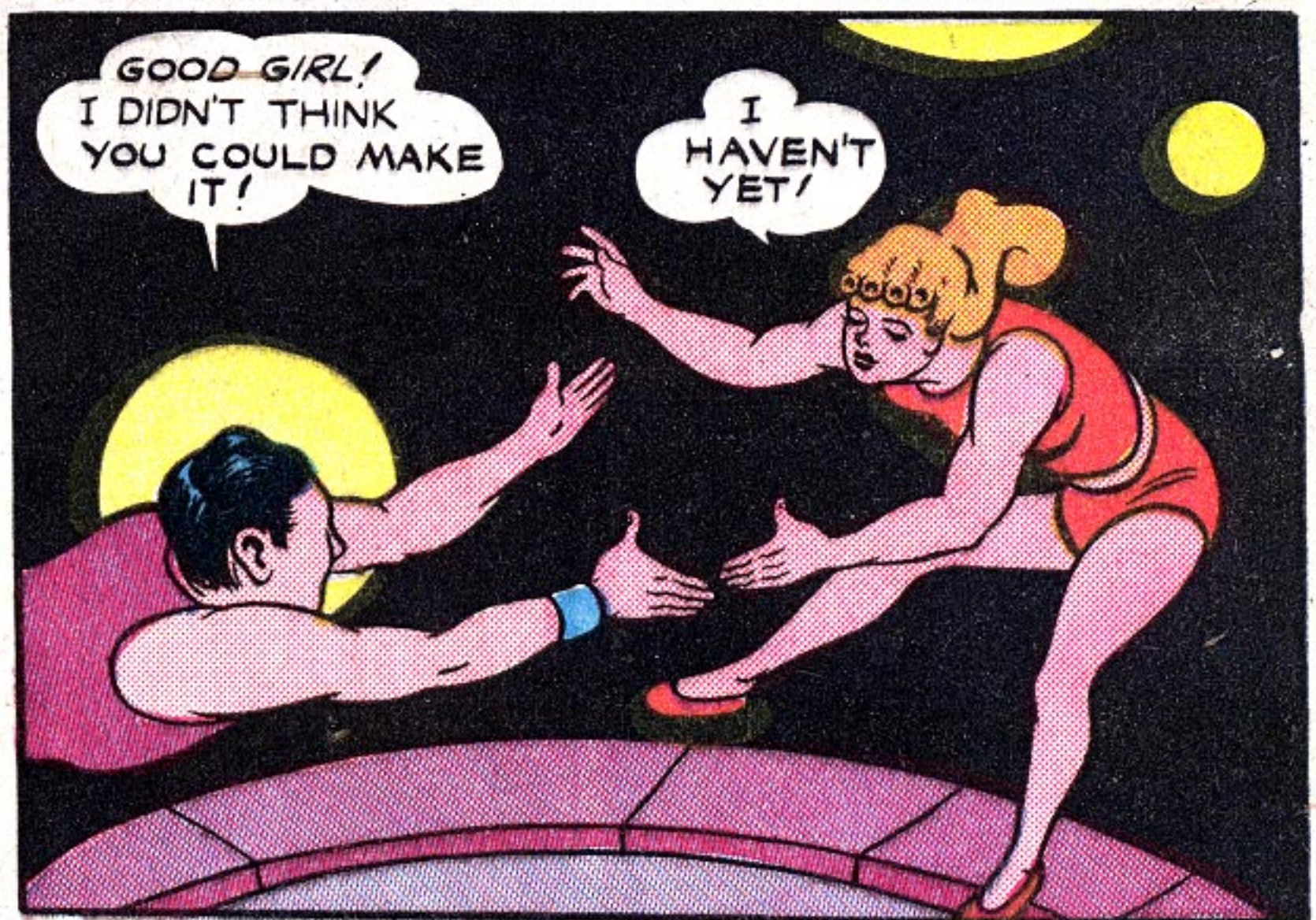
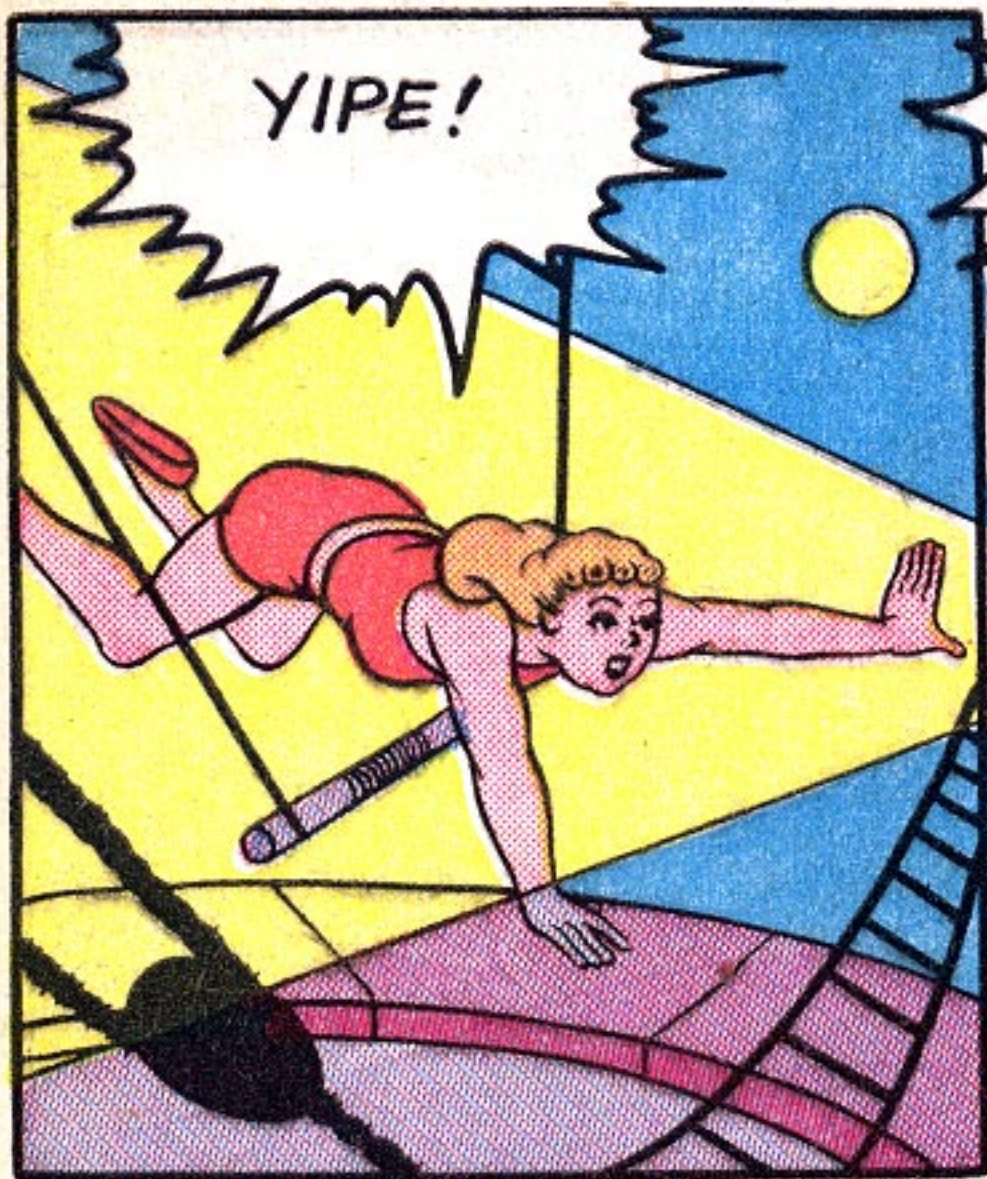
GUESS THAT'S WHAT I DO!



HE WANT'S ME TO JUMP TO THE OTHER BAR! OH-H-H!



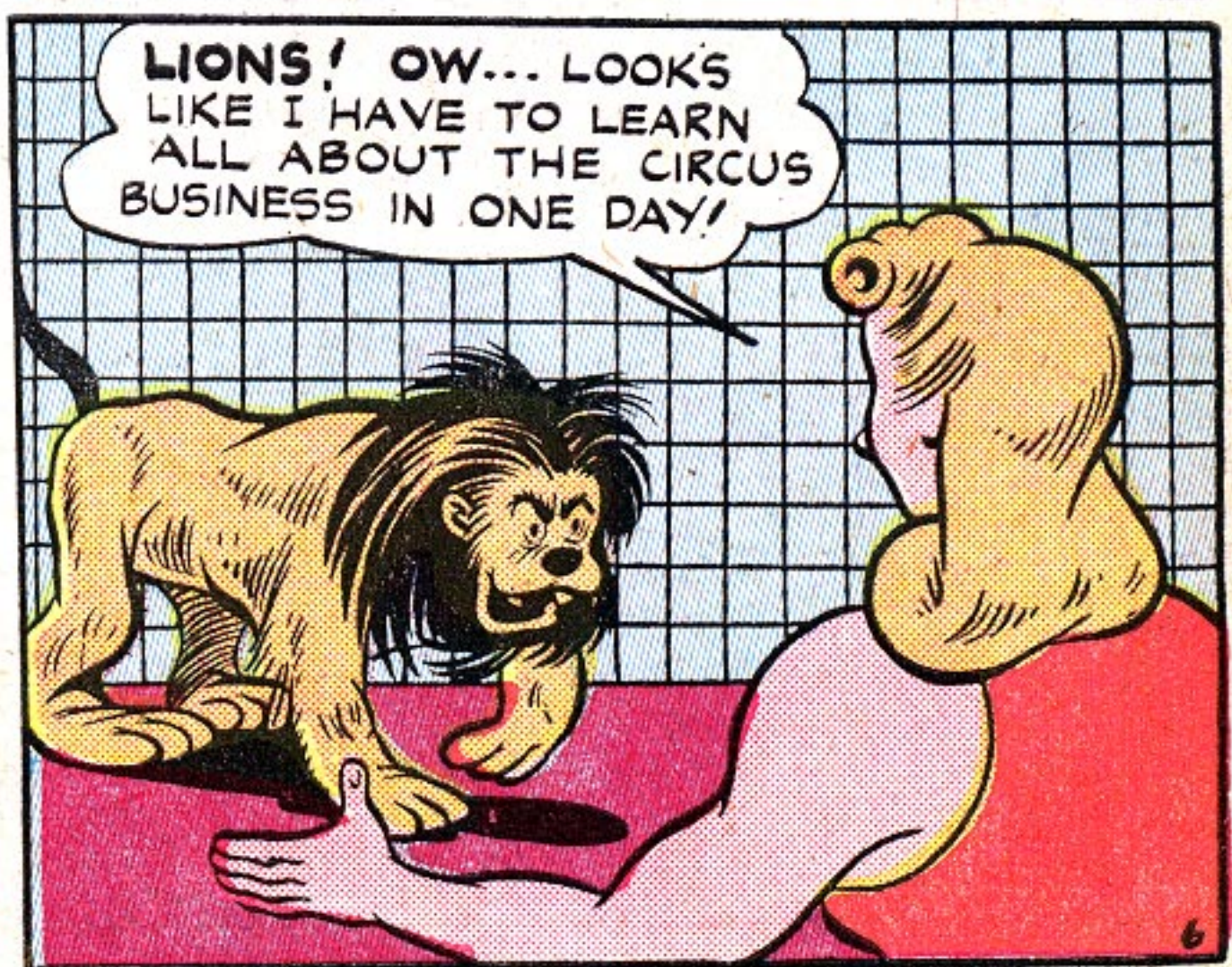
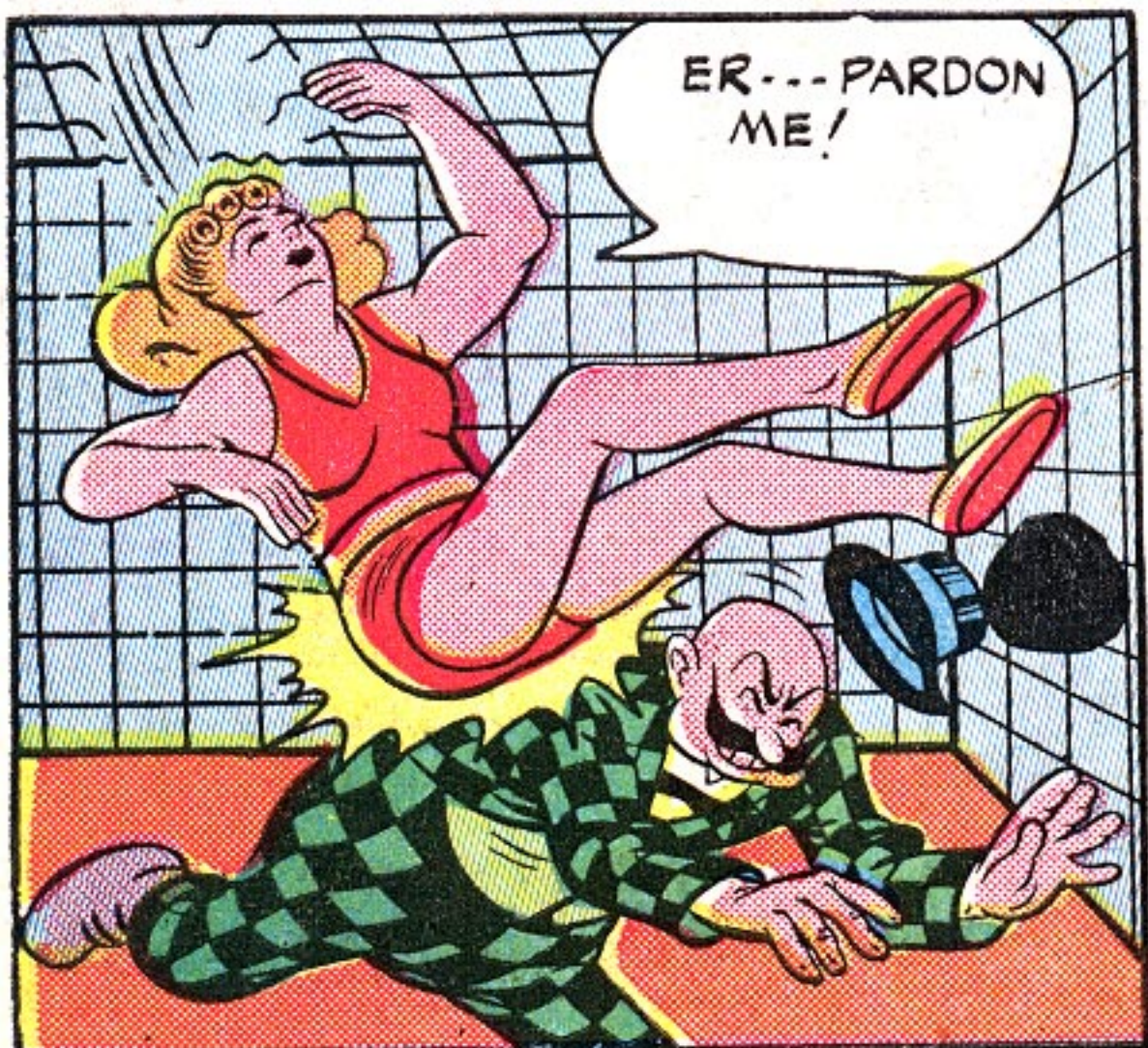
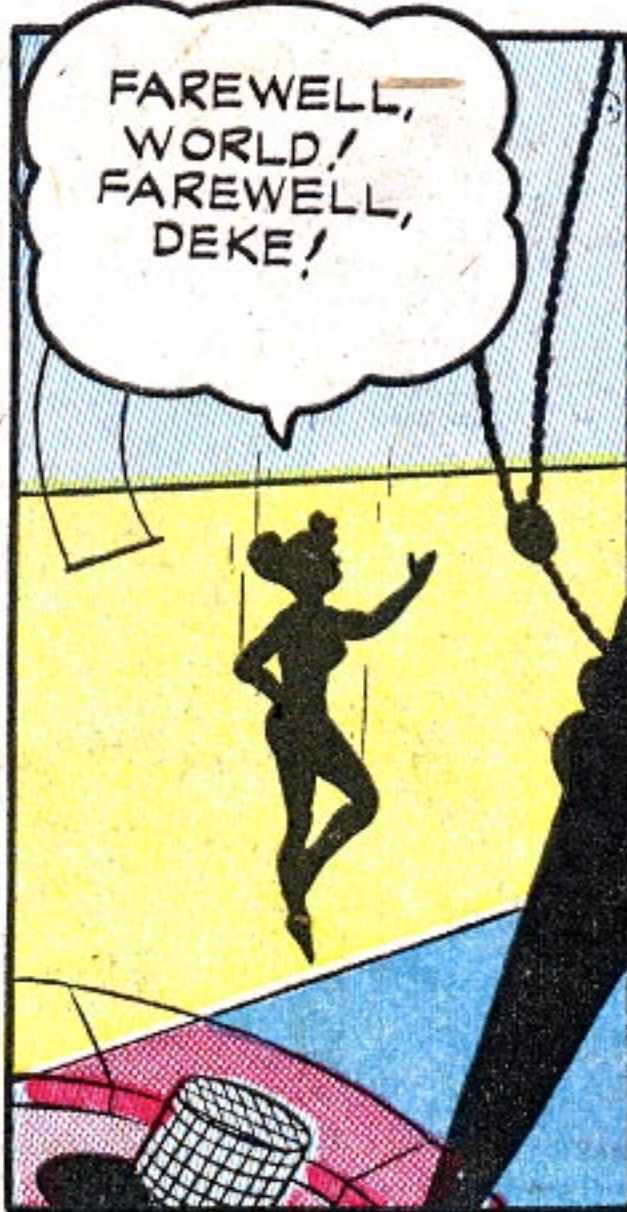
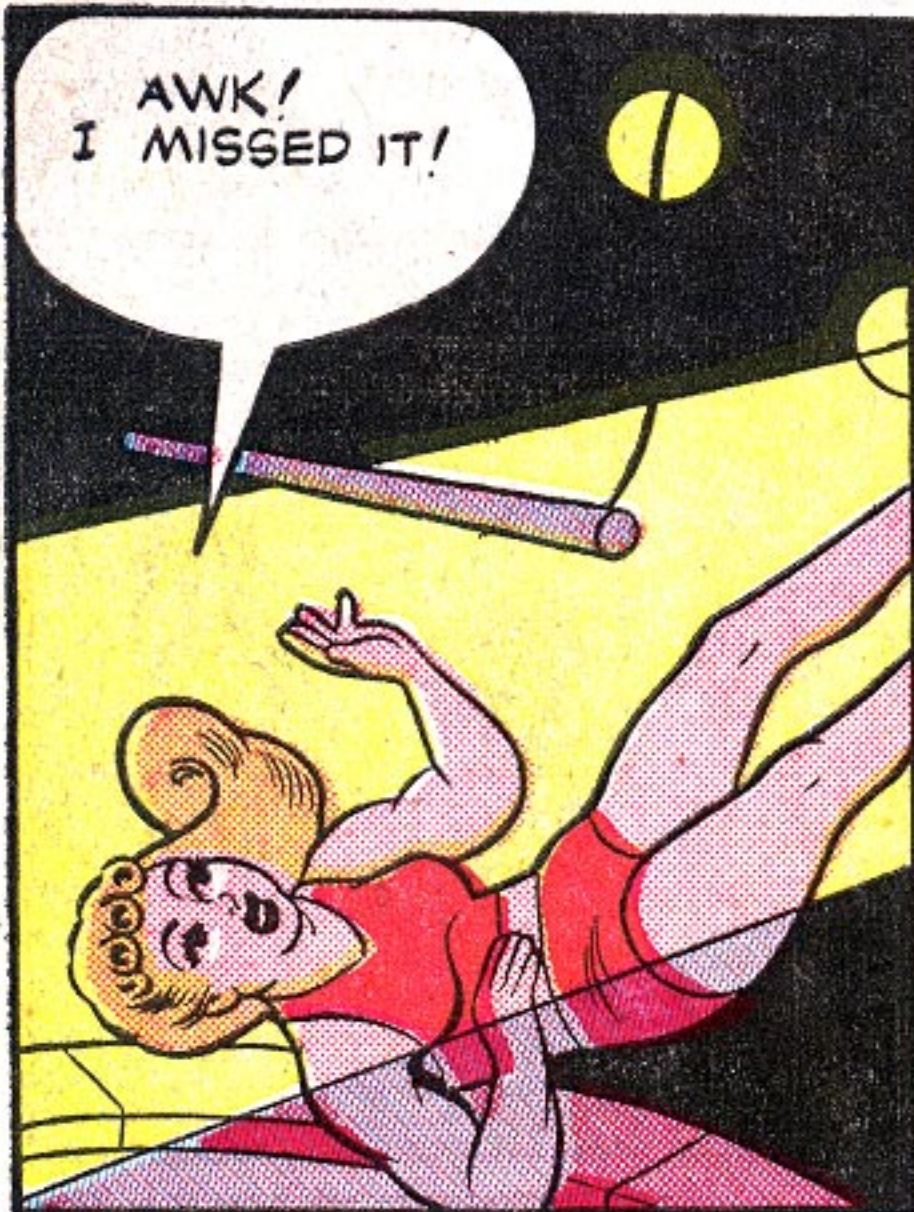
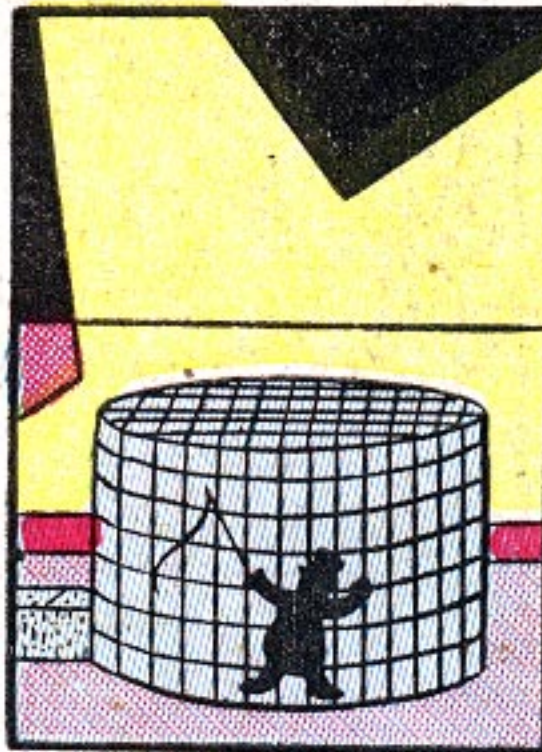
I HOPE IT'S STILL THERE!

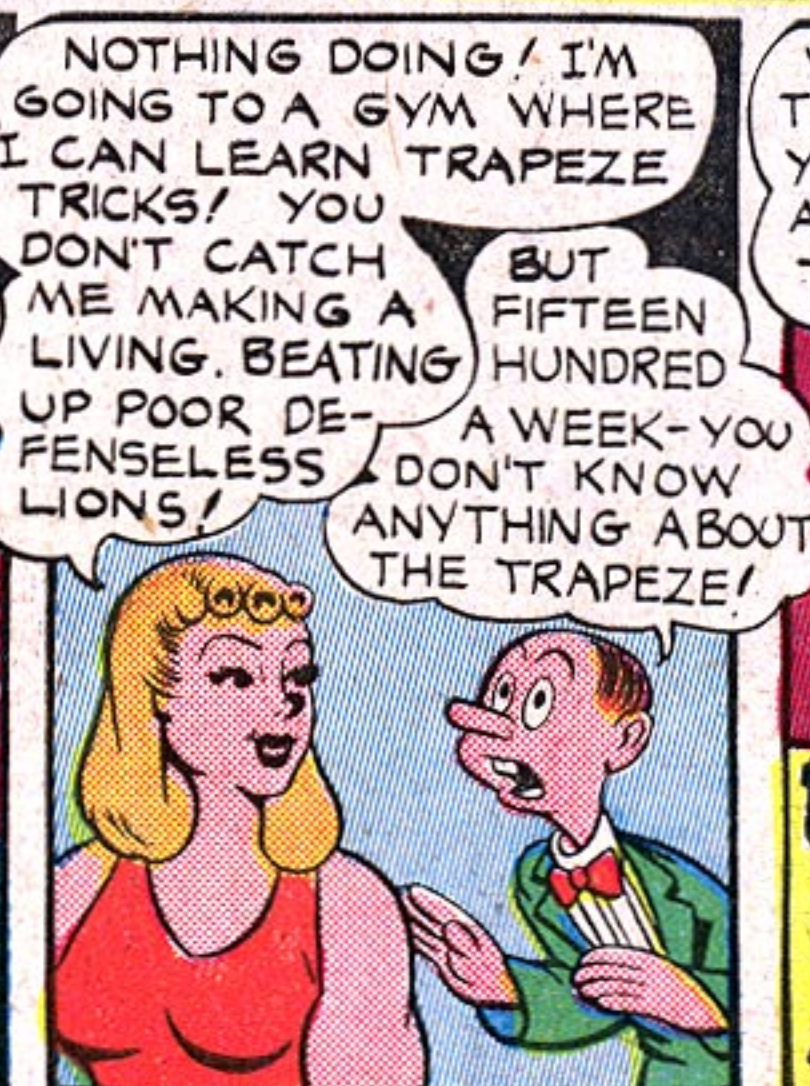
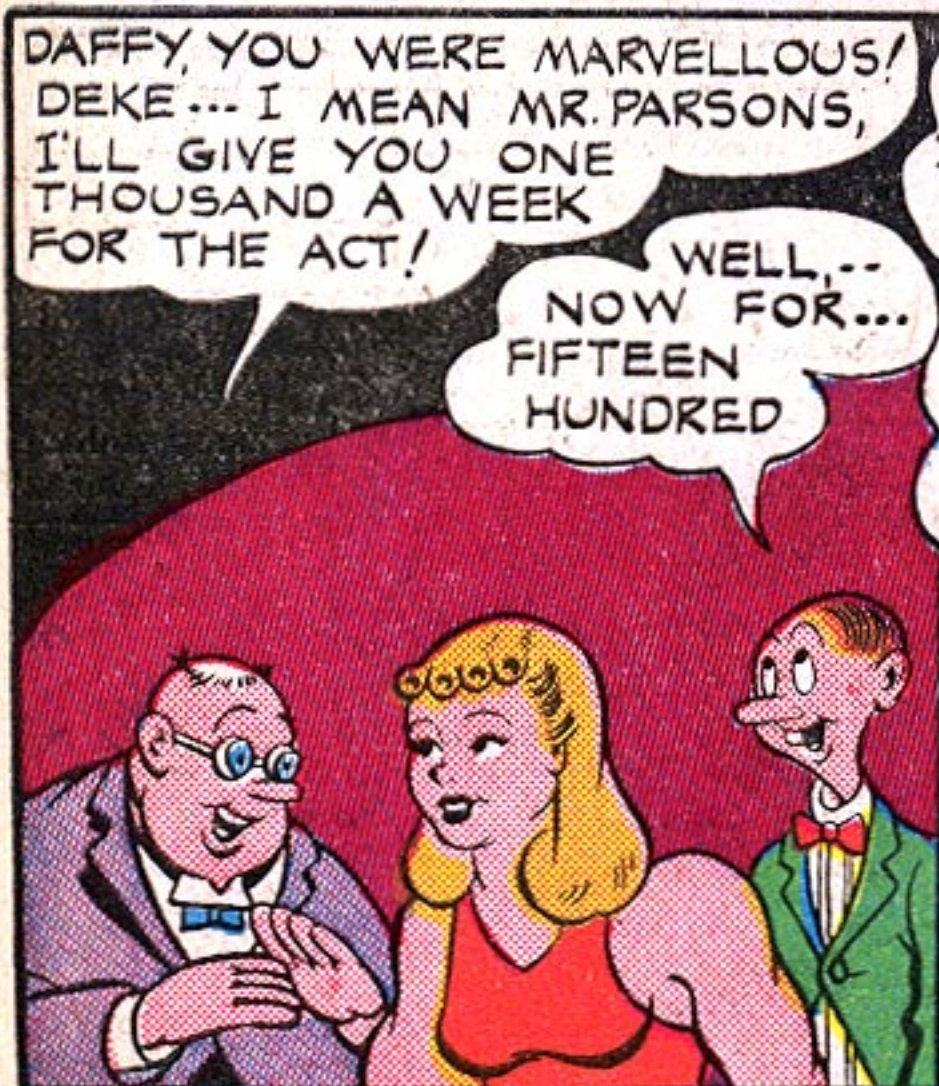
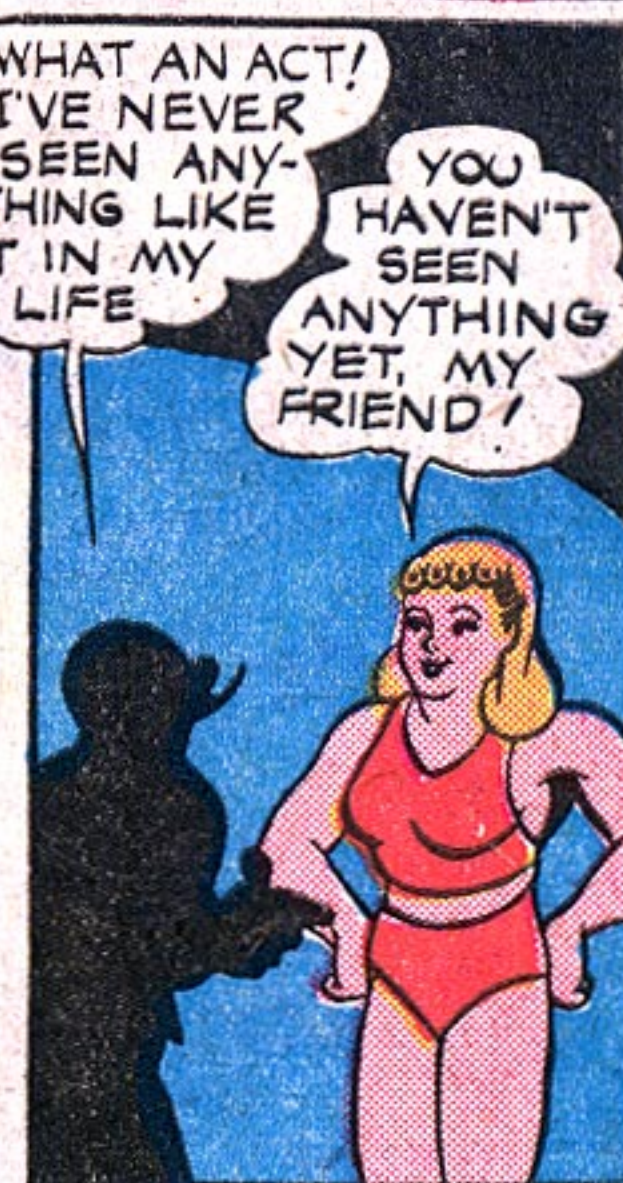
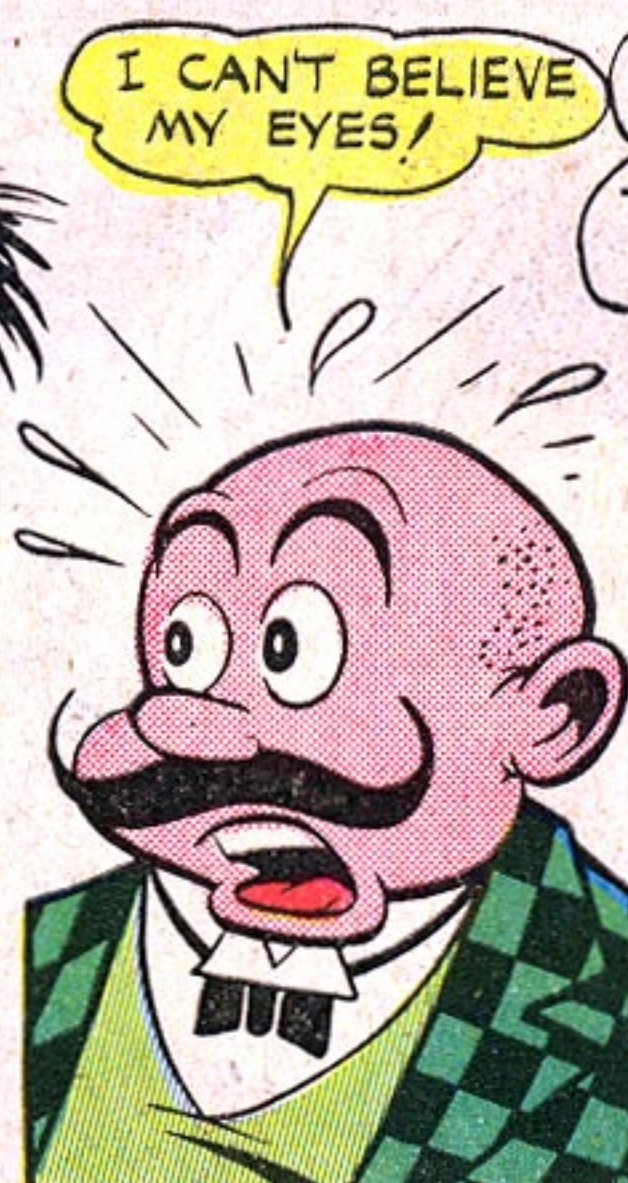
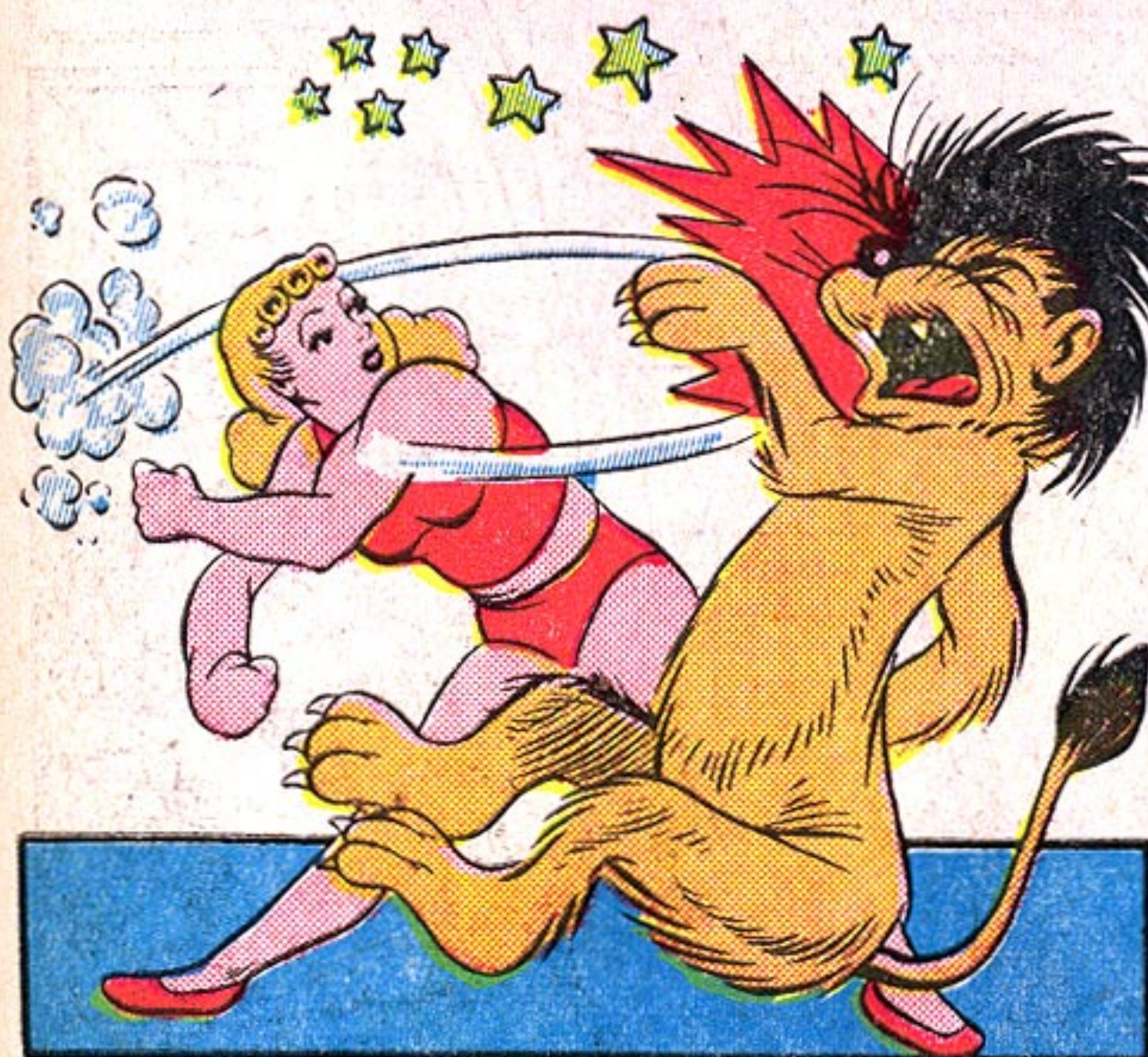
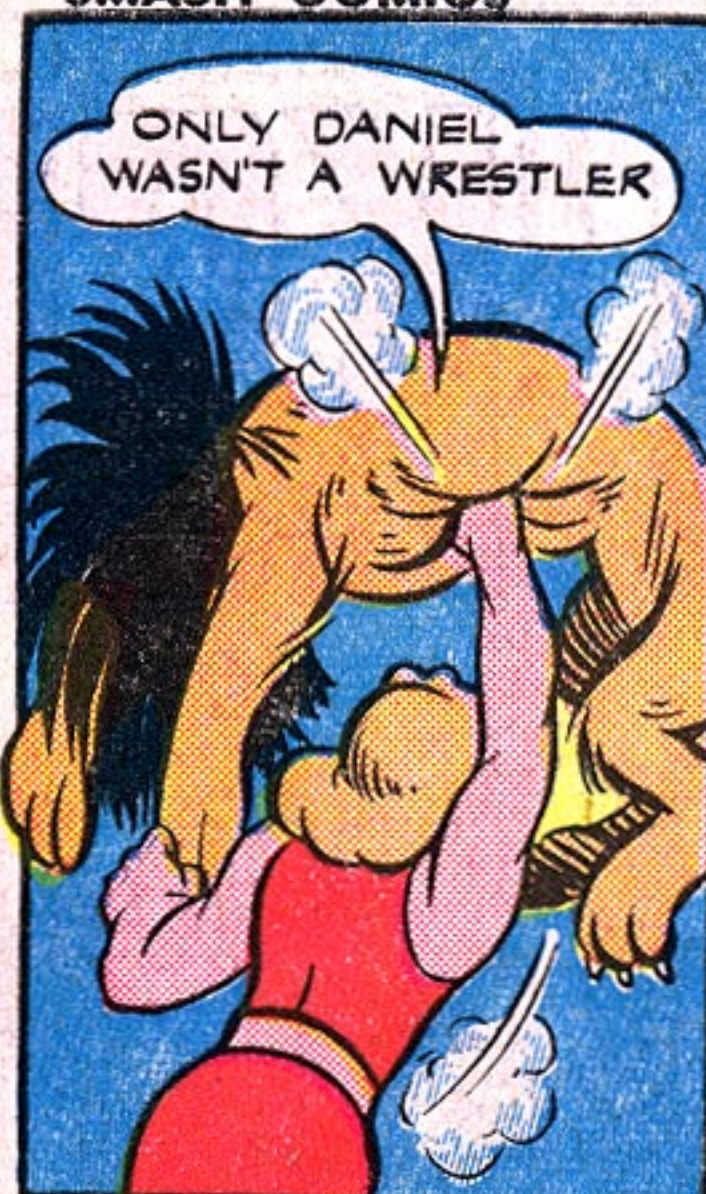
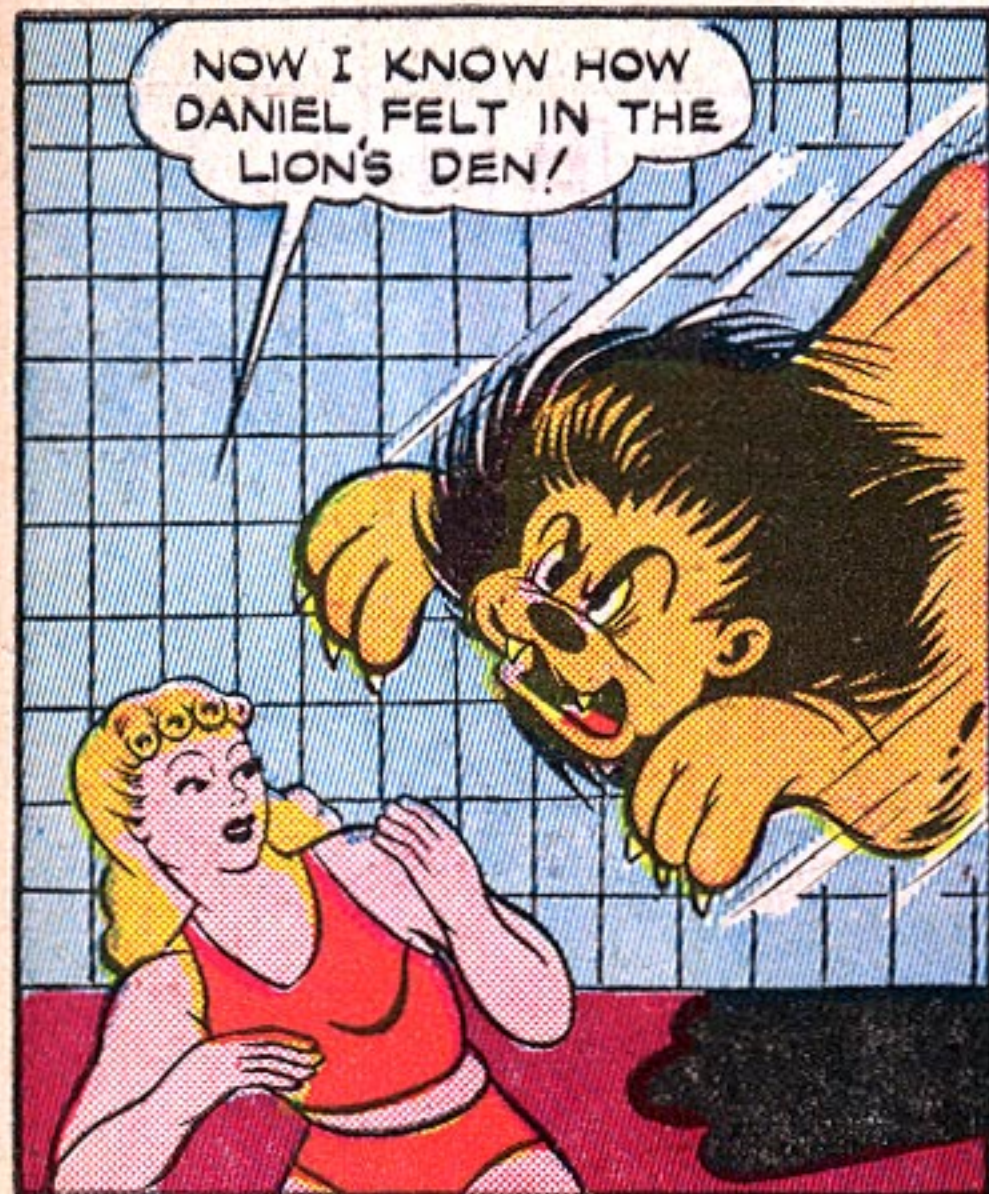


SMASH COMICS



AS DAFFY PREPARES FOR ANOTHER LEAP, PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEXT ACT ARE BEING MADE IN THE RING BELOW....





DON'T MISS DAFFY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **SMASH** Comics

SMASH COMICS

THE

MARKSMAN

by FRED GUARDINEER



A STRANGE INCREDIBLE STORY... A FUGITIVE FROM OUR OWN WILD WEST MEETING A MASTER OF ORIENTAL TREACHERY IN A LAND BELOW THE STEAMING EQUATOR, PLOTTING TO STARVE OPPRESSED NATIONS! BUT FROM ONE OF THOSE NATIONS CAME AN EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE FIGURE - BARON POVALSKI OF POLAND - FEARED BY EVERY AXIS RAT AS THE DEADLY MARKSMAN - TO FIGHT A MODERN MENACE WITH AN ANCIENT WEAPON!

SMASH COMICS

STRANGELY, THIS STORY HAS ITS BEGINNING IN AN UNTAMED CORNER OF AMERICA'S WILD WEST...

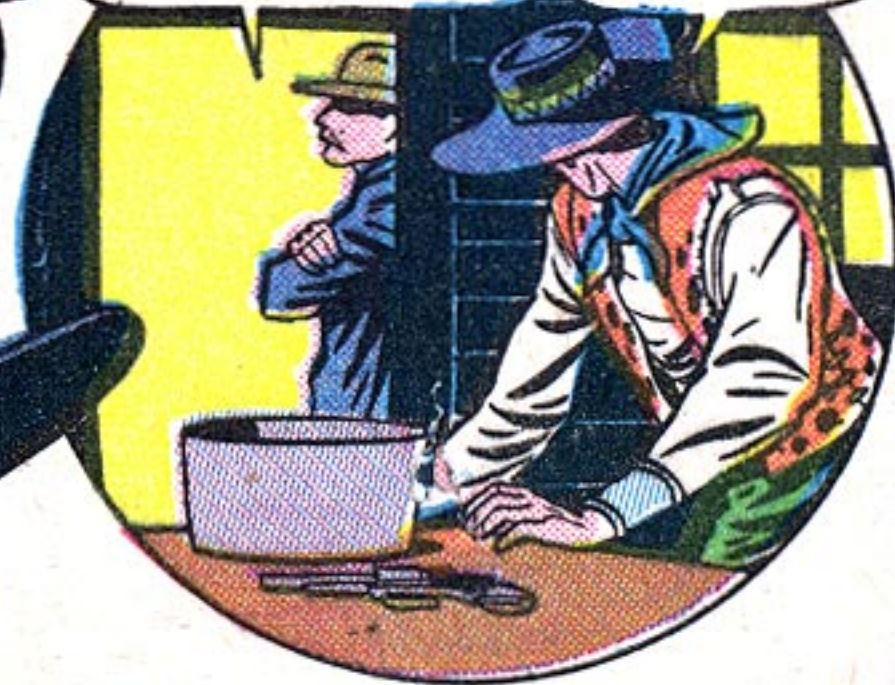
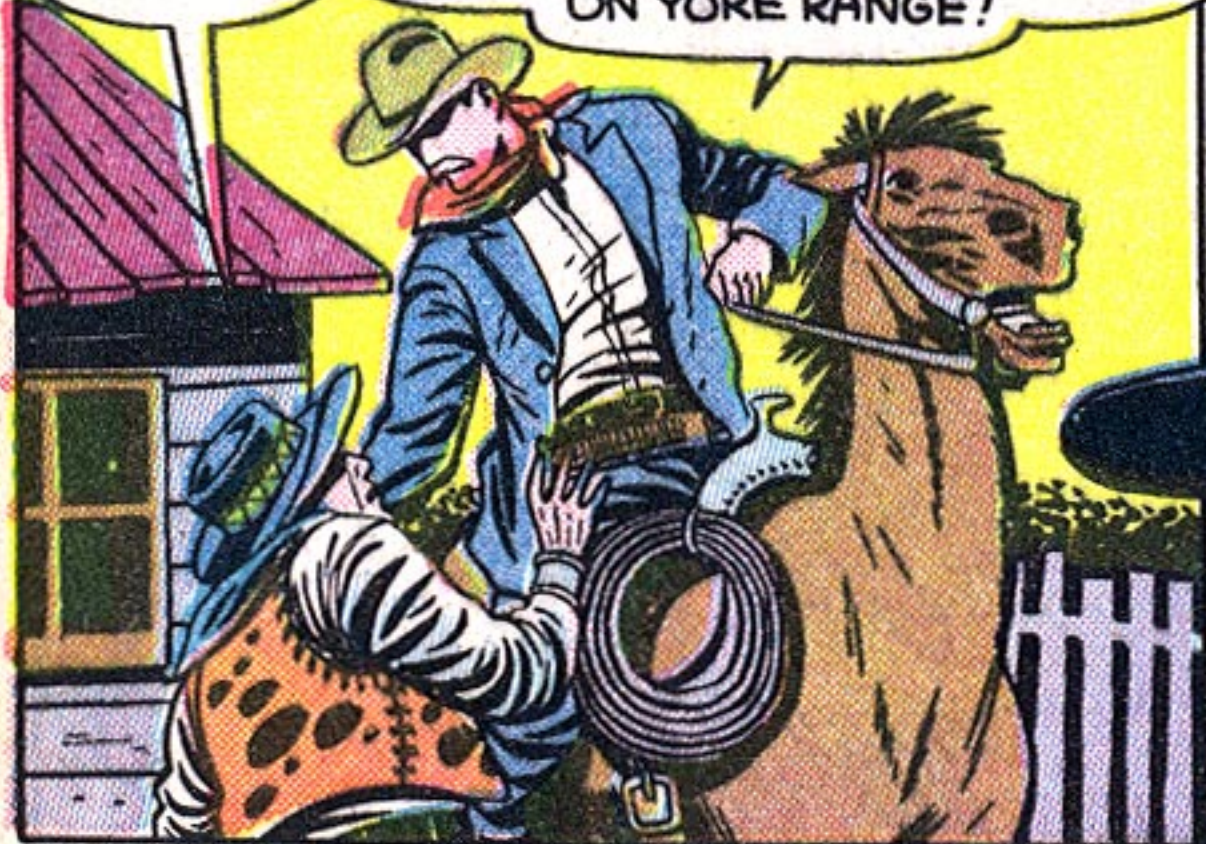
WHAT DO YUH WANT, SHERIFF?

YOU, JAKE SANDS - FER CATTLE RUSTLING... I FOUND A HERD OF AKENS' MISSING STEERS HIDDEN ON YORE RANGE!

YORE CRAZY, SHERIFF, I BOUGHT THEM STEERS - GOT A BILL OF SALE RIGHT INSIDE HERE!

THAT SO, JAKE? RECKON YOU BETTER SHOW ME!

I'M AIMIN' TO, SHERIFF..



TAKE A GOOD LOOK, YUH OLD GOAT!



WHUT'D I DO THAT FOR? NOW I GOTTA CLEAR OUT AFORE A POSSE TAKES MY TRAIL!

I'LL HIT FER MEXICO! I GOT FRIENDS DOWN THERE'LL HIDE ME OUT

A WEEK LATER, IN A WILD SECTION OF WESTERN MEXICO...

YUH BETTER KEEP MOVIN', JAKE! MEXICO AIN'T HEALTHY FER FUGITIVES ANY MORE !!

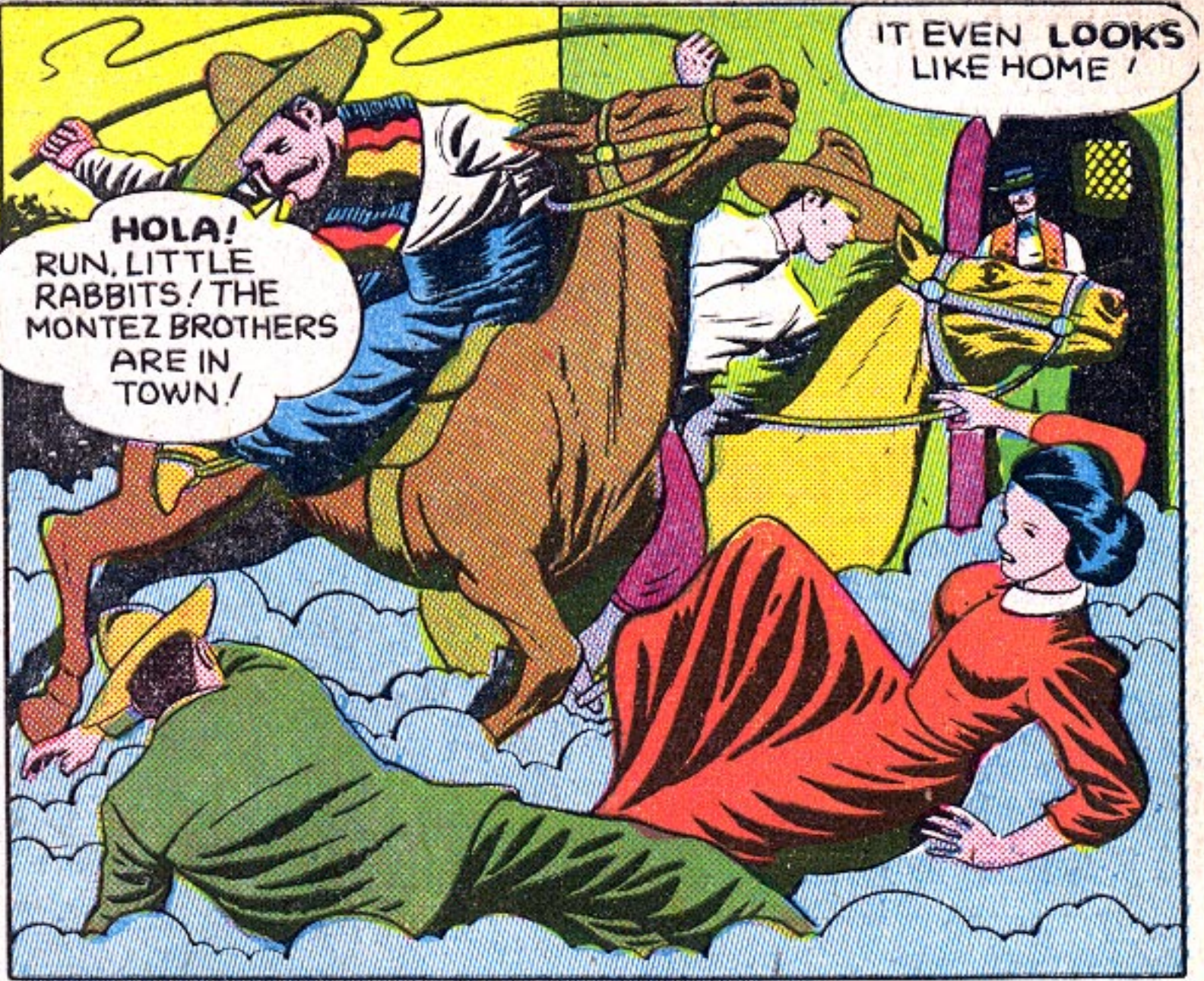
WHERE'LL I GO? I AIN'T NO CITY GUY! CATTLE AN' RANCHING'S ALL I KNOW!

I HEERD OF A BIG CATTLE COUNTRY DOWN IN SOUTH AMERICA - ARGENTINE PAMPAS, A WILD PLACE! CALL THEIR COWHANDS GAUCHOS..

ARGENTINE, HAH? NOBODY'D GET ME THERE AND I OUGHTA BE ABLE TO TEACH THEM GAUCHOS SOME SMART RUSTLIN' TRICKS!



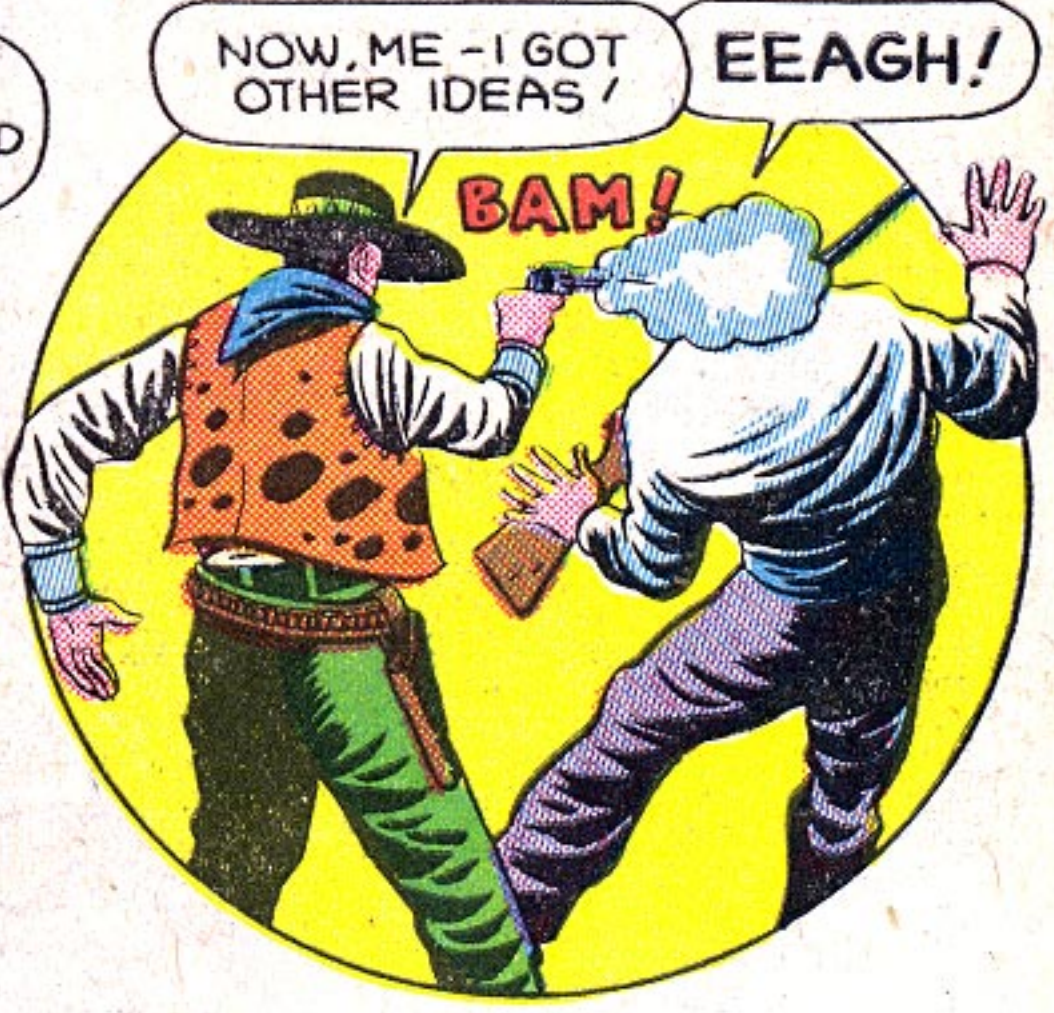
WEEKS LATER, IN A WILD ARGENTINIAN FRONTIER TOWN...



IT EVEN LOOKS LIKE HOME!

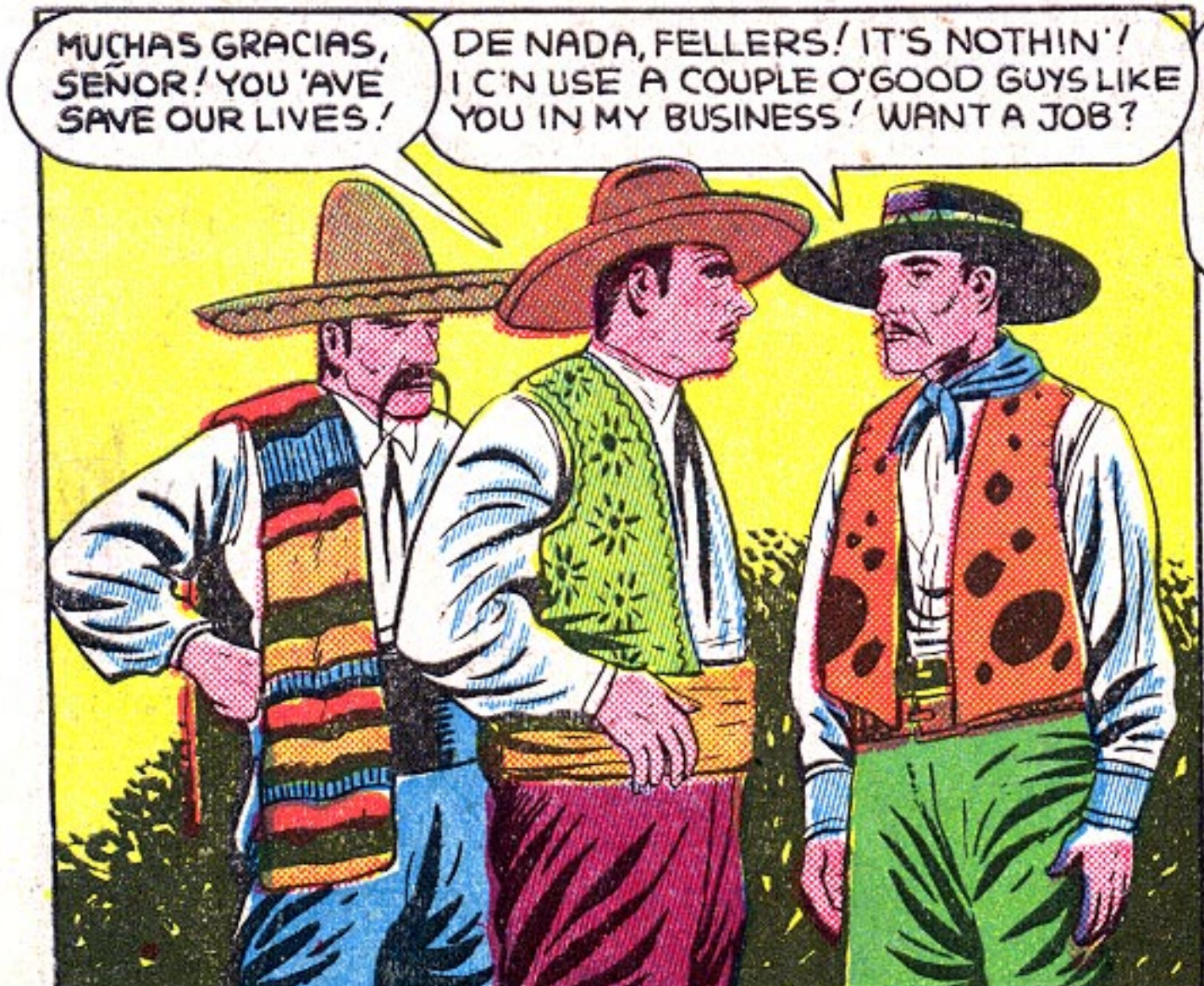


THE MONTEZ BROTHERS ARE THE WILDEST GAUCHOS! THEY ROB, KILL, TERRORIZE TOWNS! I SHALL SHOOT THEM FOR THE BIG REWARD!



EEAGH!

BAM!



DE NADA, FELLERS! IT'S NOTHIN'! I C'N USE A COUPLE O'GOOD GUYS LIKE YOU IN MY BUSINESS! WANT A JOB?



I AIN'T PICKED ONE YET, SON! DO YUH KNOW A GOOD ONE WE CAN STEAL EASY? I GOT PLANS! NOW IF WE CAN BZZ-BZZ...

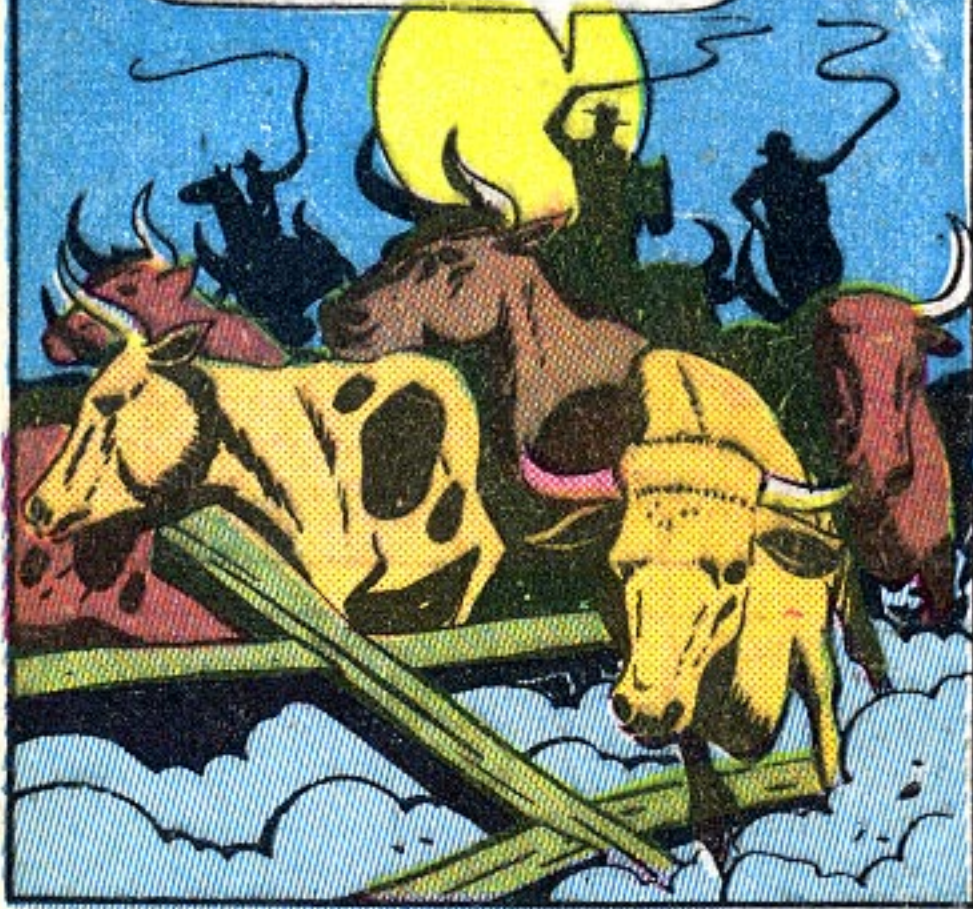
SI! A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART! THEES RUSTLING IDEA SOUND GOOD!

SMASH COMICS

MONTHS PASS AND EL TERROR RANCHO BECOMES A BYWORD FOR MURDER AND THIEVERY THROUGHOUT THE PAMPAS!

UNTIL WORD OF THE TERROR SPREADS NORTHWARD TO A COLONY OF EXILES FROM OCCUPIED POLAND!

YIPPEEE! BLAST 'EM DOWN, HOMBRES! THEIR CATTLE'LL BRING PLENTY PESOS AND NOBODY LEFT ALIVE TO SQUAWK!



AT THAT MOMENT, A STRANGE MEETING IS TAKING PLACE!

SINCE YOU CAME, HONORABLE SAND, BEEF SHIPMENTS FROM THIS REGION HAVE FALLEN SHARPLY!

SO WHAT? YOU WANNA MAKE SUMP'N OF IT, SLANT-EYES?



OH, NO! NOTHING BUT PROFIT FOR YOU! WE WILL PAY YOU WELL TO SEE THAT NO BEEF AT ALL IS SHIPPED FROM HERE!

THAT'S DIFFERENT! LAY ENOUGH CASH ON THE LINE AND I'LL EAT ALL THE STEERS MYSELF!



WHILE A FEW MILES AWAY...

I'M GLAD YOU CAME, MARKSMAN! THEY'VE RUN OFF OR SLAUGHTERED EVERY HERD WE STARTED TOWARD THE BUENOS AIRES MARKET!!

I ONLY HOPE THEY TRY AGAIN TONIGHT, SEÑOR SANTO!



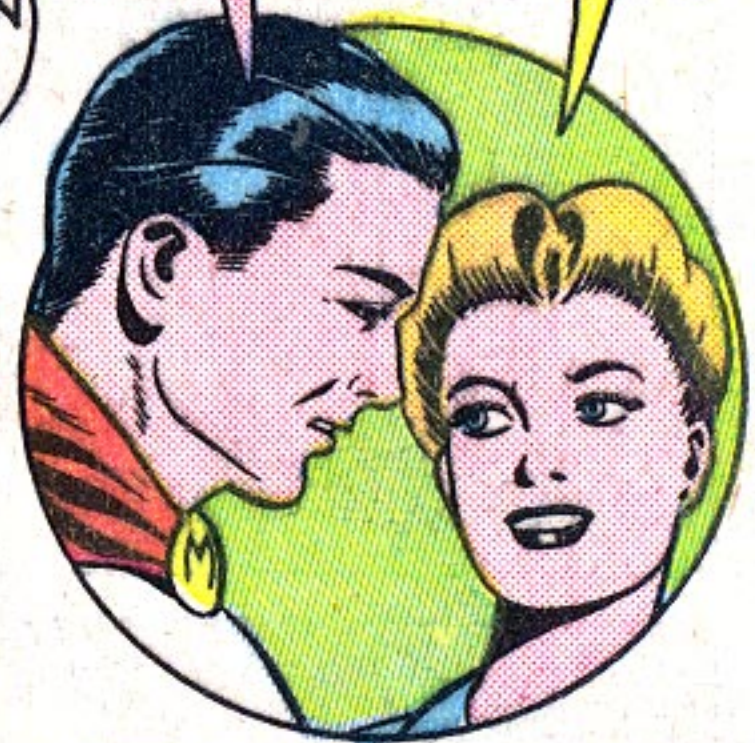
BARON POVALSKI! YOU-YOU'RE WEARING YOUR MARKSMAN COSTUME!

YES, ANNA! THE MARKSMAN CAN NEVER REST UNTIL EVERY ENEMY OF FREEDOM HAS BEEN WIPED FROM THE EARTH!



THERE HAS BEEN A SHARP DROP IN BEEF SHIPPED FROM ARGENTINA! I MUST LEARN IF AXIS RATS ARE RESPONSIBLE!

THAT'S TERRIBLE! STARVING MILLIONS DEPEND ON THAT MEAT!!



AND A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

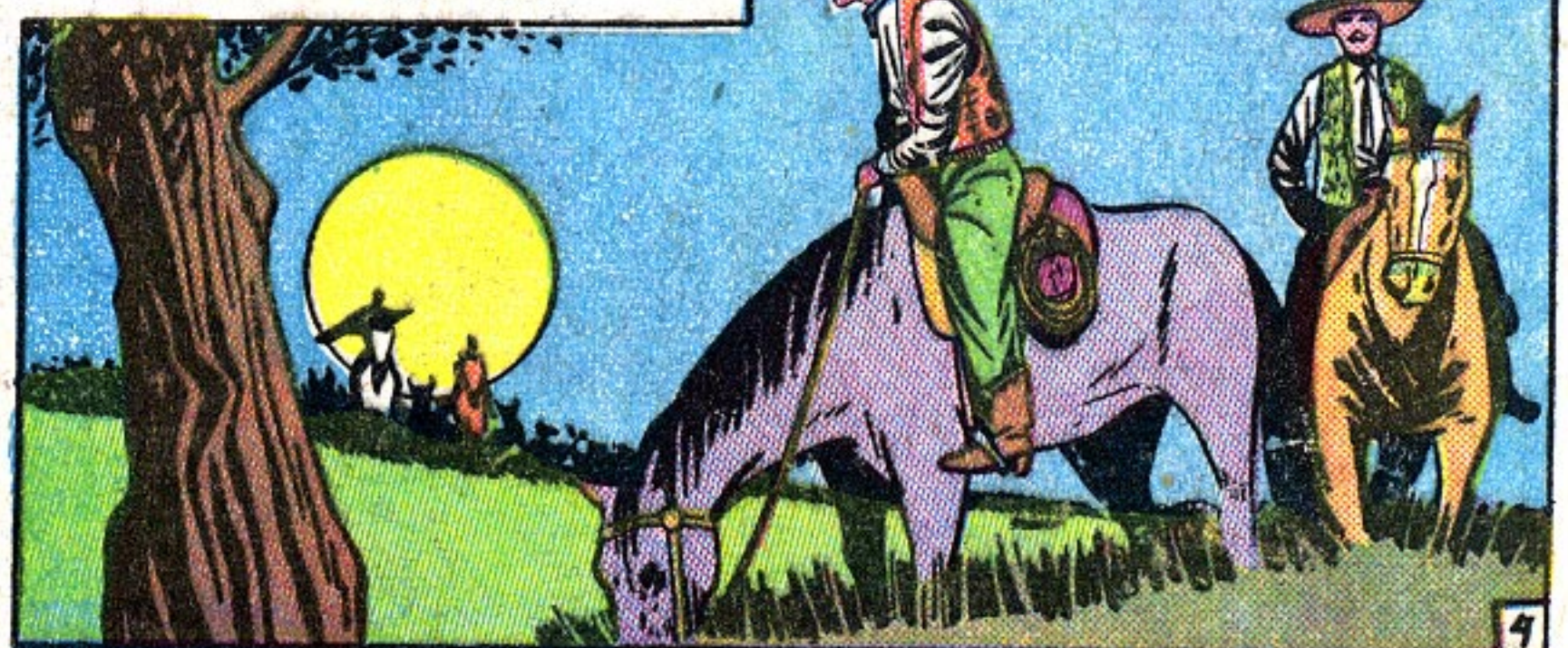
THERE'S YOUR SPLIT, BOYS! NOW COME ON! I HEAR SANTO'S DRIVING A BIG HERD TO MARKET TONIGHT!

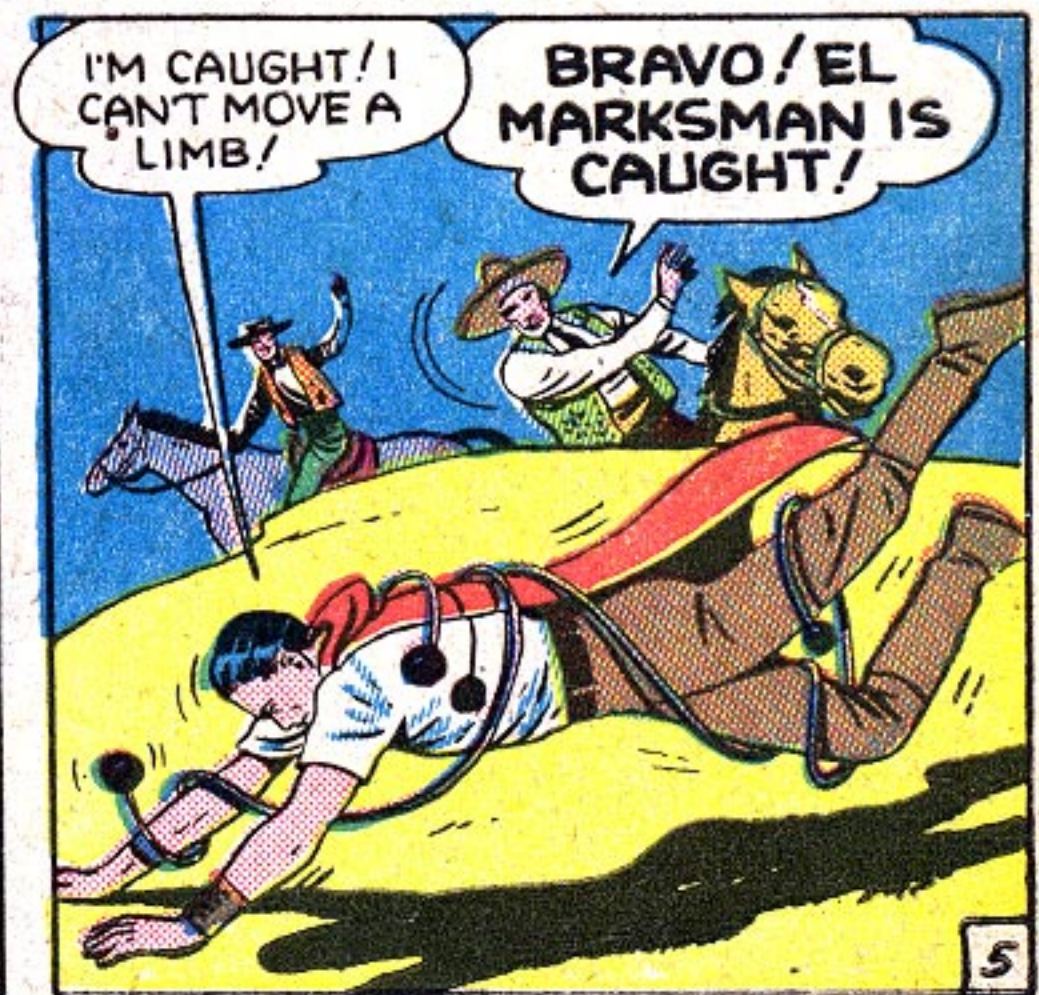
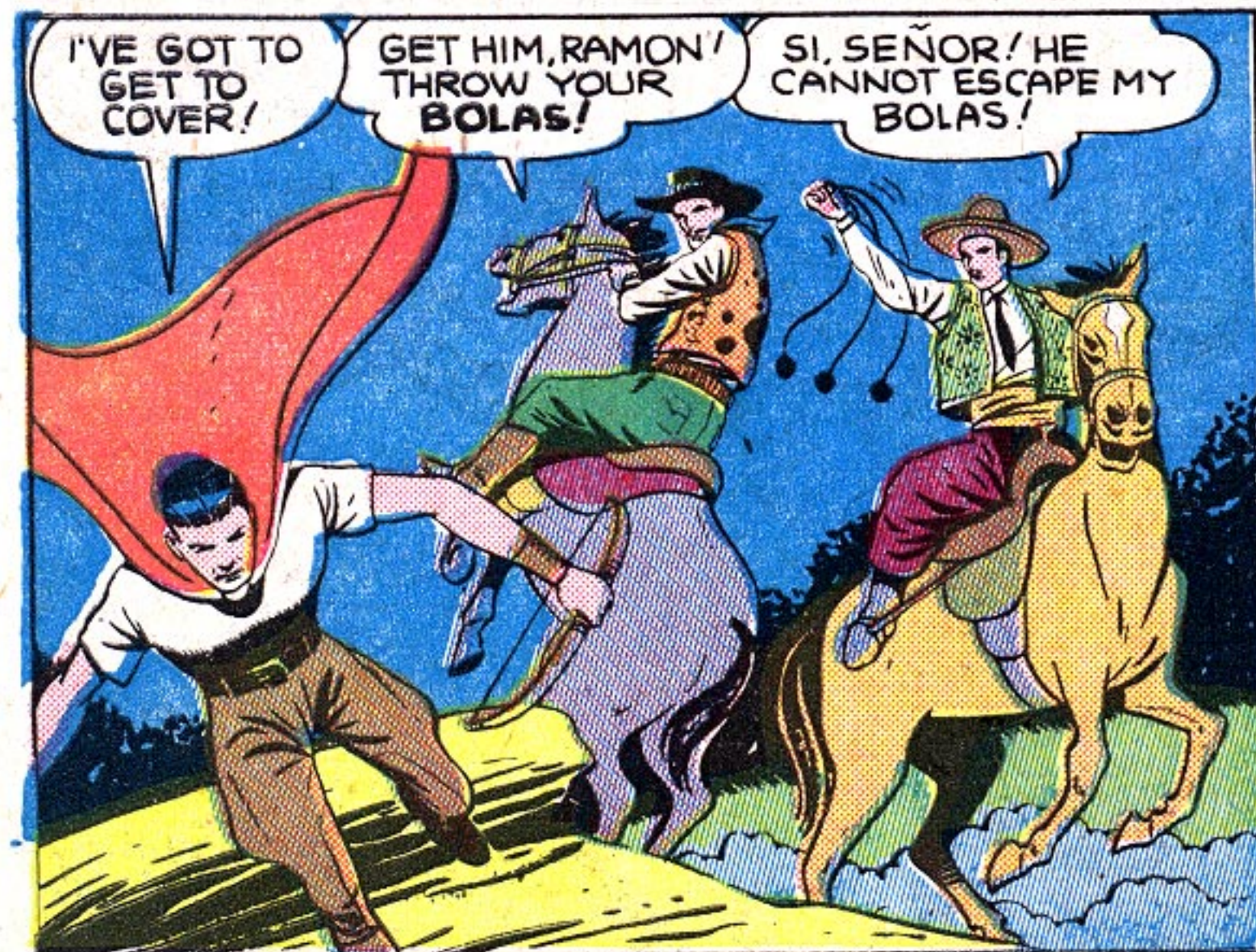
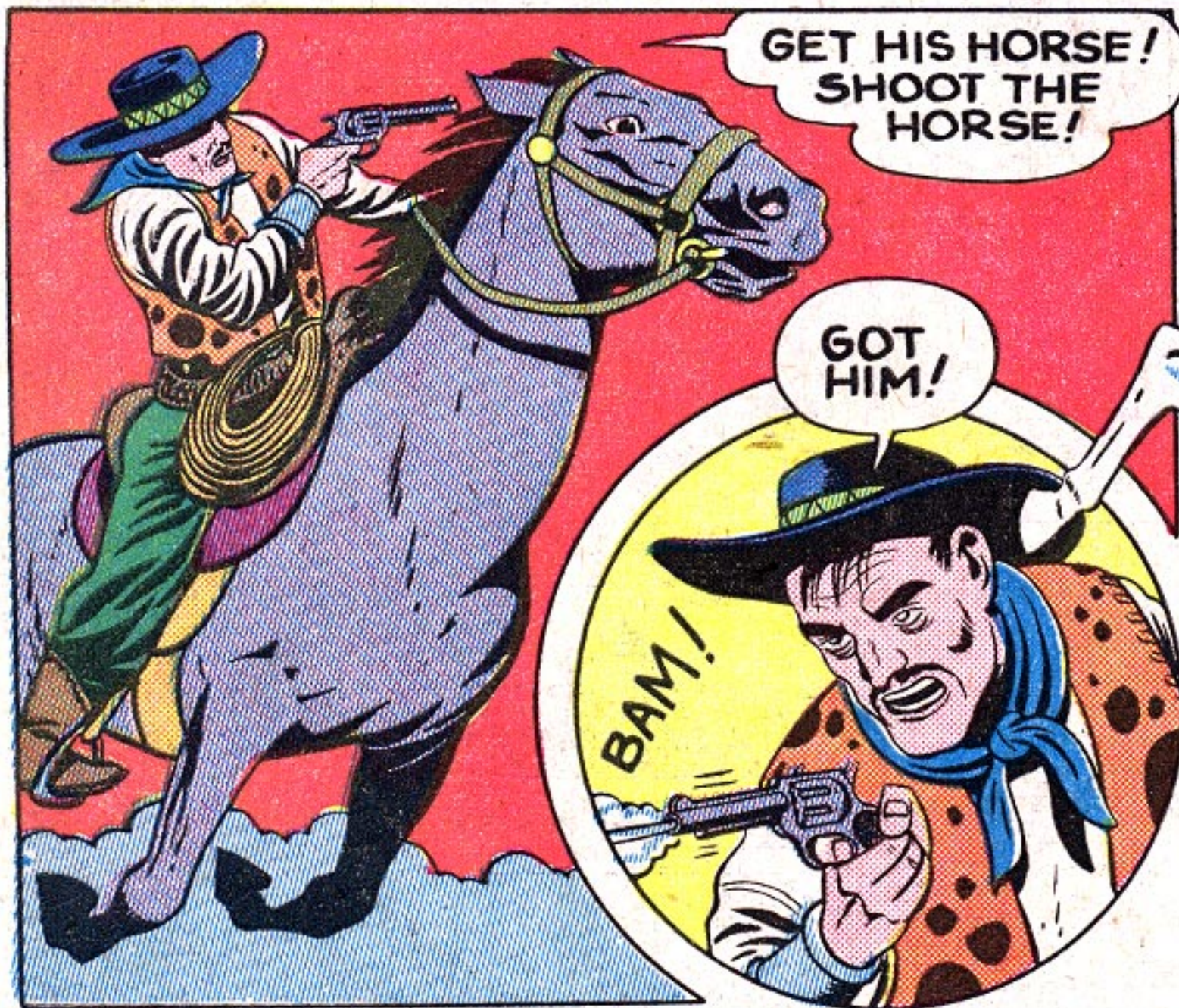
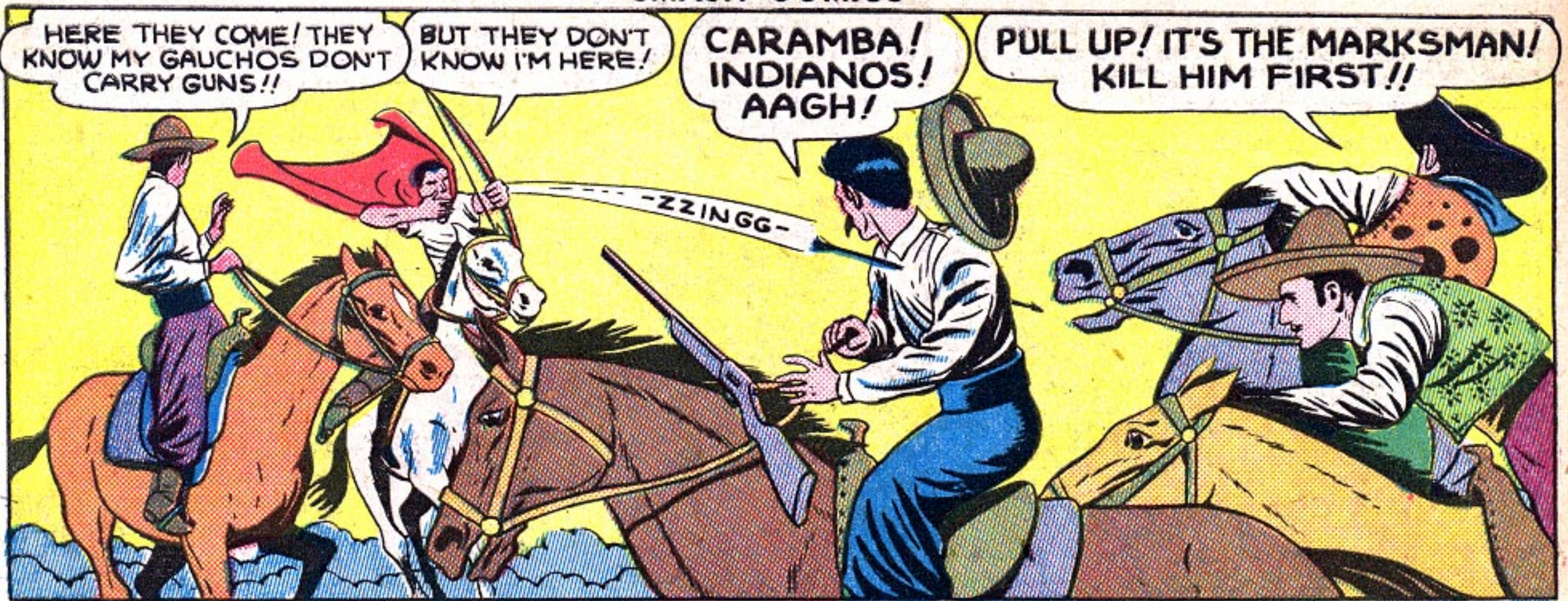
SI! W'AT WE DON'T STEAL, WE KEEL! BUENO!



THERE THEY GO! WHEN THEY START DOWN THIS SIDE, LET 'EM HAVEN'T!

SI, SEÑOR SAND!





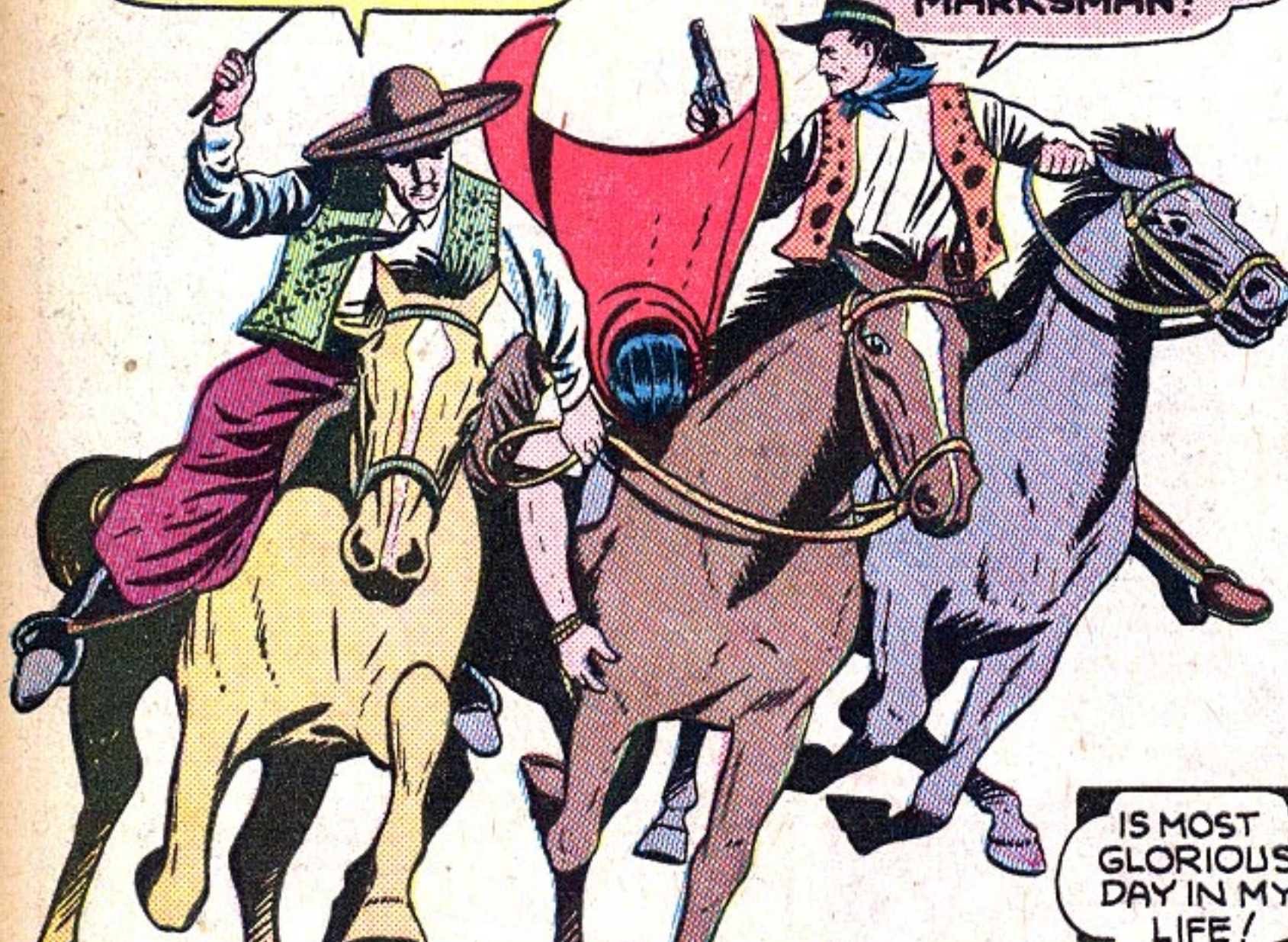
WHILE WE FOUGHT THEES ONE, THE CATTLE HERD ESCAPED! SHALL WE GIVE CHASE?

LET'EM GO! HIROTO'LL PAY US PLENTY TO HAND OVER THE MARKSMAN!

AN HOUR LATER...

WE BRUNG YUH A LITTLE PRESENT, HIROTO! BOW, ARROWS, AND ALL!

BANZAI! OUR WORST ENEMY IS IN OUR HANDS AT LAST! YOU WILL BE RICHLY REPAID FOR THIS!



FIRST I KILL HONORABLE MARKSMAN TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T ESCAPE!

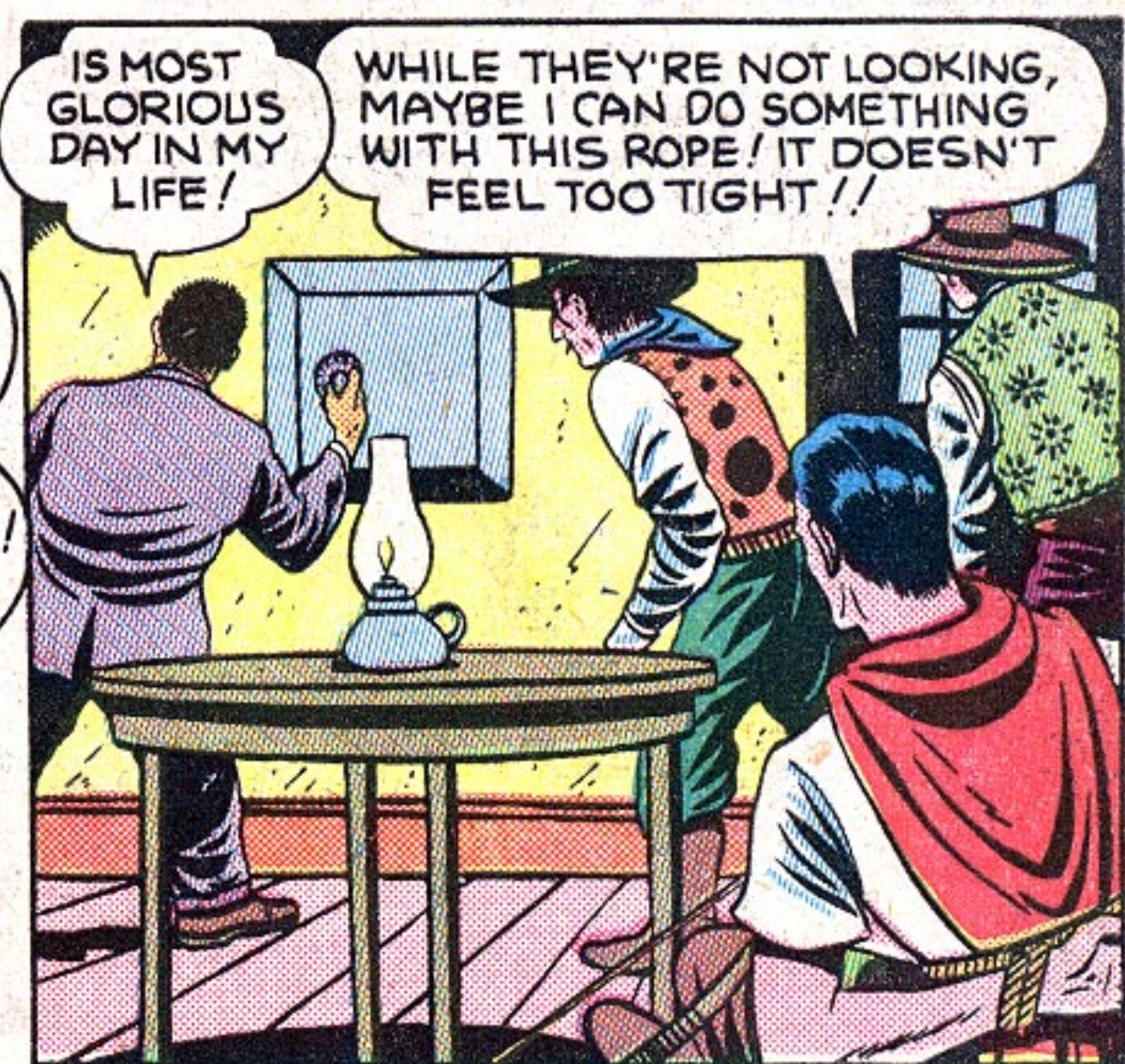
JUST A SECOND, PAL...

FIRST, YOU FORK OVER THE DOUGH, SEE! AFTER THAT YOU CAN STEW HIM FOR SUPPER IF YOU WANT TO!

IS AN OUTRAGE! BUT I PAY!

IS MOST GLORIOUS DAY IN MY LIFE!

WHILE THEY'RE NOT LOOKING, MAYBE I CAN DO SOMETHING WITH THIS ROPE! IT DOESN'T FEEL TOO TIGHT!!



KEEP DIGGIN' SLANT-EYES! THIS JOB'LL COST YOU REAL DOUGH!

IT MAY EVEN COST YOU YOUR TREACHEROUS LIFE, HIROTO!

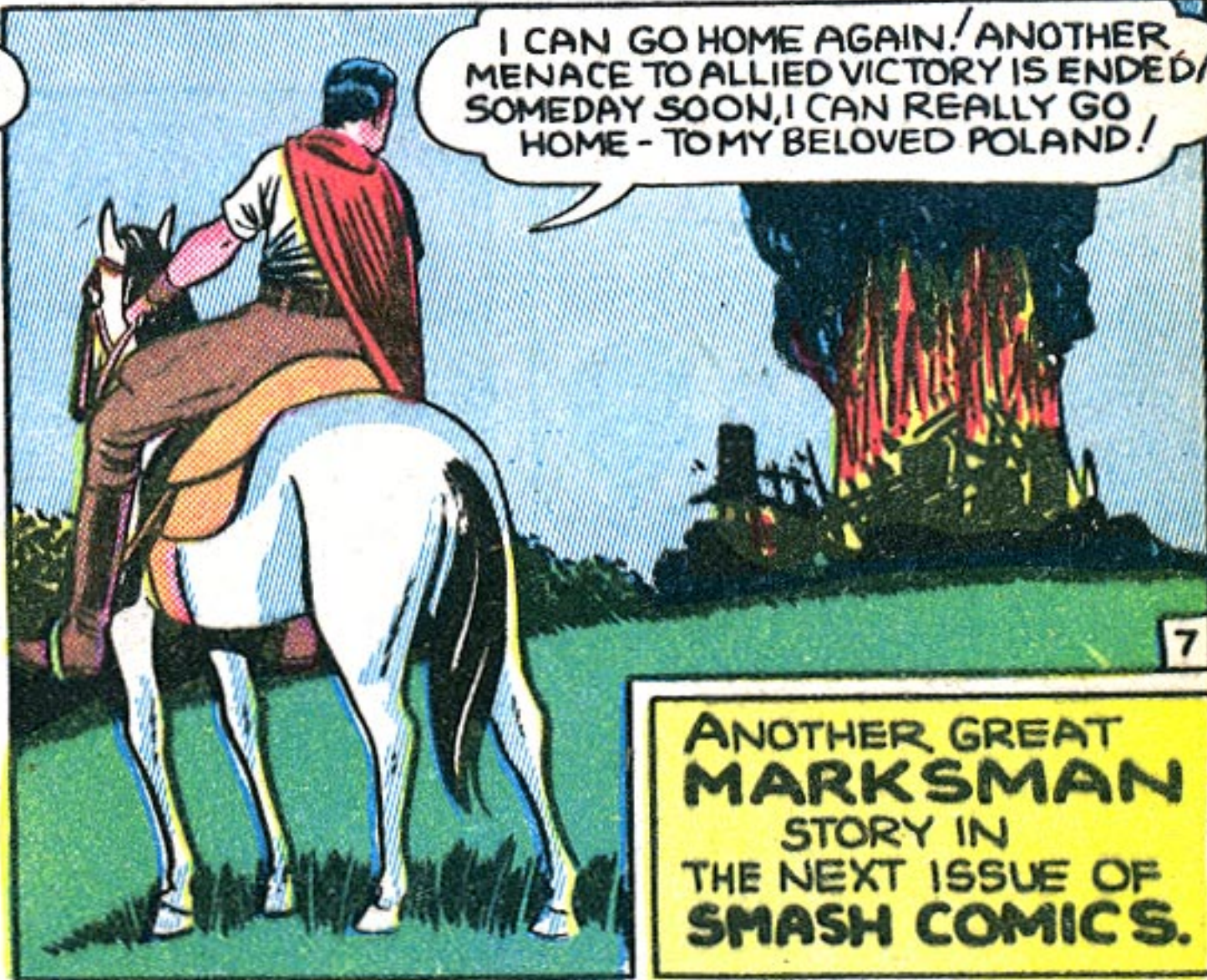
AIEEEEEEE!



GET HIM! HE'S LOOSE!

LA LUMBRE! FIRE!





ANOTHER GREAT
MARKSMAN
STORY IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
SMASH COMICS.

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



7½" high—5" wide
4" deep
Made of Genuine Walnut

READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of Imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. G.P.
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name.....
(Please print plainly)

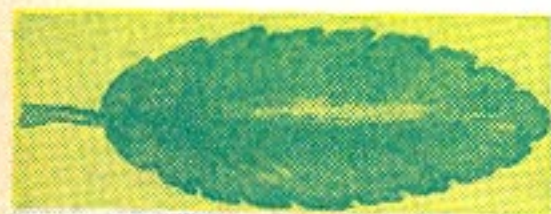
Address.....

City..... State.....

FREE
for Prompt
Action

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered!
Tradition is—a person owning one of these
plants will have much good luck and success.



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.
"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful!" Mrs. I. F., Booth Bay, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."—Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful!" Mrs. D.L.B., Shenandoah, Iowa

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

FREE 7-DAY OFFER!

AUTO MECHANICS..

FLEET OWNERS...SERVICE STATIONS...REPAIR SHOPS

NOW REPAIR ANY MAKE CAR

**Save Repair Time—Handle
More Jobs—Make More Money!**

**MoToR's Famous AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Gives
You ALL Basic Service, Repair, Tune-Up, Adjustment,
Replacement Facts on Every Car Built Since 1935!**

HERE'S every repair fact you need to know about ANY make car that comes into your shop—new 1942 or 8-year-old model! Nearly 200,000 quick-indexed "how-to-do-it" service and repair facts; tune-up and adjustment data; tables of measurements, clearances, specifications. Clear, step-by-step language. Over 1,000 drawings, diagrams, cut-away pictures that make every instruction easy as A-B-C. 603 pages, size 8½x11 inches.

Cars today need quicker service. No more new models—repair jobs will be tougher. War plants making mechanics scarce—more work and more money for YOU, if you can handle it.

**Same FREE 7-Day Offer
Applies on MoToR's New
TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL!**

For all mechanics regardless of experience; for truck specialists, truck service stations, fleet owners. Covers EVERY job on EVERY truck made since 1936! Contains 1400 pictures, 905 pages, 300,000 facts based on manufacturers' own official manuals. Already in use by Armed Forces, and truck-service men. Wanted to contain every essential fact you need to know. Fabrikoid binding, size 8½x11. Covers all types of Gasoline Engines; all types of Diesels and Heselmanns. All types of Diesel Fuel Injection Systems. All procedures described in easily-understood text and clear pictures: Fuel Systems, Governors, Lubrication Systems, Ignition Systems, Starters, Generators, Clutches, Transmissions, Axles, Torque Dividers, Transfer Cases, Brakes, Steering, etc., etc.

Offered on same FREE 7-Day examination as Auto Repair Manual. Check box in coupon at right.

That's why you need this famous AUTO REPAIR MANUAL now, and that's why we want you to examine it first, at our risk!

**Like 150 Factory Manuals
in One!**

MoToR's Auto Repair Manual gives you all the "dope" from 150 manufacturers' official manuals—all in one handy book! Just look up the job, the model, the make, and go to work. Special binding keeps book open at any page, for "work-while-you-read."

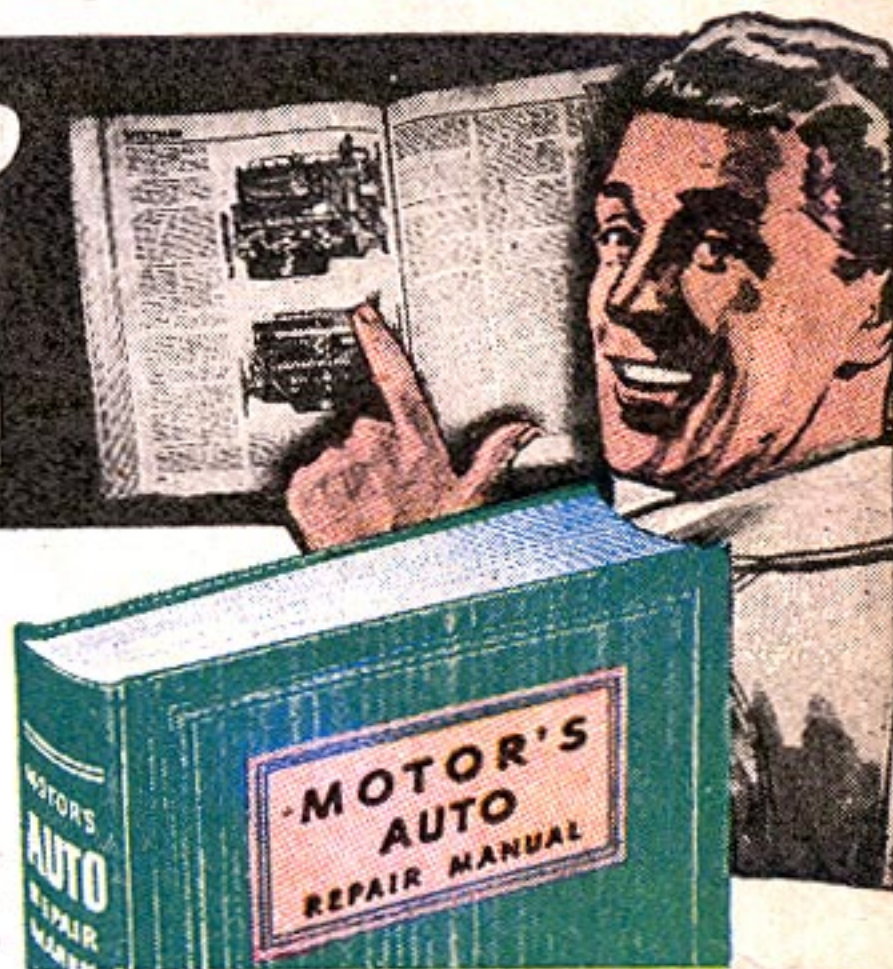
This same Auto Repair Manual is the one used by U.S. Army, trade and technical schools the country over, auto servicemen everywhere. Makes a good mechanic an expert—saves experts valuable time, trouble, money! Right NOW—to see how this book can help you get at each job easier, do it better, finish it up faster—send coupon below for a FREE examination copy of MoToR's Auto Repair Manual. You don't have to pay a nickel if you're not satisfied with it!

**SEND NO MONEY
Mail Coupon Below Today**

See for yourself how the Manual pays for itself the first few days you use it! And if not satisfied, return book without cost or obligation. Send coupon TODAY! MoToR Book Dept., Desk X844, 572 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

MoToR

Published by MoToR, The Leading Automotive Business Magazine. Where MoToR's manuals are used you are assured of high standards of service and repair work.



**Clear, Pictured, Step-by-Step
Instructions Covering Every Job
on Every Car Built Since 1935!**

Nearly 200,000 service and repair facts on all makes. 603 pages, with over 60 pages of text, charts, illustrations covering carburetors and automatic chokes on all models.

Over 450 charts, tables covering important specifications, clearances, measurements, arranged in handy form, including: TUNE-UP CHART; VALVE MEASUREMENTS; COMPRESSION PRESSURE; TORQUE WRENCH READING; STARTING MOTOR; ENGINE CLEARANCES; MAIN & ROD BEARING JOURNAL DIMENSIONS; GENERATOR; CLUTCH & BRAKE SPECIFICATIONS; FRONT END MEASUREMENTS, etc., etc.

Detailed, pictured instructions on ENGINES; ELECTRIC SYSTEMS; FUEL SYSTEMS; COOLING SYSTEMS; LUBRICATING SYSTEMS; TRANSMISSIONS; WHEELS; FRONT ENDS; KNEE ACTION; SHOCK ABSORBERS; FREE WHEEL; UNIVERSALS; REAR ENDS, etc., etc.

FREE 7-DAY TRIAL

MoToRBOOK Dept., Desk X844, 572 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Rush to me at once: (check box opposite book you want).

☐ MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL (formerly "MoToR's Factory Shop Manual"). If O.K., I will remit \$1 in 7 days, \$1 monthly for 4 months, plus 35c postage with final payment (\$5.35 in all). Or I'll return book in 7 days. (Foreign, remit \$7 with order.)

☐ MoToR's TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL. If O.K., I will remit \$2 in 7 days, \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c postage with final payment (\$8.35 in all). Or I'll return book in 7 days. (Foreign, remit \$11 with order.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Employer & Occupation _____

☐ Check here if enclosing full payment. WE pay 35c postage.

